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MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Summer Resort

1835-1935

By

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

Profusely Illustrated

THE TUTTLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

RUTLAND, VERMONT

Photograph by Richard L. Simon

Summer in West Tisbury—the Congregational Church

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FOR

E. B. H.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The writer of this history is indebted to many friends for contributions from their store of information about Martha's Vineyard. They have freely opened their records, their memories, and their wise perspective to him, and he hopes that the use he has made of this material will not disappoint them. Since this narrative is directed to the general reader and not to the student, no bibliography is appended; but a complete list of references has been deposited in the archives of the Dukes County Historical Society.

Thanks are due particularly to James E. Chadwick, who was once a director of the Martha's Vineyard Railroad; to Theodore S. Wimpenney, who can recall helping to build the first Sengekontacket Bridge and the famous Sea View hotel; to Marshall Shepard, president of the Dukes County Historical Society, and to all the members of the council of that Society; to Mrs. Arthur W. Davis, for records of her grandfather, Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton; to George A. Hough for a collection of Martha's Vineyard material made over many years; and to others who, unfortunately, cannot be listed by name, for general or specific contributions of annals of the past century.

Fortunate is he who ventures upon any historical research on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, for he is certain of the most helpful and loyal support.

Henry B. Hough

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD

SUMMER RESORT

I

Beginnings

Martha's Vineyard has an eventful history which reaches back into the remote centuries of exploration and new horizons (in their time the mariners of the Vineyard were to change more than one horizon themselves); but this narrative begins just a hundred years ago when the first things happened which were to make the Island a summer resort. Some writers believe that Leif Eriksson visited Martha's Vineyard in the earliest years of the eleventh century, and that this was the place he called Straumey, or Island of currents. All who know the strong tides of the vicinity agree that the name is an apt one. It is not unlike the name the Indians used, which was Noepe, meaning "amid the waters."

There is evidence that Verrazano visited Martha's Vineyard in 1524 and called the Island Luisa, another poetic name. Then, with the arrival of Bartholomew Gosnold late in May, 1602, all uncertainty ends, and history takes the place of sagas and fragmentary maps and chronicles. The real beginning of all the history of New England is to be found in this visit of Gosnold and his gentlemen; and although the expedition had a commercial motive in the cargoes of sassafras which were sought and found, it is impossible not to notice that the English captain came at the proper time of year to be a summer visitor.

Certainly he and his men gained a summer visitor's impression, and the sunlight and pristine freshness of May, 1602, shine through the years, to the envy of newer generations. The descriptions written by Brereton and Archer, chroniclers of the voyage, have something of the same spell which Shakespeare cast in The Tempest, and that play may easily have been written after the eager, half-awed, half-inspired accounts of the returning discoverers. Other adventurers have felt the same appeal and thrill of the Island, but only Gosnold could be first on the scene.

tive years of the resort were too early for women to be prominent as individuals, except in the case of Nancy Luce, an out-and-out "character," and the Woman in Red on the Cottage City beach, who symbolized the beauty and romance of a generation. Thus the moonlight and tenderness of summer days by the sea are reflected in faces unseen, nameless phantoms in crinoline or skirted bathing suits or smart turnouts of the nineties, and the actors who stride about and talk are sea captains, promoters, or affluent cottagers such as Dr. Harrison A. Tucker.

The original intention was to include in these pages everything known about Martha's Vineyard as a summer resort; everything, at least, which might have a bearing upon the causes, nature and effects of resort life. Everything is not here, however. Many facts seemed too dull, or repetitious, or inconsequential, and were thrown away. In what remains, although no page should stand quite out of hearing of the surf on the South Beach, business is the dominant motive. The speculator or investor is almost as constant in the landscape as the tree.

The summer resort story begins with the somewhat difficult visits of early travelers who put up at inns; the admiration of natural marvels such as the surf, the Gay Head clay cliffs, and the climate; the exhorting and praying at camp meeting in a grove surrounded by pasture; the astonishing growth and consequences of the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting; it goes on to describe a golden age which blossomed like an exotic flower, only to fade again; speculation and land schemes; visionary cities which exist only in the strange picture books of public records preserved in a vault; bitter factional quarrels, law cases, and the permanent re-ordering of Island life. The names of the great and near-great are mingled in the drift of summer seasons. Croquet is present almost from the beginning; bicycles, stereoscopic views, golf, tennis, and roller skating appear, and some of them pass.

Some consideration at the last is given to the social characteristics of the summer resort today, but a complete treatment of such a many-sided subject and its numerous collateral issues would require a separate volume. For the present, enough has been written to bring our own day into relationship with the past.

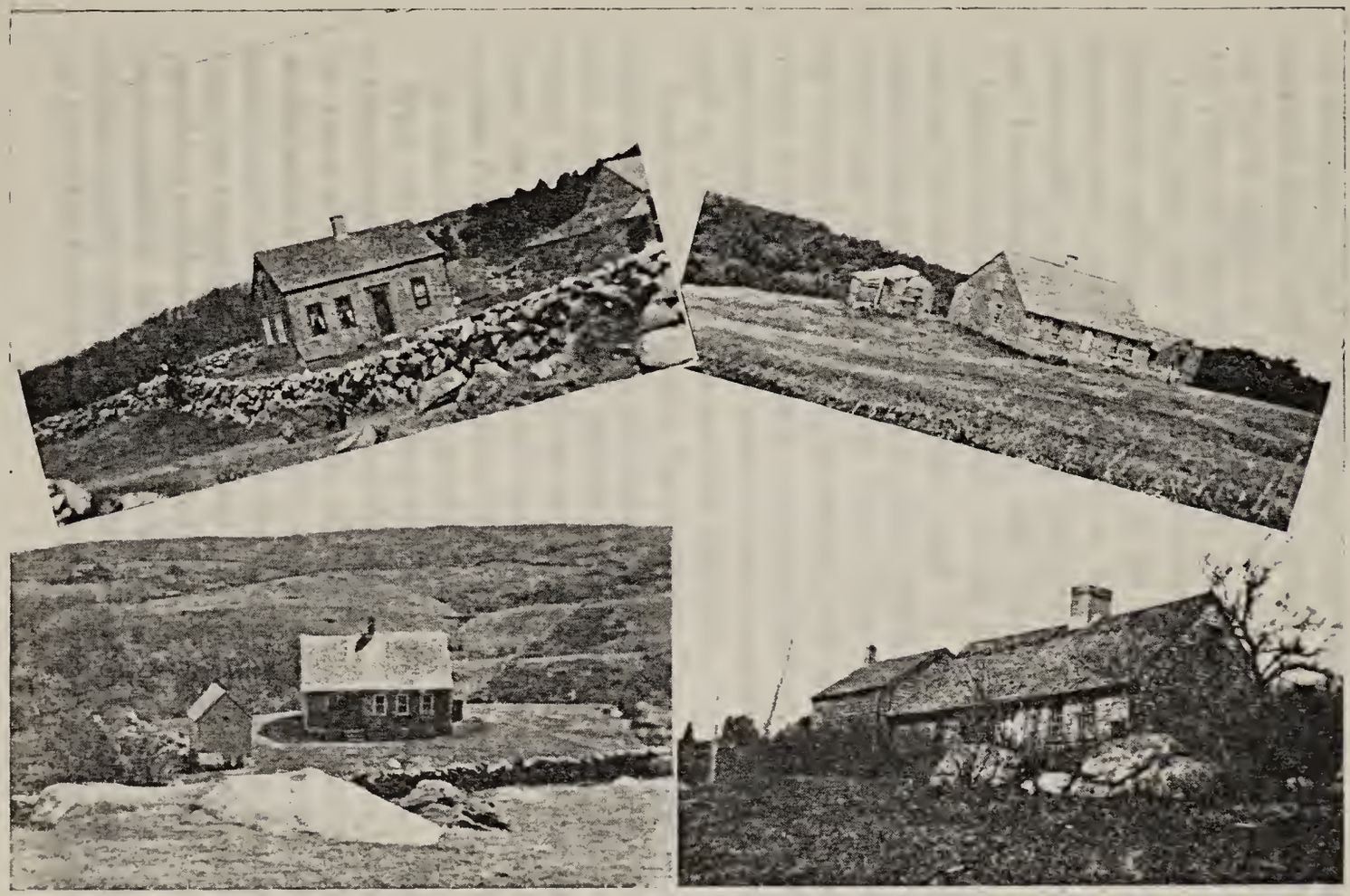
II

Society and Sulphur Water

Before there were summer resorts, there were watering places. The sharpness of the older conception has faded long since. Society, those who wished to mingle with society, and invalids of certain temperaments or ailments, used to gather around mineral springs and share experiences in the communities to which these springs gave character and reputation. Saratoga was first of all in America, and there one could take the waters amid an atmosphere in which nature and human pretensions were pleasantly mingled. There were hotels in Saratoga before 1800, barn-like structures which gave way to caravansaries in an American adaptation of the grand style. The fashionables who journeyed there a century ago are more like characters in a book even than most past generations. Their realities are different from ours and, what is more important, their unrealities —fads, diversions, prejudices—so that they had little in common with the summer visitors of our own day except an inflection of the spirit, the insubstantial but significant quality of a gesture. It is the gesture which has survived.

After all, the tradition of watering places came from the old world. General Philip Schuyler, the first leader of society to choose a summer residence at Saratoga, was transplanting and not originating a custom. Moreover, he had singularly wide latitude. There were no great cities in America, and such cities as there were offered no barrier to human beings who desired to escape the heat and dust. A short drive, or even a walk, from the business center of New York or Boston was quite enough to take one to some unspoiled river bank, sea beach, hilltop or bit of countryside. Streams were unpolluted, and cool groves were easy to find. Crowds were quite the thing in cities, but they were not oppressive or difficult to avoid. The dreadful suburbs, smoking factories, garbage docks, power stations and rows of ready-made houses on sizzling streets have all come since the time of the first American watering places.

Accordingly, there was no premium on mere fresh air and sunshine. Something more than a clean beach and pellucid water was required to make a resort, and sulphur springs were an admirable



Photographs by George A. Hough

Typical old houses in the Up-Island countryside: upper left, John Baxter house, now Little Orchard, summer home of Edward G. Lowry; lower left, Shubael Gray house, now The Gray House, summer home of Mrs. C. W. Leavitt; lower right, Albert Look house, now occupied by Manuel Silvia. These three are on Seven Gates Farm. Upper right: Henry H. Norton house, now owned by James F. Sanborn.

nucleus about which social sanction could evolve a colony. Sulphur baths and beakers of sulphur water lifted a plain rural place into the aristocracy. And so to Saratoga came the southerners after a successful season, to it the ambitious westerners, to it the gentry of the North River, to it all the expansive New England families. The place was an epitome of the best American society.

Later there were Sharon and Richfield Springs, and then the ambitious swellings of Newport as the star of the new sort of summer resort rose above the horizon. Civilization was advancing more rapidly, and nature, almost everywhere, was declining. Newport, Long Branch, Lake George—and Martha's Vineyard.

Martha's Vineyard had to wait for the drawing of a sharp distinction between city and country, and for the pressure of urban changes and urban congestion to drive wealth and fashion skittishly before them into new, remoter fields. There were early visitors to the Vineyard, many of them; but insular position removed the community from the beaten track, and some instinct of adventure or some unusual capacity to press on were necessary if one were to reach it. The early visitors were all discoverers.

Truth to tell, this quality has persisted. There is a special circumstance about going to an island which cannot fail to have its effect upon a person who inhabits a continent. As the steamboat crosses Vineyard Sound, and the dark green woods, the white lighthouse, the gleaming beach sands and the buff cliffs at West Chop—as these things seem to rise above the water and grow nearer, there is an inner disturbance in the beholder. His heart is leaping up.

What one finds upon an island is seldom disappointing, unless it is a small and barren island indeed. Martha's Vineyard, as it happens, has about a hundred square miles of land (though the sea each year washes some away) and the variety of countryside makes description complicated and difficult. After the Vineyard became a summer resort, its attractions were eulogized many times in advertisements, pamphlets and handbills announcing the sale of lots. It might seem presumptuous to substitute further words of description, or to add to those already written through many decades. Yet the truth is that the Island has found its best interpreters in casual visitors, in the cul-

tivated enthusiasm of amateurs, rather than in promoters and the enterprise of catchpenny writers.

A hundred years ago, as now, the visitor found an island lying in the form of an irregular triangle, the greatest length about twenty miles, and the greatest width not quite ten miles. At the extreme western end, a series of majestic cliffs presented a gaudy escarpment of colored clay—reds of vivid shades, pure white, yellow, deep black, green, russet, orange—to the entrance of Vineyard Sound. The great height of the cliffs—one hundred and fifty feet in places—and the manner in which they were serried and broken into planes, peaks, projections, and sweeping declivities, made them more impressive than one could imagine who had never witnessed their magnificence from a small boat, from the beach below, or from a vantage point on the heights themselves. For once a natural phenomenon found its perfect name on the tongue of some inspired but anonymous pioneer —Gay Head. The place was the home of Indians, and so it is today.

The headland itself was broken by hills, by cranberry swamps, blue ponds of fresh water, and adorned by boulders and curiously shaped trees which had grown against the sweeping winds. A deep pond, cutting almost through the Island from Vineyard Sound to the Atlantic Ocean, almost but not quite severed Gay Head from the rest of the Island. Along the north shore, bordering Vineyard Sound, a range of hills, although of no great height as hills are ordinarily judged, gave the effect of towering in lofty fashion. Prospect Hill rose 308 feet above the sea, and Peaked Hill 311 feet, highest of all. Many peaks stood by themselves, their sides strewn with boulders. This profusion of glacial rocks, some small, some enormous, marked the whole region. Boulders, too, lay along the beach, the greatest of them like monuments. All the way from Gay Head to West Chop this beach ran, cut into coves, some of them sandy and some of them indescribably cluttered with the glistening rocks, wet and weedy. Toward West Chop the hills subsided in series, until there were no more hills at all.

West Chop formed one arm of land guarding the harbor of Holmes Hole, which is now Vineyard Haven. Across the harbor was East Chop, and both chops terminated in bluffs dropping abruptly to Vineyard Sound. The harbor itself was of the utmost importance

to passing vessels, of which there were great numbers. It served as an open roadstead, sheltered from every wind but the northeast. Time was when the three most important cities in Massachusetts were three ports, Boston, Salem, and Nantucket. The same maritime economy made Holmes Hole important also, to such an extent that Jonathan Grout in 1802 put into operation a semaphore telegraph system with stations all the way to Boston in order to keep the merchant princes in close touch with arrivals and departures at the Vineyard.

Following the shore of the Island from East Chop, one found that it turned now and stretched, lower and sandier, some six miles to Edgartown. Edgartown was first called Great Harbor but its name was changed in honor of a poor waif of a prince, Edgar, Duke of Cambridge and presumptive Prince of Wales, who died at the age of four, a whole month before the rechristening of his town on the Vineyard. Across this great harbor, winding like a shell between green banks and sheltered beaches, lay Chappaquiddick, a sort of sub-island of Martha's Vineyard where lived Indians and the families of sea captains. The harbor opened into a broad bay, named Katama, which was separated from the Atlantic Ocean only by a narrow strip of beach and shifting dunes. If the barrier beach was broken by storm, Chappaquiddick became an island; if the beach closed again, Chappaquiddick was again made fast.

The ocean shore, known for many generations as the South Beach, stretched out almost in a straight line from Chappaquiddick and Katama to Squibnocket, which constituted the ocean side of Gay Head. Against this shelving reach of fine sand the Atlantic drove in with majesty, booming a rhythm which was heard by day and by night all over the Island. Lonely, majestic and always appealing to the human beholder, the South Beach asserted a supremacy which has never been denied.

The Island has been bounded. In its interior were valleys with winding streams, mill ponds and old dams, secret swamps well hidden from the sea, great thickets, woods of oak, pine, cedar, maple and beech, and great drifts and sprinklings of glacial rocks. One could find swamp honeysuckle and sweet pepperbush in season, the trailing arbutus, the aromatic bayberry, and the beach plum with its gnarled

and windbeaten attitudes. The lilac was nowhere more at home than in Vineyard dooryards, and it bloomed in spring long after dooryards and houses vanished. Here, too, the daffodil grew and flowered without care. In season the air was perfumed to ecstasy by the wild grapes, and Islanders went into swamps and glades to return with baskets heaping with grapes of nostalgic fragrance.

From the hills of Chilmark, the town which lay nearest Gay Head, and all the hills of the north shore, there was an abrupt drop to the Great Plain, a level expanse of apparently endless miles which did, however, end at Edgartown. The plain was grooved with gentle depressions not unlike giant fingermarks, the beds of subglacial streams; and as it approached the South Shore, it was cut by the long coves and reaches of great ponds, a series of them, all the way from Edgartown to Squibnocket. These ponds were separated from the ocean by the South Beach alone, and sometimes the breakers would crash and crash over in a storm. Normally the Islanders opened the beaches at certain times of the year, to salt the ponds for better fishing or growth of oysters, and the openings were closed again by the force of the sea.

Once the Great Plain had been wooded with conifers, but it had been cut and burned over, so that even a hundred years ago it supported a scraggly growth of scrub oak, not much larger than brush. Here and there a deformed pine or blasted oak of larger size stood above the scrub, roosting place for hawks, eagles or crows. On the Great Plain the sweetfern grew, wildflowers in profusion, and, especially after a spring fire, blueberries and huckleberries of large size and succulence.

The wealth of Martha's Vineyard came principally from the business of whaling. Nantucket, though it had greater fame in the industry, was handicapped by a harbor bar past which laden whaleships could not go. Accordingly, all through the stirring decades when whaling flourished between wars, Edgartown served as the port for Nantucket. All Nantucket ships left the last of their fitting to be done at Edgartown, and when they returned from voyages they discharged oil there also. But Edgartown was a port in her own right as well. She owned whaling vessels. Most of all, like all Martha's Vineyard, she owned whaling captains and mates of every degree.

The Island was a remarkable nursery of mariners and, for the most part, of whaling captains. Edgartown had, a hundred years ago, some fifteen hundred inhabitants—she has almost as many now—and she alone could count at least eighty whaling captains at sea. There were many more later. The Rev. Samuel Adams Devens, who investigated Martha's Vineyard thoroughly about 1835, wrote that "out of a population in Edgartown of fifteen hundred (which number comprises all ages, male and female), about three hundred of those who have arrived at maturity—the most active and vigorous, the bone and muscle of the community, are, I may say, ever abroad and in all quarters of the globe: and further that, out of a population of three thousand on the Island, about five or six hundred cannot be said to have a home upon the land, but go down and not only go down, but live upon the sea in ships and do business, most venturesome business, upon the great waters."

Anyone who knows the records of whaling knows how often the names of Luce, Pease, Norton, Jernegan, Manter, Daggett, Cottle, Mayhew, Tilton, Claghorn and Hillman occur and occur again. These were and are Vineyard names. More masters of whaleships came from Martha's Vineyard than from any other community. On Chappaquiddick—may it never be forgotten—there were three houses, weathered into the landscape, standing within a stone's throw of one another, and in these houses Valentine Pease, Josiah Pease and Ephraim Ripley brought up their families: thirty children, of whom twenty-nine grew to maturity, seventeen boys became shipmasters, and seven girls became the wives of shipmasters.

The Gay Head Indians had their own unique relationship to whaling. They had been the first whalemen of the new world, and their skill with the harpoon was as well founded as it was proverbial. Tashtego in Moby Dick was a symbolical figure without which the greatest classic of whaling would have been incomplete. Into all the oceans of the world the Gay Headers went, and their prowess won undying fame. Only in our own generation has the tradition come to an end, for there is nothing more for old time whalemen to do at sea. A few years ago Joseph G. Belain died at the age of seventy-nine, and sixty of his years had been lived on the far oceans. When his funeral was held in the Gay Head church, a carrier pigeon flew in

from the sea and alighted on the hearse, and stayed until the service was done.

Outside of Edgartown, a century ago, the population was divided between the towns of Tisbury, which included the village of Holmes Hole, and Chilmark, which extended from a line not quite midway of the Island, to the border of Gay Head. Gay Head, which was a reservation and not a town, had something more than two hundred inhabitants. But there were Indians also on Chappaquiddick and at a settlement near the north shore, within the town of Tisbury, which was called Christiantown.

Of the Islanders who did not go to sea, some lived by plying the trades of carpenter, shipwright, iron worker or cooper, making casks for whale oil. There were bakeries turning out hardtack for ships, and at Edgartown a manufactory of beaver hats for captains. There were shops of ship chandlers, sail lofts, boatyards, and at Edgartown too, Dr. Daniel Fisher was soon to have the largest oil works in the world, manufacturing sperm candles and purveying oil to the federal government.

Agriculture was important, but even the farmers counted the sea as one of their resources. They kept their boats drawn up on the shore, and went after fish in season, or put them alongside passing vessels to trade fish and game for molasses or laths. The great ponds supplied them with oysters, clams, eels and herring. They carted seaweed with ox teams for their fields. And the great flocks of sheep which ranged the Chilmark and Tisbury hills (there were at one time fifteen thousand sheep on the Island) ate of grass and herbage which had been sprinkled with salt spray, so that their mutton acquired an added tang and palatable quality.

Any Island life in those times was self reliant and independent, and any Islander could draw a check against nature whenever he wished. The arts of spinning and weaving were in use, there were millers and tanners, dyehouses and paint works, salt vats and clay pits. It was necessary for Martha's Vineyard to ask no favors of anyone, and to go afield for no skilled labor she did not possess herself.

Even in that day, before the first summer visitor, the climate was a natural resource which added one more measure of value in the Island economy. The prolonged autumns, with warm sun and crys-

tal air, not only invited attention to harvests of wild cranberries, grapes and beach plums, but, a little later, brought all sorts of wild fowl to the great ponds. There was little snow in winter, and no intense heat in summer. The surrounding sea was a tempering, stimulating influence which made for health, for ease of work, and for survival of all living things.

Into such a climate the Vineyarders, descendants of English blood, fitted with so cordial an adaptation that the same families were to flourish for almost three hundred years, and how much longer no one can say. There were Nortons, Peases, Smiths, Mayhews, Vincents and Daggetts long before 1700, and these same families are vigorously represented today. Many others are hardly less ancient.

Already a century ago whaleships were bringing home Azoreans who found an outlet for their thrift and industry on the Island; but except for these Portuguese pioneers, who were to be followed by others, the population of Martha's Vineyard was made up entirely of what may be called the old stock, the family names of which have been mentioned, and the Indians.

III

"Without a Single Dash of Chesterfield"

Plainly there was nothing in this scene to attract the social world which had its choice of open country, and in a day when something like sulphur baths was necessary to give point to a watering place. Moreover, the difficulties of travel were a stumbling block. Martha's Vineyard was reached from the mainland by packets, small sailing vessels, usually sloops. An excellent account of a passage from New Bedford to Nantucket is to be found in Moby Dick, together with a suggestion of the sort of company a passenger would be likely to have. There were crude provisions for comfort, but nothing more. Travel to the islands was a serious business, not a diversion. But it was subject to interruption by storm and calm, and to such distresses of the weather as seasickness, which is no respecter of persons even today.

The steamboat appeared early in the service of Martha's Vine-

yard and Nantucket, but the first steamboats were no great improvement over sail. A story is told which would show that Jacob Barker stepped into his counting room in New York one morning and found one of his clerks writing verse.

"Let me read it and see how it sounds," said Barker to young Halleck.

The lines began: "At midnight in his guarded tent . . ." The title was Marco Bozzaris.

"Good"! exclaimed Barker. "That is just the name for my little steamer"!

And so the Marco Bozzaris came steaming into Island harbors in the spring of 1829. Little is known of the craft save that she was of a hundred and forty tons, that she made running time not much better than the sloops, was costly to run, and was soon superseded.

These early steamboats had side wheels, small cabins, and low decks. They must have been queer company in Island harbors where schooners came and went with deckloads of oil, where whaleships were berthed or hove down at the wharves, and where tall spars and canvas loomed against the sky. In all this marine activity there was seldom such a thing as a pleasure craft, and the transportation of passengers was a minor incident.

It is difficult to determine just when visitors to Martha's Vineyard ceased being travelers and became excursionists in the modern sense, or even "summer visitors." One can guess that the transition had hardly begun when Nathaniel Hawthorne came to the Island to spend the summer of 1830. A record of some of his observations is preserved in Chippings With a Chisel, in Twice Told Tales. He was wont to sit and commune with a philosophical stone cutter, and in that marble shop he saw the carving of an epitaph which one may find now in the Edgartown cemetery. It reads:

"By the force of vegitation
I was raised to life and action;
When life and action that shall cease
I shall return to the same source."

These lines proclaim the faith—or what the marble cutter took to be the lack of faith—of Joseph Ripley, who died January 26, 1830, in his 73rd year.

The cemeteries of Martha's Vineyard were to become favorite studies of generations of summer visitors during their leisure hours. Other early visitors, like Hawthorne, found them interesting. And besides the cemeteries there were certain other attractions.

There was, there has always been, the surf on the South Beach. The Rev. Samuel Devens put into words the sensations of the visitor:

"Often have I visited it on foot and horse (here the high-mettled speechless animal, the better for being such, is the best company, seems to comprehend and participate your emotions, and relieves that feeling of extreme solitariness which comes over the soul) sometimes with friends—generally alone—and never without an awful sense of the grandeur of God's works, felt nowhere else. The Soul cannot but inwardly breathe that highly expressive and noble passage of Scripture, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.' . . . When witnessed for the first time by a person of sensibility, to speak or move is out of the question."

Mr. Devens had been told, he said, that the Falls of Niagara generally disappointed those who had seen the surf under the most favorable circumstances. "For myself," he added, "expecting much in the former case and little in the latter I must confess that sublimer emotions were awakened in my bosom upon the desolate, storm-beaten shores of Nantucket and the Vineyard, than upon the Terrapin or Table rocks."

Here, in early times, is the authentic language of the summer resort. An attraction at Edgartown, too, was the bridge built from the shore to the harbor light, a trestle of plank and timber almost a quarter of a mile in length, for the most part above the harbor waters where, at night, countless phosphorescent jellyfish sometimes glowed and vanished, where, too, the lapping of the waves and the freedom of the breeze exerted an unfailing fascination. From the end of the bridge one could survey the whole harbor and the whole town. What boardwalk built for pleasure could afford a finer promenade?

For a long time the sports of fishing and fowling were to lie in the province of the traveller. Not only did the bluefish and the striped bass, gamiest of salt water fish, abound in the rips and in certain rugged waters, but wildfowl waited the gun of the hunter on ponds

and in marshes. As for upland game, there were grouse, snipe, quail, woodcock and plover, and the heath hen (the eastern prairie chicken which had a full century before extinction).

At Edgartown the whaling captains were building themselves comfortable homes in which there was nothing lavish and nothing stingy, but the expression of a passion for neatness and order. Along Water Street, running parallel to the harbor and looking away to sea—so much so that instead of facing the street, they stood at a slight angle to look past each other at the vista through the harbor entrance and out past Cape Pogue—the captains' houses ranged themselves. The instinct for shipshapeness was combined with a pride in things well done, a sense of proportion, and all in all a forthright good taste which marked these homes for far-off ends. There is nothing anywhere which surpasses the fitness, the chasteness of ornamentation in gracious doorways and cornices, the honesty and art of the whaling captains' houses of Edgartown.

Whatever the attractions and the preparations so early begun by destiny, it is certain that Edgartown was not then quaint. One recalls the schoolboy puzzler: if a tree falls in the depths of a forest where there is no living creature to hear does it make a noise? In any case, far away and a century ago in Edgartown, with no summer visitors to behold, there could have been no quaintness.

Almost twenty years intervened between the visit of Hawthorne and the first arrival of Daniel Webster. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, who was at Edgartown soon after Webster, heard that the great Daniel had been mistaken for a blackamoor at an inn. The story was that Webster drove up to the door of the Gibbs House, a tavern, accompanied by his Negro servants. He put his head out of the window of the public carriage, revealing his own "almost South Spanish complexion," and asking for accommodations. The keeper of the hotel, "casting dismayed glances first at the domestics of different shades of sable and mahogany, and then at the dark face of Mr. Webster," declared that he made it a rule never to receive colored persons. If this incident occurred, it revealed a purely personal idiosyncrasy on the part of the innkeeper, and one not at all common on the Vineyard. At any rate, the error was quickly dis-

covered and remedied without Webster's knowledge, for he thought the conversation related only to the servants.

The Gibbs House still stands, and it is no larger than a comfortable private dwelling. The inns of the Vineyard were houses of good repute, although Lady Wortley tells of discourtesy at Edgartown. Perhaps aristocracy expected too much. Most travellers were pleased with the accommodations, plain and unpretentious as they were, and most of all with the hospitality of the people.

No sooner had Daniel Webster's presence become known than the principal men of the town called upon him. The port was delighted to have so distinguished a visitor. A grand picnic was called for August 10, 1849, and only unfavorable weather interfered with complete success. Unfortunately the affair had to be transferred from a grove to the town hall, whither, according to the Vineyard Gazette, "cartloads of recherche cake" and a bountiful supply of delicious chowder were taken. Webster was introduced by the Hon. Leavitt Thaxter, Edgartown's leading scholar.

In the oration which followed, Webster paid a tribute to the ladies of the Vineyard, alluded to the early history of the Island, adverted to the ravages of cholera in the country which kept him from appearing in public (and, one might infer, made him somewhat nervous on the present occasion), and would have gone on for some time had it not been for a disturbance at the door. Apparently some latecomers tried to push themselves in, and the distinguished visitor sat down. "The rogues who created the disturbance ought to be brought to justice," the Vineyard Gazette said later.

On this visit Webster wrote three letters describing the Island and its pleasures. He had, it seems, escaped the hay fever which pursued him on the mainland at this season; and he had greatly enjoyed the bluefishing in the rips off the South Side. He had journeyed the length of the Island to see Gay Head, and with Dr. Daniel Fisher he had ridden over the Great Plain, shooting plover from a carriage. Dr. Fisher was the better marksman from the moving vehicle.

Within ten years, Daniel Webster's three Vineyard letters had been printed as testimonials for the Island as a summer resort, and for a century Webster was quoted by hotels, newspapers and real estate agents. Self consciousness came early to the budding resort,

close followed by self assurance, and neither ever departed more. A splendid natural position and soft climate, coupled with the approval of Daniel Webster—these were boasts which would carry far.

Yet even as faith and hope were growing in the destiny of Martha's Vineyard as a resort, a curious thing happened. Islanders made a Fourth of July excursion to the city. Years were still to pass before this situation would be reversed and it would be unthinkable to make a pleasure trip to the city in summer, most of all in any collective fashion. One might as well go sea bathing in January.

For this July excursion and picnic in 1846, the steamer Naushon was available, "a coquettish little steamboat, so full of youth as hardly to lie still at her moorings without intriguing for a note of admiration from the wharfinger." She was commanded by "that gentleman of captains, Holmes W. Smith." Indeed, the Island was getting on; the Naushon was a fast boat with greatly improved appointments, and although she lost money in a brief career of service, she was to be succeeded by more ambitious steamboats still. Her own career ended only after she had long steamed about in New York harbor under the changed name of Newsboy, the property of the New York Herald.

The Fourth of July adventure was a pronounced success. Three whaling ships from the Pacific Ocean had reached New Bedford the night before, and the city teemed. There were fireworks and brass bands. That same year the fireworks on Boston Common were concluded with a magnificent piece a hundred feet in length, representing the Castle of St. Juan D'Ulboa, and it was this same sort of thing, on hardly so ambitious a scale, which thrilled the holiday crowds of New Bedford. In the afternoon, the steamer Naushon made an excursion to Gay Head, two hundred persons taking passage. Years later such excursions were to become famous.

Such are the beginnings of the summer resort history of Martha's Vineyard. The growth of cities goes on, industry sprawls out and takes what it wants on the continent, individuals and families find their way to this Island year by year; though not so readily as to Newport.

"Now is the time for the seaside to have its visitors, where springs he cooling breeze and where the pleasures of sailing and fishing are

Photographs courtesy of John F. Madeiros

Top: two views looking into Main Street, Edgartown, when streets were of dirt, oil lamps gave light, and big trees were small; middle: looking up Cooke Street across South Water, and, on the right, North Water Street, looking toward Daggett; bottom: maritime accents, the Harbor Light, and whalers at the docks.

enjoyed," proclaims the Vineyard Gazette in 1858, "and a sight of the sea, that shining yet ruffled surface of green and alternate shades of blue and glittering foam, like flowers on the crested wave. To Newport wend persons of wealth and fashion to pass the heated hours of summer; but however beautiful the place, the expenses are very heavy and there are many other drawbacks to those who love to be at ease and feel at home . . . There is no doubt that the number of visitors to our Island for summer recreation and health might be greatly increased by a wider dissemination of the advantages to be obtained. We don't want the blacklegs of Newport, or those of that character who visit that place in summer; neither do we wish to furnish drinking and smoking saloons to rowdy customers; and certainly, we don't want the conceited fop and the pert miss, who have not sense enough for any manly or truly feminine enjoyment."

Has not Martha's Vineyard beaches more than nine times as long as those of Newport, with the added advantages of a drive across a beautiful prairie to visit the scene of the surf? How about the unmatched and unmatchable Gay Head? The bluefishing?

"Very many excellent families," remarked one writer, "who are sick of the mere show and trifling conventionalities of would-be-genteel places and personages" would like to come to the Vineyard. What Edgartown needs to vie with Newport is a hotel which will offer inducements to the gentlemen of leisure. It need not be an extravagant house; a plain, substantial edifice, suitable at first to accommodate a hundred guests, will do quite well enough. If only the carpenters and mechanics would subscribe their services in return for stock in the project, the new hotel might burst forth like Jonah's gourd, perhaps in one night.

Meantime, "visitors from the mainland will find on the Vineyard a cozy sociableness, and a most attentive politeness without a single dash of Chesterfield in it." But that seasoning, so flatly disclaimed . . . suppose it should, after all, prove to be the one indispensable?

IV

The Fleet's In

Several things happened in the summer of 1858. In thirty-five days, from May 28 to July 1, 137,750 pounds of bluefish were landed at Edgartown. The ship Junior with her mutineers arrived at New Bedford to account to the law for the bloody murder of Captain Archibald Mellen Jr. of Edgartown on Christmas night in the South Pacific ocean. And a squadron of yachts of the New York Yacht Club arrived at Holmes Hole, ran around to Edgartown, and there lay at anchor while unfavorable weather kept them from sailing on to Nahant.

Yachting on any ambitious scale was young. The first American yacht, the brigantine Cleopatra's Barge, had been built at Salem in 1816 for Retire Becket. And, after almost thirty years, a group of yachtsmen had met in the cabin of the small schooner Gimcrack, and the New York Yacht Club was brought forth. An occasional yacht had sailed majestically into one of the Vineyard harbors, its whiter canvas, fastidious hull and daintiness of behavior contrasting with the broad beamed whaleships and the freight schooners.

Squadron sailing was new when Islanders looked out and saw the flotilla at anchor almost under their windows. There were Commodore William Edgar's Widgeon, the schooner America which had already brought back a certain cup from across the Atlantic, and yachts which bore the names Favoretta, Irene, Julia, Una, Haswell, Madgie, Dawn, Juliette, Menacing, Mystery, and a number of others.

Now the yachts had arrived on Wednesday, and as the weather did not improve, the stay became protracted. The whaling port was bluffly hospitable always, but there were no precedents for the entertainment of yachtsmen. Apparently it did not occur to Edgartonians generally that here were some of the gentlemen of leisure for whom an aspiring watering place ought to exert its charms. True, certain courtesies were extended to Commodore Edgar and his staff; but as for gaiety, to enliven the waiting hours, there was none ready at hand. The situation worked itself out in this manner.

As a woman of Edgartown sat on the bank at the harbor-front, fishing, she was approached by a visitor from the Widgeon.

"You can't be very comfortable, sitting there on the hard ground," he said to her. "Why not let me give you this stool"?

The contemporary view was that the stool was "elegantly embroidered." It came from the Widgeon.

"I'm all right as I am," said the woman, much surprised.

"Oh, but do take the stool," insisted the young yachtsman, and, after a minute or two, she accepted.

A few remarks about the weather, about Edgartown, and about the yachts were exchanged. Then the young man suggested that it would be much pleasanter for the yachtsmen if they knew some of the girls of Edgartown.

By that time the woman's husband had appeared and joined in the conversation. Nothing could be easier than to arrange the desired introductions. How about a dance, the visitor inquired? Well, dances could be held in the town hall, but the selectmen had recently increased the rental, he was told, rather apologetically.

"How much would it cost"? he asked, a little afraid that the plan was going to fall through.

"Two dollars and a half," was the reply. The young man quickly brightened.

The upshot was that a dance was held. A piano was engaged at a rental of ten dollars for the night, and the town hall was decorated in the squadron's colors. In those days there was a scarcity of young men in Edgartown, and girls were not unaccustomed to dancing with one another; the sea exacted many sacrifices from the port and all its people. The dance of the yacht club was, for that reason, even more of an event than it would have been otherwise. Waltz followed waltz, and the gallants in white flannel found the girls of Edgartown fair and amusing.

On the following day, the girls reciprocated by inviting the yachtsmen to a singing party. There was now no point whatever in sailing on to Nahant, no matter what the wind or tide. Sunday came, and the yachts still rode at anchor, and the yachtsmen were guests of their feminine friends at the Baptist church.

Early the following day the squadron cleared and was soon a series

of white patches against blue sky. An occasion of a special sort seemed to be passing into history, dimming reluctantly as hulls dropped over the horizon rim.

But at Newport the yachtsmen, or some of them at least, gave a humorous account of their Edgartown visit, and the story appeared in print with jests and not a little derision at the expense of the Vineyarders and their daughters. The story of the elegantly embroidered stool was recounted, and the stool could hardly have been more elegantly embroidered than the story itself. There was merriment that the fisherwoman and her husband should have pulled such a long face and apologized because of a $2.50 fee for the town hall; and it was said that the piano rented for the dance was undoubtedly the only one in town. In short, the affair was made to appear as a lark at the expense of Edgartown.

In point of fact the story about the piano and all that was to be inferred from it was false. Edgartown owned a number of pianos, the first one having been purchased by Capt. Abraham Osborn from Chickering and Mackay in 1835. The Mackay was Capt. John Mackay, who brought home rosewood and mahogany in his ships; and there was, therefore, a basic association between sea captains and pianos. If you looked into the homes of whaling captains you found also rare china and lacquered trays, inlaid cabinets of teakwood and pearl, tortoise shell fans and rare silks. Behind a knotty, frugal individualism lay a richness of life, an instinct for the choice thing, which strangers could not fathom.

While the yachtsmen were still laughing up their sleeves, the squadron began to bob and strain at its moorings. The sky darkened and there was apprehension at Newport. Edgar Marchant, the Old Editor of the Vineyard Gazette, had taken his pen in hand. He lingers in the history of the Island, a dark, caped figure, glittering of eye and of spirit.

"Such characters," the Old Editor declared, "generally turn out to be better dancers, harder drinkers and more abominable liars than any other class of men." The mistake as to their being gentlemen, he thought, had an excuse under the circumstances. But "the supposition is not improbable that a majority of the yacht company were of the miserable idlers who are found in every great city."

He concluded with the hope that "they will not disgrace us with another visit."

In no time at all, Commodore Edgar sent letters of handsome disavowal and apology to Dr. Daniel Fisher, and they were duly spread before the public. Now, indeed, the incident passed into history.

The interlude of 1858 was, in more ways than one, a curious passage. It was a sign of the times—times long since changed—that the New York Yacht Club should have to seek entertainment, and, moreover, that these visiting yachtsmen should evince any interest in the girls of Edgartown, no matter how fair. The present generation can hardly recall when there was anything but a summer colony, and plenty of summer colony girls, and a choice of diversion which makes the affair of that remote August seem strangely naive and primitive.

Some of the benches upon which the yachtsmen sat with their congenial companions at Sunday service are now preserved in the attractive quarters of the Edgartown Yacht Club. No trace remains of the elegantly embroidered stool.

V

The Magic Lantern of Gay Head

If there had been nothing on Martha's Vineyard but Gay Head, the Island must surely have become a resort. Many of the earliest records of pilgrimages across Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound are concerned with visits to the clay cliffs, the Light, and the Indians. Nearly always, the records are full of wide-eyed wonder—wonder which was hushed at first, but became more and more voluble until the observer, at his desk at home, poured forth adjectives without stint.

An expedition to Gay Head was difficult. Samuel Devens remarked that it was necessary to drive through thirty separate pairs of bars when he made the trip from Edgartown. Daniel Webster was fatigued with the drive across the Island. There were long, tedious

hills, miles of sandy cart track. Many visitors made two days of the journey, remaining overnight at the Light or at some Gay Head house.

But all thought of fatigue vanished when one stood for the first time on the cliffs.

"It is what Niagara would be," wrote Daniel Webster, "if instead of one hundred and fifty feet of falling water, it exhibited a perpendicular bank of that height, composed of lines, strata and sections of various earths of brilliant and highly contrasted colors."

Gay Head dazzlingly bright in the full sun of a summer day; Gay Head serene and gilded as it matched the afterglow in the western sky toward which it looked; Gay Head, a wonder which raced in the veins and throbbed in the temples—here nature had become, without warning, fiercely imaginative.

When one had looked his fill from many angles, he could dig in the clay for fossils with which some strata were thickly stored. Professor Silliman had found the vertebra of a lizard as large in circumference as an ordinary plate, relic of a creature which he said must have been a hundred feet long.

Aside from the spectacle of the cliffs themselves, there was a private marvel arranged by the government of the United States. Since the headland was a vital marker for coastwise shipping, Congress had voted funds for a lighthouse as early as 1798. A new tower was erected in 1858 and 1859, and there was installed one of the most remarkable lenses conceived by man. Augustin Jean Fresnel had completed his researches into the nature of light, and his discoveries had found application to the building of lighthouses in 1822, with the use of separate rings or prisms of glass to build up a single giant beam of light. This particular lens, the most ambitious which had been constructed up to that time, was exhibited at the World's Fair in London in 1851. It was purchased by the United States government for the sum of $16,000.

The lens was made of one thousand and three prisms. To the lay eye it seemed to be built of glass clapboards at top and bottom, with enormous bullseye magnifying lenses in the center. The clapboards, of course, reflected the light and accumulated it as they passed it successively to the bullseye through which it shone far out over the

sea. This elaborate structure of glass was held in an iron frame and the lantern revolved by clockwork.

Visiting the light the year after its completion, General David Hunter Strother, who wrote in Harpers Magazine under the pseudonym Porte Crayon, thus described its impression upon him:

"The whole dome of heaven from the center to the horizon was flecked with bars of misty light, revolving majestically on the axis of the tower. These luminous bars, although clearly defined, were transparent, and we could distinctly see the clouds and stars behind them. Of all the heavenly phenomena that I have had the good fortune to witness—borealis lights, mock suns or meteoric showers—I have never seen anything that, in mystic splendor, equalled this trick of the magic lantern of Gay Head."

Even today, in a generation surfeited with marvels and bored with the nightly radiance of more than one Great White Way, there will often be many automobiles at Gay Head, waiting as the dusk increases until the curtains in the tower are furled and the light kindles again into a beacon, a magic lantern of the sky.

As for the Indian community of Gay Head, that, too, was unusual. After King Philip's war there were few Indians left in New England. Here on Gay Head, alone in all the New World, the hands of white men and red men were never raised against one another. The wisdom of Thomas Mayhew showed what fairness and understanding, coupled with an ability to lead men, might have accomplished elsewhere as well; and the lives of the Indians through the years showed the adaptability and vigor of their race. In 1665 "Caleb Cheeshahteamuck, Indus," was graduated from Harvard College in a class of seven members; a Vineyard Indian, whose birthright was skill on shore and sea, had mastered Greek and Latin and become a scholar by the white men's standards, all within twenty-five years of the settlement of Great Harbor on the Vineyard!

While King Philip waged his war of extermination, Gay Head Indians drilled under arms, in loyalty to Governor Mayhew, and under his authority; a circumstance far more remarkable than would have been the arming and drilling of a regiment of Germans during the World War. Unfortunately the point of view of Governor Mayhew was never to become common.

Wherever one comes upon the Gay Head Indians, in whatever year, they are able, friendly, alertly aware of the value of their two cultures. In 1888 one of their number was to serve with distinction in the Massachusetts legislature, and in the World War they were to send more men into service, proportionately, than any other town in the state.

But the fact of their being Indians was of greatest interest to travellers and, later, to summer visitors; that and their yokes of oxen, their thrifty community, the charm and physical beauty especially of their children, the unaccustomed sight of American Indians at home in their own land. To many visitors it was disappointing not to find tepees and feathers; there were none, although excursions for many years were to be advertised with circulars bearing pictures of conventional Indians in costume, at the door of a wigwam.

VI

"The Groves Were God's First Temples."

All this time—up to the year 1860, when Edgartown was fancying herself as a future watering place—no one seems to have thought of the possibilities of the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting. They proved to be of the most amazing character. But in order to appreciate what happened in the sixties, it is necessary to turn back to much earlier years and to watch the beginning and lusty growth of the camp meeting.

The religious background of Martha's Vineyard has no chapters of witch-burning and repressive zeal; in this respect the Island did not share in what is generally understood to be the austere heritage of New England. Vineyarders were austere enough, at times, but they were, from the beginning, a community of individualists, living and planning in their natural temper. The rulers of the Island in the formative years, the Missionary Mayhews, instead of destroying the Indians with an Old Testament scheme of life like John Eliot, gave them a new opportunity of self-realization. The same capacity to hold life above dogma was evident in the affairs of the white men themselves.

As a matter of fact the Island was politically a part of New York, and spiritually a place by itself. It was significant that Jonathan Mayhew, of Chilmark birth, was to become the first great American religious liberal, the founder of Unitarianism.

Early in the nineteenth century the spiritual welfare of Edgartown was in the guardianship of Parson Thaxter, who had been the chaplain of Prescott's regiment at Bunker Hill. He wore the cocked hat and knee breeches of pre-Revolutionary days, and was by way of being a Unitarian, a fact which led some of his flock to regard him as a gentle heretic. His death seemed to confirm the passing of an old order; indeed the last years of his life had overlapped the vigorous rise of Island Methodism.

There had been Methodists on the Vineyard before 1800, but the "new religion" first began to take hold with earnestness between 1810 and 1820. A milestone was the arrival of the Rev. Erastus Otis in 1809, a minister whose preaching established a new style and a new heartiness, winning converts in the face of derision and opposition from the conservatives. This zealous evangelism with its revivals and rousing sermons struck a responsive chord.

"Why, Sir," wrote the Rev. Samuel Devens, "this place has been the stronghold of fanatical preachers, and not seldom patients have been transferred from the hands of the clergyman to those of the physician. What think you of meetings every night in the week for six weeks, yes for three months in succession, prolonged sometime even into midnight, until the vestry floor, by its apparently lifeless trophies, bears melancholy witness to the tremendous effects wrought upon the nervous system by the machinery of superstition? Such unwelcome statements I would not publish unless supported by the best of evidence. They proceed from the lips of those who have been constant attendants on such occasions."

"A farmer, who had been in the habit of attending the protracted meetings," Mr. Devens continued, "was much wrought upon. One day, while hoeing in his field alone, he was worked up into a state of uncontrollable ecstasy. In the wild rush of his feelings he threw his hoe into the air with all the momentum that lay in his muscles and shouted to the top of his lungs."

Mr. Devens, a Unitarian divine interested in carrying forward the

influence of Parson Thaxter, was not an unprejudiced witness. But there is no room for doubt that religious fervor ran at a high pitch, and that Methodism rose triumphant on its wings. Indeed, the growing congregations occupied one church after another in rapid succession, each larger than the last, and in 1843 they dedicated a monumental structure with a stately tower far higher than the chaste steeple of the Congregational church a few blocks away, with classic pillars of heroic size, and a lofty and vast auditorium.

The vogue of camp meetings was a timely growth which fitted inevitably into the zealous evangelism of the Vineyard Methodists. In the summer of 1799 the McGee brothers, one a Methodist clergyman and the other a Presbyterian, were in the course of a journey from Tennessee to Ohio and had occasion to halt for a few days at a small Kentucky settlement on the Red River. When Sunday came there happened to be an unusually large congregation assembled at the only place of worship, a small church which had been built by Presbyterians. At the close of the services, the two McGees were invited to preach to the people, and they did so in such a fashion that men and women wept aloud and called for divine mercy, others sprang to their feet, praising God and shouting hallelujahs, and there ensued such a scene of ecstasy and excitement that the regular ministers walked out in high dudgeon, with the few of their flock who were willing to follow them.

The singing, yelling and praying went on at a great rate, and news of the affair spread rapidly, with the result that in the afternoon greater crowds poured in from the countryside. The multitude became so great that the McGees removed the services to the neighboring forest, a stand for preaching was thrown together, and the meeting continued long after sundown with no lessening of the public excitement.

On Monday the people returned to the grounds, prepared to stay. The story is that some brought tents and provisions. A camp meeting was in progress, and for several days it continued at a glorious pitch. Members of many denominations mingled, forgetting all differences, and seeking together the means of grace by prayer, hymn singing, repentance and preaching. The marvelous success of the series of meetings became known everywhere, and preachers far and wide

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went out into groves and invoked the power of God to shake the world from its lethargy and to save and restore the souls of the people.

Within a few years camp meetings had spread to Cape Cod, and in the year 1827 the Rev. John Adams—"Reformation John"—who was Methodist pastor at Holmes Hole, brought the institution to Martha's Vineyard. This minister was a flaming sword, an exhorter, a mighty shaker of the devil's kingdom, and his week of open meetings near the West Chop lighthouse brought forty sinners into the fold and demonstrated the power of the camp meeting.

It would have been strange if the Edgartown Methodists had delayed long after this. In 1835 six of them put aside their worldly occupations and went out to a certain grove. It was Jeremiah Pease, a lay exhorter and later a camp meeting chorister and tentmaster, who had chosen the site in William Bradley's sheep pasture near the Vineyard Sound side of East Chop.

Here stood a grove of enormous oaks, the largest in New England; and at only a short distance was a lake of fresh water, then called Squash Meadow Pond. The land sloped gently, embracing the lake and shelving into a white beach. Despite its natural beauty, the spot was a solitary one. Bordering the grove was the open land of the sheep pasture, "the poorest land that ever lay outdoors" as some Islanders have later said; but even poor land will yield remarkable crops if sown with dragon's teeth. And as it was, these acres grew blackberry vines, huckleberry and bayberry bushes, beach plum and sumach. There were thickets of scrub oak, occasional pines and cedars, here and there a wild cherry tree, and in the open spaces wild grass which turned to red in the fall. On either side of the pond, the shore line rose into bluffs where patches of turf overhung the beach, and from which one could look far out over Vineyard Sound.

The nearest settlement was at Eastville—known as the East Side to some, and as the Barbary Coast, in more or less humorous allusion, to others. Eastville nestled close to Holmes Hole harbor, across from the village, although it belonged within the limits of the town of Edgartown in all except loyalty. The residents paid taxes to Edgartown, but omitted all allegiance which was not required; in fact, they offset the necessary form by expressing hostile opinions in

public. For instance, when Tarleton C. Luce of East Chop was asked about a procession of Edgartown teams going to work on a new road, he remarked, "It's a caravan from hell." But this refinement of antagonism belonged to the future.

Eastville was a small and ancient community, well steeped in stories of shipwreck and salvage, smuggling and sea treasure. From the salty past had come the suggestion of the Barbary Coast. There was a landing less than a mile from the oak grove and Squash Meadow Pond, but the road was sandy and narrow,—no more than a cart track. To reach Eastville from Holmes Hole, one had to cross the harbor by boat, or take a circuitous route by land around the head of Lagoon Pond, driving some seven and a half miles to reach a destination not one mile distant in a straight line. The way to the oak grove followed the same course. From Edgartown the grove was between seven and eight miles over a sandy road which stretched over hills and through miles of scrub oak, although the distance in a straight line was no more than six miles.

Instead of using the inland route, the camp meeting pioneers of 1835 transported themselves and their gear by water, rafting ashore what was necessary and using skiffs for the rest.

Could there have been a camp meeting site less likely to figure largely in the summer resort history of Martha's Vineyard? It was inaccessible, it was unimproved, it was barren. The turf, once broken, revealed yellow sand and gravel, which did not easily grow over again. How could one dream of soft green grass where only bayberries and brambles would grow? But the oaks were full of years and majesty, the pond was blue and serene, the sea winds were gentle in summer as they swept across East Chop, and from the bluffs there was a noble outlook . . . the place was ever so impracticable and ever so beautiful.

No more material than necessary was brought from Edgartown. A rough shed was built, largely of driftwood of which there was a plentiful although variegated supply; in front of the shed was an elevated stand and seat for the preacher. The whole structure was known as "the preacher's tent," and in it the clergy were to lodge, bedded on the ground in clean rye straw. Looking backward, years later, Hebron Vincent wrote: "Fortunate was he of the cloth who

Camp meeting pastorale, from a lithograph "conceived and caused to be executed" by Hebron Vincent in 1853

had a quilt or an overcoat for a pillow." He was in a position to know for he himself had been admitted to the ministry in 1834.

A railing in front of the shed, enclosing a space about twelve by twenty-five feet, made provision for a choir and for repentant sinners when they came forward for prayers after the exhortations. Seats within the enclosure were used alike by singers and the reclaimed souls.

In a semi-circle about the shed and stand, nine tents were pitched, some of them made of old sails, and none completely symmetrical. Some of the tents had extensions of canvas, in the form of awnings, under which meals could be eaten. All were occupied by companies, for the most part church societies or groups, a canvas partition being run through the tent to separate the sexes. Both men and women slept on straw on the ground. Not much cooking was done at the grove. The campers brought with them cold corned beef, brown bread and sweet cake, and the steeping of fresh tea to go with these provisions was the most ambitious venture.

The area cleared of underbrush was "not so large but a marksman might throw a pebble across it with sufficient force to kill a bird." Probably the encampment occupied about half an acre. For the worshippers seats were provided, many of them made from split trees with pegs driven for legs. There were no backs.

The first voice was raised from the preachers' stand on Monday evening, August 24, 1835, and throughout the week, morning, afternoon and evening meetings were held. There were also prayer meetings in the society tents. Hebron Vincent wrote, "The waving trees, the whispering breeze, the pathetic appeals, the earnest prayers, and the songs of praise, as well as the trembling of the sinners under the Word, and the shining countenances of Christians lighted up with holy joy, all conspired to say, 'Surely the Lord is in this place!' "

According to the official report of the meeting, Friday was "emphatically the great day of the feast. Heavenly music saluted our ears at an early hour, which if it could not be called a serenade of angels, was certainly that of happy souls saved from sin. The spirit of devotion during the morning exercises was deep and general among the hosts of God's elect."

On Saturday morning the campers formed a procession and bade

one another farewell; then came the benediction. Some two or three hundred brethren and sisters arose from their seats and stood awhile, in testimony that God had deepened the work of grace in their hearts during the meeting.

A few hundred persons attended the meeting; Hebron Vincent thought that no more than a thousand were on the ground at any one time. But there were sixty-five converts. It was voted unanimously to purchase such lumber as had been used in the construction of the camp, and to keep it on the ground in readiness for another year, the first collective property of the camp meeting.

The new temple had been consecrated. Zealous brethren of the "new religion" had planted the seed of an institution which was to grow and grow; but what fruit this seedling was to bear in a far-off time of harvest was hidden from their eyes. The encampment broke up, the grove shed its leaves in fall and became cold and dank in winter, and the cries of the sea gulls overhead were no more than an eery whisper after the full-throated hymns of the evangelists in the cathedral of oaks.

VII

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth . . ."

Again when summer comes the campers are in the grove, and strong is the Word among them. There is a "universal spirit of agonizing prayer for 'all the mind of Christ.' " Spectators gather to look on, but they manifest the utmost decorum and propriety in their behavior so that "scarcely the smile of contempt or the curled lip of the scorner" is to be seen; the preachers eschew fine style and subtle themes—their subjects are emphatically evangelical and practical, "depravity, atonement and holiness"; many are baptized by water, and a great number are baptized with "the Holy Ghost and with fire."

One day "an awful sense of the presence of God pervades the encampment, and the slain of the Lord lie upon every side . . . and at eight o'clock we retire to our tents to besiege the enemy in his

lurking places. The battle waxes warmer and warmer until after ten o'clock when the enemy gives way and the shout of triumph rings all through our lines. Some now retire to rest, but many remain upon the field to consecrate a glorious victory."

The beauty of the grove, the splendor of the oaks, and the blue strait beyond the beach where vessels pass—they are not proof against periods of bad weather. But when the clouds open and the deluge comes, the brethren say, "Not only the natural, but also the spiritual rain descends richly, refreshingly and copiously upon us, agreeable to the promise (Ezek. xxiv 26) 'And I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing.' " Used to discomfort, prepared for rude living, the campers are not disheartened; and when the skies clear, they rejoice yet again.

At times prayer meetings in the tents continue late into the night "in such active and determined operation that the brethren are unwilling to stop them, and the work goes on until a late hour in a manner which baffles description." When the secretary calls around at the tents for reports, he is told: "We are almost all sanctified in out tent," "We have had a clean victory in our tent," and "Report Fourth Street tent all in order." Some are converted, some are reclaimed and others are quickened.

Now, after the worshippers have been on their knees for an hour, comes one of the heaviest thunder storms known on the Vineyard for years. But those who are kneeling remain "for a long time suppliant before Him in whom we have trusted. The vivid flashes of lightning play about us but do not harm us; the rain descends; and as the almost deafening claps of thunder break near us, seeming to rend the very heavens, the repeated response at the top of the voice of 'Hallelujah' from a devout minister of Jesus, accompanied with expressions of praise to God from many others of the company, presents a scene of moral sublimity which it is difficult to describe. The remembrance of it can never be effaced from the powers of recollection. God keeps Israel in peace this night."

The campers do not pretend that stillness in meetings or in revivals is a virtue. There is noise enough at the grove—"not (for the moment, at any rate) the crash and roar of the cataract, the momentary discharge of heaven's artillery . . . but the calm, deep flow of the

river, gathering strength from its tributaries, and thus wending its way on in majesty to its ocean terminus. It is, indeed, the sweet gushing utterance of praise from the lips of Christian men and women whose hearts are imbued with a deep and abiding sense of the great love and mercy of God manifested in their redemption."

And now a veteran Wesleyan arises and "standing among us as one who has come down from a former age, declares that he has conversed with Wesley."

At half past two on an August morning—long before the dawn has begun to flush the sky above Cape Pogue—the entire encampment is aroused by a procession of singers who "after marching several times around the circle, engage in a prayer meeting which continues until broad daylight. Several of the companies leave the ground in marshalled processions, and move to the shore singing the songs of Zion."

Each summer there are three outstanding ceremonies, the Love Feast, the Parting and the Sacrament. The first of these is a time of "general victory and of general triumph with the people of the Lord." All the campers are gathered together, and one by one they present their testimonies, as many as can be heard in the time available. Sometimes, in an hour, a hundred and fifty are heard, most of them giving "pointed professions of perfect love." It is "a pleasing family interview" at which all may speak of "their age in Christ." Sometimes the feast reminds the campers of Pentecost; "for, although we cannot say that we have testimonies from 'Parthians, Medes, Elamites, etc.' yet we do hear speak in the language in which we are spiritually born Americans, a Swede, a Swiss, an Englishman, an Irishman and one of the descendants of Ham." And most soul-stirring of all is to see a deaf and dumb sister "speak by signs of the goodness and wonderful works of God." There is "no Ashdod in the language of those who testify for Christ on these occasions."

The Sacrament, too, is impressive. On one occasion "the Lord's Supper is administered to two hundred and thirty-seven communicants, besides the preachers. It is a season of great power and solemnity, in which many are refreshed with the bread which cometh down from heaven, and with the wine of the kingdom. The spectators of this scene, who surround the table, look on with the most

intense interest and apparent pleasure; and as mere spectators of that glorious scene, we fear, are even many of our own people, who dare not approach the table to commemorate the death of Him through whose grace they hope to be saved."

As for the parting, it comes upon the final hour of praise and victory. The campers gather together, forming a procession "two and two, around the area within the circle of tents, singing at the same time some appropriate hymn, and finally all halting, and then each passing by every other one, taking them by the hand and bidding them farewell. The scene is often most affecting. Christian ministers and brethren who have been together here in the tented grove, mingling their prayers and praises to Jehovah, and laboring together for the same object, the salvation of undying souls, now separating, some of them never to meet again until the great day of final judgment, of which day, a camp meeting, as has often been remarked, more strikingly and impressively reminds one than any other scene on earth. This is truly a ceremony on which multitudes of spectators look with the deepest emotion. Hard and stoical must be the individual who could feel otherwise, and from whose eye would not steal the tear of sympathy, if not that of penitence or of joy." God be with you until we meet again!

Foolish is he who camps at the grove and thinks that he will not be moved, or who witnesses the meetings by the cool horizontal light of dawn, during the bright ruffled day or at the aftermath of starlight and shadow, and thinks that he may ever forget. "The cry for a clean heart becomes general, and the Lord answers in the full salvation of many souls. Numbers who are not easily excited are shorn of their strength, and lie for hours without the power either to speak or move. Some who have doubted the reality of such exercises look on in amazement, and exclaim with the Psalmist, 'This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.' "

Such in their own language are the spiritual adventures, the memorable experiences of the campers in the grove. But what words can tell the ultimate sensations produced in this place, not alone by the uprush of religion invoked in assemblage by exhortation and mutual impulse, but as well by the manifold touches of nature? The grace of God is not so present in the preaching or prayers, which must

begin and cease at some finite moment, as in the feeling of the soft air, the eternal awakening of a summer morning in the open seashore, the blended coolness and warmth, the awareness of life in the great oaks and the winds, the marvelous scents of the evening and the strange spell of a dim, perfumed August night, all of which yield and blend into one another, but never end. The camper is embraced by the most ingratiating gestures in all nature; in his quest at camp meeting he and his pastors walk not alone.

Nor are strange experiences limited to the scene of the meeting itself. A Presbyterian clergyman, for instance, is on his way to the grove by road, driving through narrow openings between the endless scrub oak thickets which run into the Vineyard's Great Plain. Twigs and branches lash the carriage; and where the oaks become larger, the way is sometimes hard to make. As the minister looks ahead, he sees a strange apparition in the dusty roadway; an angry figure seems to be striking enormous blows with a glistening sword. Odd fancies fly into the Presbyterian mind, and he thinks of Biblical visions. But this is no vision. Again and again the deadly blade flashes in the sun, rising and falling with rhythmic force. Presently the minister is near enough to see a Negro of gigantic stature striking off protruding branches from the trees with a war sword. The man is, it proves, a servant of Captain Cleaveland of West Tisbury, a retired whaling master, brought to the Vineyard from Valparaiso, and he is using a blade of the captain's.

"Has the milennium come"? exclaims the minister. "I see you are using a spear for a pruning hook. I wish no sword was ever worse employed."

The Negro smiles, showing his white teeth, and the minister drives on toward the grove.

VIII

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and Thy Tabernacles, O Israel."

The growth of the camp meeting was amazing. At the second meeting there were brethren and society tents from New Bedford, Falmouth, Nantucket, South Yarmouth, Sandwich, Fall River, Bristol, and several other places. In 1842 there were forty tents, sheltering 1,189 persons; but the congregation on Sunday numbered about 2,500 persons. A suitable name for the ground had been agreed upon in 1840—Wesleyan Grove—and there were unmistakable signs that Wesleyan Grove was to flourish. Year by year its fame spread and its converts rendered praise.

But the lease of the ground ran out in 1844, and, although to many campers it seemed a sacrilege to abandon the meeting place, a convocation of preachers and tent-masters—most of them from the mainland—voted to make new arrangements. It was not that these leaders lacked appreciation of Wesleyan Grove or of what had been accomplished there, but they felt that nine years was enough to make the spot an old story. Perhaps, they said, removal to a fresh ground would stir up new spiritual activity.

It occurred to one brother that, "although an old story, the unusually full attendance, the deep concern manifested, and the glorious results, have demonstrated that the age of the story has not very materially lessened the interest felt in it, after all." The event proved that this Islander saw truly.

The fixtures were sold for what they would bring, and the parting was stirred by deeper emotion even than usual. In a scene of some distress, tents were struck, teamsters removed baggage and other goods, and the preachers' tent and stand were put up by an auctioneer. Wesleyan Grove was left bare. The following year, 1845, the meeting convened near Westport Point, on the mainland. But this was no Wesleyan Grove; the brethren looked about for yet another place, and as they hesitated and disagreed, the presiding elder cast his influence in favor of returning to the Vineyard.

Thirteen societies came to Wesleyan Grove in 1846. New lumber had been purchased, a new well had been dug, and a new lease signed.

The expense of establishing the meeting once again in its rightful setting came to about $175, a sum which remained as a debt against the brethren for three years, due to the difficulty of raising the necessary funds.

By 1849 the number of tents had increased to fifty. By 1851 there were a full hundred, and "by estimation" between 3,500 and 4,000 persons were in the congregation on Sunday of camp meeting week. Sixty ministers were present, and thirty-four persons professed conversion, among them an aged sea captain.

Still the meetings grew. Behind the main circle of society tents there were other circles. The grove had become a tented community, with paths and ways, and an organized life. The white canvas among the trees was a rare sight by day, and by night, with a lantern burning in each tent under the rules of the encampment, the scene was even more strangely beautiful. In 1855 there were two hundred tents, in 1858 more than three hundred and twenty.

The increase now was due to the new practice of establishing family tents, for the sake of greater domesticity. As a result, some of the society tents seemed relatively deserted, many of the most faithful members of some flocks having taken up individual habitations. This was pleasanter for the families, since they cooked, ate and slept by themselves, but sometimes the result was not so favorable for prayer meetings appointed for the society tents. Families might forget to appear. A rule was adopted that no man could pitch a family tent unless he presented a letter from the pastor of his home church; and, still later, it was required that every family tent should bear on its exterior the name of the owner, and the name of the home church. The church was held responsible for the earnestness and behavior of all tents deriving from it.

Such was the demand for straw for the tents, that Sirson P. Coffin, agent of the meeting, was prompted to advertise for a greater supply. It was well that he did, for the convocation of 1858 surpassed all anticipations. Not only private citizens but the governors of states appeared at the grove. On camp meeting Sunday a single well supplied water for eight or ten thousand persons and three hundred horses. "It was truly providential," Hebron Vincent wrote, "that no accident befell it."

With the meeting swelling to such proportions, there were new problems of administration, and, moreover, new expenses to be met. In 1856, for the first time, a tax of fifty cents had been assessed against each tent, and the treasury was nourished; but this was just a beginning. The ground rent was thirty dollars a year, no great item; but now there was a community to be watched, protected, lighted, and safeguarded in health.

There was more likely to be annoyance from without. Hebron Vincent wrote, "Notwithstanding it is so generally known that a strict supervision is exercised here, and that groups of evil-minded strangers who may come and take up quarters in the neighboring woods to revel with their bottles, are very likely to be detected, or to have their treasures found and cared for, still some do, occasionally, try to see how well they can elude the vigilance of officers of the meeting."

Already, in a few cases, small wooden buildings had taken the place of tents, and many tents had floors and uprights of wood which were left at the grove from year to year. Following the large meeting of 1858, the camp meeting itself made plans for a head-quarters structure which was completed in readiness for the next year. It was a little distance from the main circle and stood two and a half stories high. In one corner a postoffice could be kept, there was an office, room for storage, a place for oils and lanterns; up-stairs the agent could lodge, the finance committee could meet, and the tent-masters could assemble; the attic might be used for lodging for strangers, or for storage during the winter. The cost of this building, which measured twenty-four by forty feet, was less than a thousand dollars.

In the rear of the main circle of large tents, an avenue forty feet in width was laid out, encompassing the whole arc; for there was no longer a semi-circle, but an enormous circle surrounding the preachers' stand. Soon the stand was rebuilt, with five sides of an octagon and a straight back; it could accommodate thirty or forty persons. The usual arrangements were made in front for the singers and for penitents, but on a larger scale than before. The stand was latticed and painted. It cost five hundred dollars.

New seating was provided for the congregation as well; seating

on a grand scale, with backs, instead of the old rough boards. Fixed accommodations were thus provided for from 3,000 to 4,000 persons. But on one of the Big Sundays "ten thousand people might find convenient positions, either sitting or standing, and listen to the word of life uttered from the stand." The cost of seating, which was completed in 1861, did not fall much short of $2,000. These were incredible sums for the meeting which, in 1846, had needed three years to retire a debt of $175. And still Wesleyan Grove was growing.

In the early years there had been no fixed time for beginning or ending the yearly meetings; in particular it was a question whether to extend them over Sunday, or to complete the series between Monday morning and Saturday night. Gradually the custom of continuing over Sunday became established, and the final Sunday became the climax of the meeting. On this day the greatest crowds poured in, from steamer and from carriages; one soon spoke of Camp Meeting Sunday, Big Sunday or High Sunday, and any of the three phrases conveyed the meaning of a mighty gathering and a scene of excitement.

In August, 1859, the steamer Eagle's Wing brought 15,000 persons to the camp ground. In 1860 there were 12,000 at the grove for Big Sunday alone. The Eagle's Wing brought 1,200 passengers on that day, and the Island Home brought 1,400. There were as many as thirty-six prayer meetings in progress at once in the society tents or out of doors.

"Who can consider the rapid strides of the wisdom of God in man?" inquired Sirson P. Coffin, making his report as agent of the meeting.

The main avenue around the circle was named Asbury Avenue, after the bishop; but common usage soon changed the designation to Broadway. Was this a sign of a new and profane age? At any rate, the name today is Trinity Park. A bell was provided for the preachers' stand, and at a given signal the encampment retired to rest or rose to labor; the bell was rung also to proclaim the hours of service.

"Why," exclaimed the Rev. Dr. Parks, from the state of New York, "this is the largest camp meeting in the world!"

Campers at Wesleyan Grove had been coming to this opinion

Old views courtesy of Dukes County Historical Society

Hoop skirts and silk hats kept Wesleyan Grove at the height of fashion. Note the croquet mallets in the left center picture. Herein is a pageant of tent and cottage life in the great days.

themselves, not without gratification. Perhaps Dr. Parks was the more impressed because he saw, with his own eyes, the frames for forty new tents brought to the grove by a single steamer in one day.

Growth meant some sacrifices: it was no longer possible to hold an old fashioned march around the circle at Parting, for instance; and the large assemblage of ministers could not be counted on to produce sermons of the true camp meeting stamp. Yet sinners continued to profess conversion, "some of them of very good social position in the communities in which they resided." Progress had brought a new era—the brethren recognized that—and did not their new responsibilities change, somewhat, their own points of view? Because the present was not like the past, it was not necessarily less good. The ecstasies and prodigies of religious and emotional experience were less marked, perhaps due to the greater numbers, or to some new growth of the times, but the grace of Wesleyan Grove seemed as evident as in those first stirring summers.

A visitor in 1864 wrote of an evening at the tented city: "The ocean was calm, and not a murmur escaped from its heaving bosom. Night's starry hosts had taken their customary places, and like diamonds in a sea of glass danced in the starry canopy of heaven. Not to be outdone, the solemn moon arose and smiled forth her silvery beauty. The beacon lights of the Island shed their rays over the slumbering waste to warn travelling mankind of the presence of rocks, shoals and quicksands, and guide them in safety to their destined port. We were seated out upon the bluff with an old friend, talking of the days of boyhood and boyish affections, and as we looked up into the holy sky, our minds became so full of the scene that a voice of the buried unforgotten seemed to speak to us in a tone that fell gently on the soul, and the smile of God seemed verily to be over the whole world."

The age of miracles was not past; it was only that new kinds of miracles came with the new years . . .

"How swells that song of invocation, Come Holy Spirit, how deep from the heart wells out that prayer for pentecostal blessing—how reverently is that scripture read—how hushed the listening crowd; and when the sermon comes at last, how attentive is every ear and how every eye is fixed. It is a goodly scene. Again sweeps

through the grand woods that tide of song; again goes up the offering of prayer and then falls on the heart of the satisfied people that come asking for the bread of life, the benediction of the Peace of God."

IX

"Religion never was designed to make pleasures less."

It is difficult to say just when the picnic spirit first crept into the Martha's Vineyard camp meeting, for who can define the picnic spirit? Probably the urge for recreation was implicit in the gatherings from the beginning, and sooner or later it would be expressed in such a form that recognition could not longer be denied. Yet is religion any the less earnest because those who attend devotions are, earlier or later, enjoying promenades along the shore or baths in the sea?

Early in the life of the camp meeting, members of the encampment fell into the custom of arriving early, before the opening of camp meeting week, in order to rusticate. Until the era of the family tents, however, this custom was not widespread, nor did it invite remarks. Decentralization of the church societies into families, the ownership of family tents, and then the gradual transformation of these tents into permanent frameworks or, at the last, into cottages, was to bring about a community not only of camp meeting life but of summer homes.

The attractions of Big Sunday prompted steamboat owners and masters (sometimes they were one) to run special excursions for the day, pouring out at the grove great numbers of spectators who were out for a good time and not particularly interested in devotions. At first the camp meeting objected strenuously. Sunday observance was upheld as a cardinal principle which must not be violated. A resolution of 1861 called upon the officers of the national government and of the armies "to maintain, as far as possible, the sanctity of the Sabbath; so that neither in camp nor field, nor in the transportation of troops, there be any secular duties required on that day that are not absolutely necessary." What was requested of the national

government in time of war was naturally a grave concern of the encampment at Wesleyan Grove. It was voted to withhold all patronage from steamboats which made trips on Sunday, and in the event that no boat could be found willing to respect the Sabbath, it was resolved that the meeting should adjourn before the Sabbath. For a time the leaders of the camp meeting were successful; steamboats did not run on Sunday. But the breaches were to begin again, and to multiply.

The size of the encampment made it necessary that all sorts of collateral activities should be carried on. Not only were there boarding tents and victualling tents, but there were tents for barbers and bootblacks, for washerwomen and for photographers. In fact, the necessities of life in the grove were provided for, and, more than that, some of the luxuries; and as the encampment grew, it was difficult to tell just where the proper business of catering to the meeting stopped, and where the devices of rustication and pleasure began.

A description written by a Boston newspaperman in 1859 discloses to the modern eye that the picnic spirit had already seeped well into the airs and customs of the grove. "When I first visited the encampment on Sunday last," this visitor recorded, "there were probably twenty thousand persons assembled . . ." (In this he was greatly mistaken; enthusiasm warped his judgment, for the attendance was not so large by thousands.) "And although the day was the blessed Sabbath, the scene, for a few hours, reminded me of the Fourth of July, minus fireworks and boisterousness. Everybody appeared happy, joyful, smiling; thousands of young and beautiful females, elegantly dressed, promenaded along green paths with young men, whilst an immense crowd listened attentively to eloquent and deeply impressive addresses . . . Many thousand persons visited the camp ground merely to enjoy a day's pleasure, and seemed to take not the slightest interest in the religious services; but not one individual interfered in any manner to interrupt or disturb the true worshippers . . . I speak of the *tout ensemble* as an extraordinary show. I never before saw a finer display of beautiful women, better regularity, or thousands so well conducting themselves, as at this camp ground."

"This religious festival is," he went on, "to the Methodists, like a Newport or Saratoga, without the great bustle, fashion, ceremony and expense of such places, while the pure elements of religion are included by them as an additional luxury and enjoyment."

Is it not prophetic that this lay observer should, in apparent innocence, place the religious side of the camp as the secondary, instead of the primary, enjoyment? Is it not disquieting that he should so readily find on his tongue the names of Newport and Saratoga? The directors of the camp meeting (a formal association is to be formed for the first time in 1860) are not without anxiety. But there is no danger . . .

Hebron Vincent, now secretary of the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting Association, writes in 1864: "It is true that other things were attended to besides religious worship by many gathered here; for it cannot be denied that very many came, as on other occasions, for purposes of pleasure and recreation, rather than for any higher object,—'judging them by their works.' Promenading was followed no less than in former years, and sea bathing was more extensively practised than ever before. Well as these things are in their places, they should not be allowed to engross too much of precious time. Nor were they allowed to do so by all. Let illiberal critics say what they will of the decrease of spirituality in the meetings held here, it is averred that hundreds and thousands of Christians, ministers and laymen, come for the same holy purposes and in the same devout spirit as in bygone days. It does not follow that because we do not all live together in the large tents, and sleep in the straw, that our religion has died out."

And later: "Is not health a blessing which we, as Christians, are bound to preserve and promote? . . . Many without scruple go to Saratoga, Niagara Falls or some similar resort, from which they return with depleted wallets, and, very likely, with, to say the least, no more religious principles and enjoyment than they went with. We, of course, admit that many have tents and cottages here who are not professors of experimental religion, and not a few who are not connected with Methodist congregations at home; but they are usually people of high respectability, of good morals and character. And, coming to a place which they know is selected and held for

religious purposes, they conform themselves to its prescribed rules. . . . How much better, then, for the Christian man, who can go somewhere to recruit his health, and as a respite from care, to come to such a place, aside from the privilege of the meeting proper, thus promoting both health and spirituality, than to go at four times the cost to either of the resorts named!"

So far as the argument goes, Mr. Vincent seems to have the better of it. Yet it is impossible to overlook the fact that he is fighting a defensive engagement, perhaps a rear guard action, covering the retreat of . . . just what, just how much? Surely it is not by accident that so many delighted visitors to Wesleyan Grove speak of the beauty of the young women, and the universality of moonlight walks on the bluff. And there are certain ribald jests and verses which surely must, sooner or later, come to the uncomfortable ears of the association.

Mr. Vincent elaborates his theme: "Where . . . on the whole New England coast can a more salubrious or enchanting spot be found than this? . . . But, while it has these advantages, it is free from the disadvantages of the Newports, Nahants and Saratogas. It is under Christian control, and is bound to continue so." Even the wicked may come, as they are likely to appear anywhere, but the visit is bound to be good for them, especially since "many persons who come hither—the high in social position as well as the low—will sometimes listen to a gospel sermon, who seldom, if ever, do so in the church of God at home."

Mr. Vincent still has the best of the argument, but one might be justified in believing that he is defending, not a camp meeting such as has been held so often at Wesleyan Grove, but—horror of horrors—a summer resort!

The increasing crowds are a triumph for the encampment, whether the great numbers are drawn by the charm of the place or by a spiritual aim. On the Vineyard, at least, the teeming weeks in August inspire more pride than misgiving. The familiar names of Newport and Saratoga are uttered with a trace of condescension, a trace of complacency. Instead of attracting worshippers or visitors from a narrow radius of towns and cities in southeastern Massachusetts, Wesleyan Grove now draws its thousands from the whole

populous east of the United States, and stragglers from afar. It is known all over the country—no, all over the world. It is the largest and most famous of all the camp meetings, and its fame is growing.

However, the directors are kept on their mettle not alone by their own consciences, which may be flattered by the wonders taking place before their eyes, but by sterner reminders. No less a defender of the faith than the Christian Advocate joins the ranks of—can they now be called "illiberal critics"?

"There is constant reason to fear," the Advocate says in 1865, lest camp meetings "shall degenerate into mammoth picnics. . . . In regard to one of our noted meetings, such fears seem already realized. We received in the dailies glowing accounts of the beautiful situation, fine opportunities for sea bathing, and luxurious private dwellings at Martha's Vineyard. The singing was pronounced superb, the preaching superior, the congregations immense, and, of course, it was but reasonable to anticipate valuable spiritual results. But the secretary of the meeting, in his published notice, tells a tale that should make every church, every minister and every Christian who spent the week at that meeting blush for shame and weep in penitence. With an innocence of intention which makes his satire all the more pungent, the secretary states that 'at least one soul was converted, and there may have been others.' A good many fishers of men to drive so little business!"

Does not the Christian Advocate understand that times have changed? These are not the days of Reformation John Adams, although Camp Meeting John Allen is still among the preachers; these are not years in which the spirit of revivalism awakens miraculous signs among such people as those who visit Wesleyan Grove; these are not times when narrow, dogmatic tests from old meetings can be used for literal measurement of spiritual accomplishment.

There is no answer to the attack, on the record, at least. But Mr. Vincent has still further elaborated his former theme: "Formerly we came here for the benefit of the soul only; now we come for the cultivation of the social elements as well . . . We had not the luxuries, nor the 'congress water'; but we had what was quite as useful as the furnishings at Saratoga, and at far less rates; and we were under better influences."

Meantime apocryphal tales of life at Wesleyan Grove in camp meeting time get started about the country. One of them comes back to the Vineyard, a clipping from an unnamed Missouri newspaper: "The way people get acquainted in the evening in the vicinity of the religious camp ground at Martha's Vineyard is thus described: 'Good evening,' says the owner of a cigar. 'Ah! Oh! ', a titter and a blush, and a few more exclamation points, and the surrender; the preface is over. 'My arm?' 'Oh, no!' but she takes it, and they walk the sea-beat shore. They soon discover that they are cousins. 'The breeze is chill,' and his shawl enfolds them both, and so they disappear in the distance."

Another anecdote is more delicately garnished. It is going the rounds in the east. "In the course of his remarks, one of the preachers said, 'If there are any lambs here, let us take them to our bosoms.' Shortly after, when going towards East Chop, we saw a young man under a tree with one of the lambs on his bosom. We thought, if all were as ready to obey instructions, the millenium was actually at hand."

This sort of chaff was to be regretted but not feared, nor could it be considered to merit any answer from the camp meeting association. No, the institution at Wesleyan Grove was safe from the assaults of its enemies, safe in the garments of logic fashioned for it by such men as Hebron Vincent. That being so, who was there left to be afraid of? Could it be, by any chance, that there was danger from the camp meeting's friends?

At that time the notorious eccentric, George Francis Train, was attracting a great deal of attention in the land, and suddenly he was found (where everyone seemed to be going in those days) at Wesleyan Grove. For him, to be present was to be vocal, and one day, to their distaste, the camp meeting directors read Mr. Train's impressions in the New York Express.

> "The association bought these thirty-five acres for $3,000," he writes. (This was August, 1866, and the purchase had been consummated prior to the 1865 meeting.) "They are now worth $300,000 and in ten years I could make them worth $3,000,000.
>
> "I had seen the hanging gardens of a Chinese prince at

Foo-Chow-Foo, but it was nothing like the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting.

"I saw the City of Canvas at Melbourne, Australia, in 1853, on the banks of the Yarra-Yarra, but it was nothing like the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting.

"I have been astonished to see some thousands of pilgrims bound to Mecca, in their queer tenements, but it was nothing like the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting.

"I was in the French Camp, the Russian Camp, the Turkish Camp, the Sardinian Camp, near the Redan, the Malakoff and at Kammish and Balaklava, but it did not so much surprise me as this Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting.

"I have gazed in startled astonishment at the Bedouins in Asia Minor, at the Ladrone pirates in the Bocca Tigris in China, at the Sepoy encampment in India, at the Turkish village of tents of Said Pasha, and the emigrants' corral at Omaha in Nebraska, but none of these things came up to the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting.

"Thirty years ago there were only four tents, now there are six hundred; ten years since there was one cottage, now there are two hundred; then fifty people knelt down, now fifty thousand."

The camp meeting was, Mr. Train wrote in enthusiasm, a "grand fete cold water," a "monster tented tea party."

He had grossly overstated the facts. The Vineyard Gazette had begun publication of a daily edition for the camp meeting, under the style of Camp Meeting Herald—the only newspaper of its kind in the world—and the Herald proceeded to trim Mr. Train's sails.

"As for the fifty thousand upon their knees, of which Mr. Train speaks, we can only say that no one has seen them. The largest number upon the ground at any one time—and that was on Sunday —was, perhaps, fifteen thousand. Had the weather been settled and pleasant, it probably would have reached twenty thousand. Of these, the largest number we have seen on their knees—and we allude to what are called 'the anxious seats', was eighteen on Friday evening, at the close of the public service at the stand."

But the harm had been done. Mr. Train had sent shivers up and

down more than one ministerial spine. He had performed the unique disservice of appearing as an admirer, full of indiscreet enthusiasm, and proceeding to overstate the speculative and secular aspects of the camp meeting. His words, bizarre as they were, must have given form and color to thoughts which the camp meeting association itself had never uttered, never even put into words in the inner recesses of its collective mind. Few things are more disconcerting than to have one's inhibited ideas blazoned forth by a stranger who does not see or cannot appreciate their implications.

"It was designed," Hebron Vincent wrote, "that these grounds should remain ever, as they now were, under Christian control. The rumored offer of fifty thousand dollars by a speculator would not have been regarded as the least temptation whatever; nor would the estimate of George Francis Train, who visited the place this season,—viz., three hundred thousand dollars,—be sufficient to make Judases of the men who worship the Lord in this sacred retreat."

Notwithstanding the sincerity and conviction of the directors of the camp meeting association, all the straws were being carried gently in one direction. As early as 1860 a more sober-minded man than Train had written to the Boston Courier, observing, "Some enterprising men will make princely fortunes here, in purchasing lands, soon, in my judgment, to be in demand." Events were not subject, like Wesleyan Grove, to Christian control.

In the very year that George Francis Train applied the thick and gaudy pigments of his vision, something occurred which was to bring consequences tumbling one upon another. The flood gates of human affairs were open, and the camp meeting was not to escape.

The Civil War had ended.

X

Home by the Seaside

The mid sixties had come. Edgartown had been entertaining visitors and summer boarders, most of them interested in bluefish and striped bass, for a good many years; Holmes Hole, too, had been acting as a host.

"Some of our solid men," a Holmes Hole citizen wrote to the Vineyard Gazette in 1864, "are talking soberly and earnestly of building a new public house on a somewhat extensive scale. There appears to be a strong determination on the part of our monied men to make our cosy village more attractive than it ever yet has been. I really believe that we possess as many facilities for an enticing summer resort as yourselves, although an opinion may be entertained to the contrary by the majority of your people. We will show you what we *can* do by and by."

That was the way Islanders were talking. The idea of making Martha's Vineyard into a watering place had grown, and until lately the old towns had never dreamed that the camp meeting was about to take the show away from them. While Edgartown and Holmes Hole were occupied with wishful thinking and ambitious plans, the full splendor of a gilded age was breaking upon Wesleyan Grove and the surrounding region, the Great Pasture of old times.

The great oaks among which the worshippers sat were beginning to pass. Some had been cut down already, and others were losing their foliage. The ground beneath them was beaten down by thousands of feet, and the packed earth choked and starved the roots which used to feed from a loose compost in the native wood. The last of the trees which shaded the preacher and audience was removed in 1870; but progress must bring penalties, and canvas awnings and tents were to replace the branches of the oaks. In the rest of the great circle the trees continued to flourish, and do so today.

The camp ground passed into the proprietorship of the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting Association, first through trustees just prior to the meeting of 1864, and finally into the hands of the association itself in 1866. In 1868 the association was incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. These formal steps had been delayed for a length of time which seems inexplicable, except in the light of the stubborn conservatism of a religious body and a failure to read aright what should have been so obvious, the premonitory symptoms of the birth of a summer resort.

Additional acres of land had been cleared and lotted, new trees had been set out, streets and avenues turned the ground into a sort of labyrinth. Applications for cottage sites and tent locations flowed

in. The first wooden cottage had made its appearance about 1859, and now the change from canvas to wood was taking place with amazing rapidity. Carpenters were busy all summer long, except when their hammers and saws were stilled during camp meeting week. The association took steps to curb speculation through re-sale of cottage rights.

When August came, few places in Massachusetts had so large a population as the camp ground, or a gathering of so many distinguished personages. Here were governors, senators, doctors, members of Congress, judges, and clergymen almost without number. The multitudes pictured by George Francis Train were a reality.

One approached the camp ground by the road from Eastville, a sandy, unsteady wagon track passing through scrub oak and pines, between pastures with rail fences, and open to the clear sky. Where the road entered the encampment, there were three or four large tents on the left side, constituting the boarding establishment of Mr. William Vinson of Edgartown. Many campers still brought cold provisions to last them through camp meeting week, and some had set up ambitious housekeeping arrangements. But the boarding tents were the popular recourse, and there were many of them in different parts of the ground, some of them of large size. Often they were filled and filled again, in relays, for a single meal.

Close by was the pond—Squash Meadow—and on the side nearest the camp ground a boat bazaar where one could find a boat of almost any convenient size, for one person or for six or eight. Across the pond, on the Vineyard Sound shore, was a bathing establishment to which sojourners were continually going during the heat of the day. But the most popular bathing place was that owned by Captain Shubael Lyman Norton and Captain Ira Darrow, east of the camp ground and across a wide open space of sand and tall grass. Here were the larger bathhouses, and here at eleven in the morning the fashionable plunge into the salt water took place in a gloriously collective fashion.

Near the boarding tents at the camp ground entrance were five beautiful cottages which looked "as if they were all run in one mould." It was nothing to build a single cottage at a time; contractors took orders in dozens. For the most part these cottages cost

from $150 to $600. They were small as compared to houses, but large as compared to tents.

All of them were decorated with scrollwork along the eaves, with gables of curious angles and contours, with turrets or small spires, with fantastically shaped windows. There were always tiny porches with fancy railings, miniature balconies above, and fancy cut shingles of different designs. These dwellings were painted in many colors, some striped, some trimmed, some frosted like cakes. As rapidly as they were occupied, the owners cultivated grass plots, edged them with white stones or shells from the beach, hung out lanterns and ornaments of glass, and cultivated flowers and plants, many of them exotic with foliage as arresting as the cottages themselves.

The distance to the main circle was short; one approached through an avenue which was, in reality, a lane, passing between more tents and cottages. But if dwellings and avenues were miniature, there was nothing of this quality in the great circle—here was a sight which swept the imagination. In the center were the benches, ranged before the latticed preachers' stand, and around the inner rim twenty large society tents. All other tents had been removed beyond the avenue which encircled this inner sanctuary of the camp ground. The result was a series of vistas which opened to the onlooker no matter where he stood, and attracted his eye across the open space, around the natural curves of the meeting place itself, or through the avenues and ways which led off here and there into other parks and circles.

Although the camp meeting association had exercised control in plotting the land, the tent and cottage community showed its origin and a natural evolution which was responsible for the completed design. The main ampitheatre was a glorification of the first circle of nine tents pitched in 1835; other circles were variations, improvisations on the same theme. Thus there were County Park and Forest Circle, to the north and south respectively, both the outgrowth of past rings of tents. All through the camp ground ran curving streets and intersecting avenues, with here and there an enclosed grass plot hemmed in by tents and cottages.

Near the edge of the encampment stood the largest permanent building erected by individual enterprise, a structure of two and a

An artist's conception of the Cottage City in the very earlies

half stories built for a Mr. Dunbar of New Bedford. It contained thirty-one rooms, intended to rent for fifteen dollars a week. The cost of the establishment was between two and three thousand dollars. One or two rooms were occupied before the carpenters had finished their work. This later became the Central House, and still later the Beatrice House.

By night the streets of this cottage and canvas community were lighted by means of lanterns. In 1861 a patent whale oil burner, developed by a Mr. Topham, was used, but with sperm oil as a fluid to give an even better light for camp meeting week. After dusk had fallen, the yellow flares dissolved into a cool darkness, and moths and night insects kept flying about them. The tents and cottages, each dimly lighted by a single lamp or lantern, might be "imagined to resemble the celestial city's pearly gates where translucence would manifest the beauty of the glorious light within." The luminous white canvas was spectral, and the night watch, as he made his rounds, beheld a spectacle more stirring even than that which basked under the August sun at noonday, for the ghost of the camp held its suggestions of mystery.

In the early days there had been no money for police, and no police had been needed. Isaiah Pease was sheriff of the County of Dukes County for forty years, and his faithful attendance at camp meeting was in itself a guarantee of order. A state law, enacted in 1838, had prohibited peddling, gambling, horse racing and play acting within a mile of camp meetings, and this served the purposes of Wesleyan Grove exceedingly well, since the landing at Eastville came just within the mile limit. From time to time there was a vigilance committee, and at last the meeting came to the necessity of a real police force. In August, 1869, there were six arrests for gambling.

Instead of one well for drinking water, there were now several, and campers and cottagers came to the pumps with pails and other receptacles. Nor must they fail to keep a bucket full of water in readiness every night, for protection in case of fire, although some observers said it would be easier to run to the pump for a fresh bucket than to grope about for the one waiting in the darkness.

The times of nocturnal prayer meetings had passed, and no hosannas could be uttered at midnight or early dawn. But the camp

meeting kept a seventeen hour day. At 5:30 in the morning the bell rang for rising, and men and women bathed in cold water and got into their clothes; then at 6:00 the bell rang again, for prayer meeting. Breakfast was at 7, and family and tent meetings began at 8. Preaching from the stand was set for 10, and lasted well along toward dinner, which was at 12. A children's meeting was held at 1, and preaching at the stand began again at 2; there was a gathering of young people at 6, and the final preaching of the day began at 7. The bell for retiring rang at 10, and the camp subsided into silence and the half light of its lanterns.

George Francis Train had praised the crinoline he saw at the camp meeting; and there were stove pipe hats, sun bonnets, walking sticks, and sunshades. Camp meeting week was a series of high spirited Sundays, as Sundays would be if each were a holiday as well as a day of worship.

As the great crowds came, visitors were still accommodated in the straw on the ground under society tents; and licensed victuallers and hawkers catered to the needs of the stranger. To make a morning toilet, one visitor complained, cost him fifty cents: he had to pay ten cents for the pumping, ten for a towel, ten for use of a blacking brush, ten for the blacking, and ten for having the looking glass held. There was a celebrated entrepreneur who went about the grounds with a sign on his hat advertising board and lodging, "Inquire Within."

Such was the camp ground, and such the way of life during the short August season. There was one phenomenon which should have excited the amazement of the visitor. The camp ground itself was well taken up with tents and cottages, so much so that leasing privileges for good locations were held at a premium; and this ground teemed with its thousands of visitors. Yet just beyond, separated from old Wesleyan Grove by no more than an imaginary line, were the remaining open lands of the Great Pasture, reaching to Vineyard Sound and the bluffs which overlooked the water. Camp meeting visitors were wont to promenade across this pasture land; over it they went to reach the bathhouses and the beach, or to stroll at the top of the bluffs by moonlight. Certainly it was anomalous that the one region should be so populous, so teeming with activity, and

the other so pastoral. Only one building of consequence had appeared outside the limits of the camp ground, the tintype saloon of Enoch C. Cornell of Edgartown. Why should there not be more? Why should not the tents and cottages spread out comfortably, and the campers avail themselves of the freedom this ample space would give?

The directors of the camp meeting association were thinking about this in 1866, but they had just now taken title to their own camp ground. Any new departure would require long deliberation, and there was certain to be opposition to every secular step. On the one hand, it would be desirable to protect the meeting by controlling this neighboring pasture; but, on the other, religion and business ought to be kept separate. There were many who believed that the association had been drawn too fast and too far from its original simplicity and unity of purpose already.

While this reflection and discussion went on, the opportunity was snatched away. Before the end of the gathering of 1866 the ominous news came to the camp meeting directors: Captain Shubael Lyman Norton had sold five-sixths of his seventy-five acres, including all the open land between the camp ground and the beach, the beach itself, and the bluffs southeast of the lake, to five associates who, with himself, were to constitute the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company.

These were the new owners, the fathers of a new summer resort, the riders of the post-war wave at its crest: Captain Norton himself, an honorable and a graceful figure, destined to become patriarchal with the years. He was a retired merchant captain who had been born not a mile from this same pasture land in 1824. He went to sea at eighteen as supercargo for R. C. Mackay & Son in the East India trade, was master of a vessel at twenty-one, followed the sea in the India and China trade for ten or a dozen voyages, and returned to Martha's Vineyard to occupy this property which his father had acquired after the division of the estate of William Butler.

Next was Captain Ira Darrow of Edgartown, who had been master of packets plying between the Vineyard and the main, the owner of a coal business which consisted of the ordering of an annual schooner load of coal and its discharging at Darrow's wharf, at the foot of the captain's homestead lot, and subsequent distribution to

those who had placed orders. He had been, too, a partner of Captain Norton in the bathhouses at the newly christened Oak Bluffs.

Then there was Captain Grafton Norton Collins of Edgartown, former master of the whaleship Walter Scott, heir to the fortune of his uncle, Grafton Norton, also of Edgartown, for years an agent and outfitter of whaleships. He was short of stature and stout. The back of his head was bald, and he had dark whiskers. On him, more than on the others, the spirit of the future was looking with an ironic smile.

Next was William Bradley of Edgartown, storekeeper and bank director, who had added hardware to the stock of groceries and provisions kept by his father, Captain Edmund Bradley, in a shop near the Edgartown waterfront. He was to bring with him to the new Oak Bluffs, in patrimony and savings, the sum of $30,000.

The fifth member of the group was William S. Hills, a Boston flour merchant. He had a brother Joel who was to succeed him.

Last, and in a certain respect, most important of all, was the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter of Foxboro, Mass. Most important, because it was he who set the new company in motion, took the proprietorship and plain outlook of Captain Norton, and the accumulation of whaling capital, added the ferment of his own promotional spirit, and merged them into a land company which knew a boom when it saw one. He was a rather small man, with bright dark eyes, always well dressed in a way that commanded business confidence, and he had schemes which were not only grandly imaginative but soberly attainable as well. He was born in Foxboro in 1832, the son of a veteran of the war of 1812, a successful manufacturer who had accumulated a fortune.

Erastus was educated in public and private schools, but chose business instead of college; at the age of twenty he apprenticed himself to a cousin in the straw business for one year for a remuneration of $125. Then he became a salesman, and later consolidated the straw factories of Foxboro in one building. Business increased, improvements and additions were made in the plant and, at length, in 1852 he built the Union Straw Works, employing nearly 6,000 persons, the second largest factory of the kind in the world. At the opening of the Civil War he sustained losses in the South, and his

interests in the straw plant were sold to Vyse & Co. of London; but he continued as manager. Now he joined the throngs who visited Wesleyan Grove, and saw the crowds on the camp ground and the open pasture lying close by. The situation leaped into his understanding.

The camp meeting association understood that the tract of land which was now so important and unattainable could have been purchased from Captain Norton for the sum of $3,000. But the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter had come to Martha's Vineyard, and a new day had opened. Soon there would be advertisements and circulars, plans and maps everywhere:

HOME BY THE SEASIDE

OAK BLUFFS, A NEW SUMMER RESORT

One Thousand Lots for Sale

The Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company, having purchased the beautiful Grove, together with a large tract of land adjoining the Wesleyan Camp Ground, offer for sale at a price within the reach of all, lots in their beautiful grounds called Oak Bluffs, which have been surveyed and laid out by Robert Morris Copeland, Esq., the well known landscape gardener, with a view of meeting the tastes and wants of the people, and making it the most desirable and beautiful retreat in New England for families who desire a cheap and quiet home by the seaside during the summer months.

The natural beauties and advantages of this spot are well known to all who have sojourned for a season at the yearly gatherings of the Camp Meeting Association. Retired and quiet, yet easy of access from all points, with an extensive sea view, with facilities for bathing, fishing and sailing, and all kindred recreations, unsurpassed by any on our New England coast, Oak Bluffs offers unequalled attractions to those who desire the benefits of the sea air and out of door exercise without the discomforts of a fashionable and crowded watering place. The company have completed a wharf located at a point within three minutes' walk from any lot in the grove, for the accommodation of steamers and sailing crafts, which will afford frequent and easy communication with all parts of the country.

A plan of the grounds exhibiting lots, avenues, parks, etc. is now ready.

For plans, terms, and conditions of sale, address or apply to

SHUBAEL L. NORTON, President,
Oak Bluffs Land & Wharf Co.
Edgartown, Mass.

XI

A Seven Foot Picket Fence

The present generation does not need to be reminded what happens when a war ends: how a whole nation suddenly becomes like a group of noisy children liberated from school or from duress, how anxiety and discipline are suddenly sent spinning away into the mist of discarded days, how everything seems possible and nothing impossible, how humanity plunges with vaulting ambition and light hearts into new enterprise, and how eager thirsts and hungers respond to each promise of fresh fun and joy.

Wesleyan Grove had already proved a natural outlet for the feelings of the war-liberated East. The conjunction of events was matchless. Here was the encampment near the sea, offering no real barrier of expense, no restraint which could not be reconciled, no reminder of responsibility, no stale lag from the past. To be sure, the surroundings at Wesleyan Grove were moral and religious. But flirtation was innocent; indeed, no visitor to the camp ground in the expansive days failed to remark upon the beautiful girls, and the custom of promenading by the sea, under the moonlight. So safe and respectable were the surroundings that the best families permitted their daughters to go "bluffing," and it was seldom that any harm came from the practice. Mere presence at the grove was sufficient for young people as for old; further introduction was unnecessary.

Throughout the encampment life was informal, social sponsorship would have been absurd, young people ran together as naturally as sheep in a pasture in the great outdoors. Those who dwell in tents at close quarters cannot have too many reserves; they must be intimate. At Wesleyan Grove they met at the pumps or at tent doors in various stages of undress, their housekeeping arrangements were not

private, they were thrown into an easy way of life which was not regimented by the ringing of the camp meeting bell.

As cottages succeeded tents, the informality and intimacy were hardly lessened. Most of the cottages were developed by obvious steps from the tent idea. They had wide doors, like church doors, which opened to expose the entire interior of the cottages themselves, thus admitting all possible fresh air, preserving the idea of life in the open, and putting the family life forever on display. One passed under the trees, through winding walks, around circles, and everywhere could not fail to observe what the cottagers were doing—whether meals were being served, or daughters were lying in hammocks reading, or mothers sitting with their sewing, or social gatherings exchanging the gossip of the day.

Cottages were so near, moreover, that it was almost possible to proceed from one to another by hopping the gaps between piazza railings. Seated on these ornamented porches, the cottagers could hardly be said to be separated at all; they were part of one large concourse, a series in continual repetition, of delightful family groups—delightful because this was the life, the freedom, the change in which they took an ineffable pleasure.

The recreations were those which appealed to all who craved physical expression and contact with outdoor variety—sea, sea air and sunshine, escape into the woods and fields. Their skin felt the touch of magical influences, their bodies exulted. Certainly the age was not a vigorous one as historians now view it, but it was emerging from a stagnant background against which it made a not unimpressive contrast. Young men and young women knew no thrills of nude bathing parties at midnight, or joy rides over smooth roads; but they knew the same essence of escape and release. To be convinced of the high level of the flesh and the spirit upon which these campers lived in eager youth, just after the Civil War, it is only necessary to have heard the reminiscence of a white haired grandfather or grandmother. Not the content of the reminiscence but its manner—the far away look in the wistfully smiling face, the musing fondness, the light of an old excitement—tells the story of Wesleyan Grove.

The camp meeting services, too, were an exercise in expression.

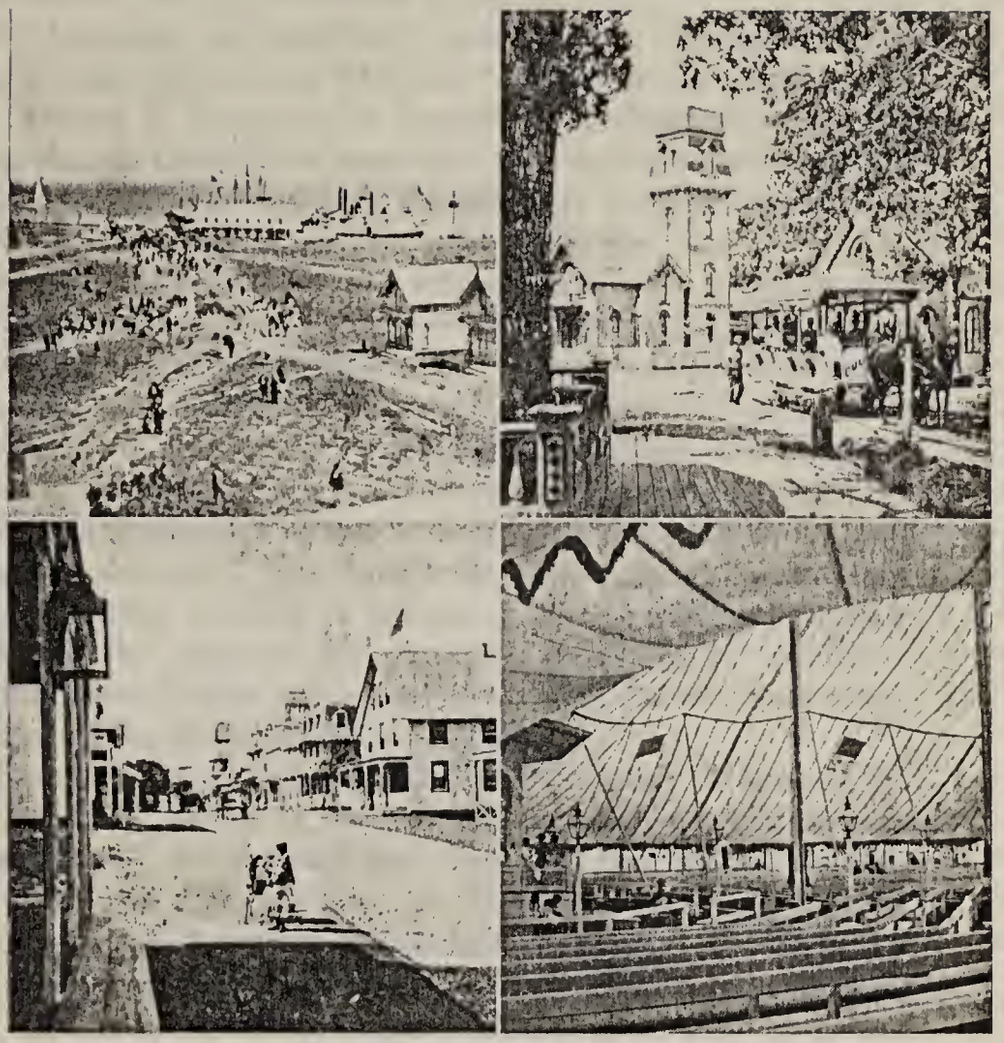
True, thousands of visitors at the grove—for the most part the transient sojourners—stayed away from prayer meetings and preaching services or paid little attention to them; but thousands of others found an ascending thrill of expression in the collective singing of hymns—that mighty aggregate of voices, thousands together, soaring into the summer sky—and when the benediction came they had never felt more hallowed and at peace. There was a spell, a touch of something eternal on the camp ground, the bluffs and the beaches in those years.

Not from the East alone, but from the whole country the summer visitors came flocking to Wesleyan Grove.

"These thousands of people who frequent Martha's Vineyard at this season have more and fresher pleasures than those who summer at Newport or Long Branch," reported Harper's Weekly, in 1868. "Here you see the latest fashions, and innocent flirtation is not unknown among the lads and lassies. They play croquet. Just below the steamboat landing there is a beach for bathing. And then there is fishing and sailing for those who are fond of aquatic sports, several good sailboats being always at anchor off the pier. When evening sets in, the girls put away their croquet and attend to the tea-making; then comes the evening service around the cottage doors, while outside the young people are promenading in the gaily lighted streets of the improvised village."

Oh to be young again, and at Wesleyan Grove when the skies were all clear, when the spirits leaped in expectancy, and the sun and sea air touched the flesh with a caress which one could wish might last forever. Each generation chances upon its own fulfillment, and the generation which saw the end of the war between the states had no more characteristic fling into the realm of its desires than on the camp ground at Martha's Vineyard.

All this was one phase of the national reawakening, but another was being enacted in the stock market, the counting room, and on the frontier. Confidence was everywhere, speculation had lost its monstrous reputation, visions grew. The years ahead were to see the building of incredible miles of railroads, the piling up of pyramids of finance, the glorification of trade and industry. Fortunes were to



Photographs courtesy of Miss Chloe Coffin, James E. Chadwick, and Dukes County Historical Society

Upper left: Oak Bluffs in 1870, before the Sea View was built. Visitors walked across the open land to camp meeting. Upper right: the horse railroad linked the Highland wharf with the camp ground. Note the passengers with beaver hats. Lower left: Circuit Avenue in an informal moment. Lower right: under the big top, when camp meetings were held in a canvas tabernacle.

be made in the West, no one was troubled with bankruptcy, money was plentiful, and expansion was in the air.

By a fortuitous combination of circumstances, this aspect of the national surge had come to Martha's Vineyard in the person of the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter of Foxboro. The development of the camp meetings through the years since 1835 was to seem slower and more labored by contrast with the strides of the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Co., imbued with the spirit of the day.

The camp meeting association was up in arms, for it saw the ruin of religion and peace with the coming of the boom. There was a plan to buy out the new company, but the price was out of all reach. Then there was renewed talk of moving the camp meeting to some other place. Ah, but "there is too much property here, to say nothing of attachments to the place, to surrender for any ordinary cause, the privileges and blessings of this beautiful city, the admiration of all visitors to the spot." The camp meeting association had to own defeat. Hereafter it would be just one phase of a rollicking summer resort. But the surrender did not come gracefully, or without a struggle. From August, 1866, until April, 1867, the hostilities raged, and then settled down into an injured enmity.

"The members of the Land and Wharf Company," Hebron Vincent recorded, "are all of them highly respectable, some of them Christian men" and although they admit that they are bent on business, they insist that they have no plans at all antagonistic to the aims of the camp meeting. Nevertheless, the association feels that there is not a harmony of interests, and it seems hard to the directors that "gentlemen whose contiguous lands would never have been worth a tithe of their purchase money but for this religious meeting, should avail themselves of the opportunity to plant by their side a large interest so diverse in nature and object." Even after explanations had been made, this feeling persisted. However, as Hebron Vincent wrote, "The arrangements on both sides of the line are fixed facts . . . There could be nothing gained, but everything vitiated, by unfriendly words or acts."

In April, 1867, the Oak Bluffs Company agreed to sell or lease all its lots subject to the restrictions and regulations of the camp meeting association.

Editorially, James M. Cooms Jr., in the Vineyard Gazette, expressed an Edgartown point of view in these words: "We are not so close an adherent of optimism as to have readily acquiesced in the removal of the camp meeting from our Island, for although we may not see that direct good that it is the purport of this association to effect, and for which they do labor, and with that earnestness and zeal which should profit them much in spiritual things, yet we have taken knowledge that the leaven of good is there, and in time 'that little leaven will leaven the whole.' . . . We believe the pleasures indulged in here to be perfectly legitimate, also that good has a wider range than that accorded it by the bigoted adherents of a sect church. Good may work out of the cultivation of the social elements as well as the religious. It is certain that men cannot be kept from evil by having moral maxims rehearsed to them as to how their outward life shall be, but by a cultivation from the inward to the outward. It is better to be good than merely to behave well."

A truce had been declared, but the camp meeting association proceeded to erect a seven foot picket fence to surround the whole of its thirty-six acres. The new barrier, one of the greatest undertakings of the kind which the region had ever seen, continued from the lakeside all the way around the camp ground to the waters of the lake again. From this time on the gates swung shut at ten in the evening, not to open again until morning. No one seemed to guess that, half a century later, some sober clergymen, with eyes smiling, would confess how they had, upon occasion, made use of loose pickets or managed to climb over the top of the fence in perilous and undignified fashion.

Mr. Cooms of the Vineyard Gazette thought this new Great Wall smacked of phariseeism.

"We can but think," he wrote, "that the camp meeting association will never regret this proceeding but once—and that regret will be for all time. It is carrying matters a little too far."

Mr. Cooms was wrong; the picket fence came to be, in a few decades, a dim and not unpleasant memory.

Not content with such a purely defensive measure, the camp meeting association, through a group of its directors and leaders, reached out in the spring of 1869 and purchased from Tarleton C.

Luce, an Eastville property owner, fifty-five acres of land on the opposite side of the lake from the camp ground, reaching toward East Chop and including the highest bluffs of all. This region was known as the Vineyard Highlands. The purchasers were William H. Phillips of Providence, George F. Gavitt of North Dighton, Leonard Whitney Jr. of Watertown, John D. Flint of Fall River, and Lewis B. Bates of Taunton.

The first intention was that the newly acquired property should vest in the camp meeting association, but there were obstacles. For one thing, the conservativism of a great many adherents was firmly opposed. At length the five purchasers associated with them a number of other Methodists interested in the camp meeting and organized a new company, which they named the Vineyard Grove Company. One of the larger group, Rev. John D. King, who had somewhat broken down in the ministry, was appointed agent.

The Highlands, he testified years later, "was bought by a few of us; I had a small interest there, as a protection against what was claimed to be the enroachments of the Oak Bluffs Company; they didn't know but they would want a place to flee to, and it was bought for that purpose . . ." Did he know the officers of the Oak Bluffs Company? "We fought rather shy of each other, but we had a civil acquaintance."

With that superb and merciless irony of which human events are endlessly capable, the defenders of the camp meeting had brought into existence another land company which was never called upon to furnish sanctuary for the Methodists, but became, in other hands and decades later, a far more formidable antagonist of the camp meeting and of the resort than these founders had ever conceived.

XII

A Summer Resort is Built

One of the first acts of the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company was to have its lands laid out into cottage lots, avenues and parks. Robert Morris Copeland, of Boston, who made the topographical survey, showed an aversion for straight lines; there was hardly one

in this new community of pasture land. Instead, the streets and avenues made twists and convolutions almost as involved as those of the camp ground which had been derived from the circles of tents. The first plan produced by Mr. Copeland was dated October 25, 1866, but it was never filed at the registry of deeds. After consideration, the directors thought it wise to increase the area of park land, and the stakes were ordered pulled up from a broad space lying nearest the salt water.

Through this and other changes, Oak Bluffs lost such names of avenues and streets as these: Suckamuck, Penobscot, Bomozeen, Potanoomut, Katahdin and Piscaiaquis. But it retained Penacook, Narragansett, Samoset, Kennebec, Tuckernuck and Naumkeag. The names on the camp ground were of different inspiration: they included Fisk, Beulah, Siloam, Pease, Commonwealth and Trinity.

The camp meeting landing was still at Eastville, and the Oak Bluffs Company now proceeded to build a wharf directly into Vineyard Sound, not only offering access to their own land but far easier access to the camp ground itself. This new wharf was in what was known as bold water, with no shelter from seas in time of storm or from winter ice. Mariners doubted whether the structure would stand, but it braved the weather without difficulty, and its completion in early July of 1867 marked a far reaching change in the affairs of the island. The wharf had cost about $5,000.

At the head of the wharf was erected a wooden building, ninety by twenty feet, a story and a half high, the first floor of which was designed for storage, office space, and restaurant facilities. The second floor was divided into lodging rooms for rental. This structure, bare and crude, without any sign of the customary ornamentation of the day, is known as the first hotel at Oak Bluffs, although one may question whether it was a hotel in any real sense of the word; at any rate, it differed little from some of the lodging establishments of the camp ground, except in size.

Already one cottage was going up on the Oak Bluffs tract. It was a pretentious summer residence for Mr. Carpenter himself. Before the end of 1867, three cottages had been built, and several contracts for the sale of lots had been completed. Outright sales began in 1868. By the end of 1869, the Oak Bluffs Company had

sold about three hundred lots, with the proviso that they should be built upon within a year.

Activity on the camp ground continued undiminished. About forty-five new cottages were built in 1868. A mainland newspaper correspondent reported: "The most indifferent mechanics, who can only occasionally hit a nail on the head, collect five dollars a day for their unskilled and inaccurate services." But there were able mechanics at work also. "Many of the Druids are already on the ground," the correspondent continued (he was writing in July), "but the ringing hammer, their secular songs, the midnight serenade and the games of croquet all indicate the fact that the Presiding Elder has not yet pitched his tent." The air of Johnny Comes Marching Home, he added, would soon be changed and softened into Come Ye Sinners Poor and Needy.

A Boston Transcript correspondent noted that some of the visitors "sad to say, are on the heretic side; but the pure air and simple life must be good even for heretics."

These comments were an accurate index of what was taking place. The spirit of play and a keen awareness of the boom could not be kept out of the camp ground even by a seven foot picket fence. A full week before the camp meeting there were from 1,200 to 1,500 persons in the grove. Fifty or sixty carpenters were at work, and it was not unusual for a cottage to be raised and finished "with its appendages" in a few days.

Here Hebron Vincent walked and asked himself, "Is it a reality? Am I really in the old Wesleyan Grove, or am I in some fairy-land? It must be the same place; but, O, how changed! The old oak forest, which I entered, with a few others, about thirty-two years ago, for the purpose of selecting a spot for the camp meeting site, has been cleared of underbrush and has become densely populated over broad acres. Instead of a few hundreds of poor, humble followers of the Master, who came here to worship, dwelling in rough tents, we have now, it is true, a remnant, a sprinkling of these, but mostly those of fashion, and many of wealth."

He estimated that the combined wealth of those having cottages and tents on the ground would amount to several millions of dollars.

About six hundred tent and cottage lots had been licensed by the

camp meeting association for the year, and there seemed no limit to the future demand. The finance committee adopted a resolution that it was against the policy of the association for one person to hold for occupancy for himself or for hire more than one tent or cottage lot.

Across the lake or—as the saying was now to be—"over Jordan" the Vineyard Grove Company had employed one Charles Talbot to lay its land out into lots. The company had fixed its capital stock at $12,000, and had, in 1869, sold $12,000 worth of lots. One tenth part of all the proceeds from sales for the first year was to go to the Preachers' Aid Society of the Providence Conference of the Methodist church. The company was making plans to follow the lead of its vigorous rival at Oak Bluffs: a wharf was to be built; a bridge across Squash Meadow Pond, so that hereafter there would be two bodies of water, Sunset Lake inland, and Lake Anthony lying toward Vineyard Sound; and a plank walk from the projected Highland wharf to the camp ground.

Around these three centers, the activities of buying, selling and building went on at a rapid pace, gaining momentum, arousing hopes and expectations of a future of boundless development. The greatest of the three was the tract of the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company, in the hands of the Hon. E. P. Carpenter and the sea captains. In October, 1870, the inventory of the assets and liabilities of the company read as follows:

Assets:		
Lots on the Bluffs	$15,000.00	
Lots on diff. parts Grounds	46,600.00	
Land recently purchased	3,466.70	
Oak Grove House	8,000.00	
Oak Bluffs House	2,000.00	
Bath Houses	2,000.00	
Wharf	6,000.00	
Gate House	2,000.00	
Cottage, Tuckernuck Ave.	1,500.00	
Oil House	300.00	
Police Office	300.00	
Old Barber's Shop	200.00	
Fire Engines	200.00	
Sundries	500.00	
Total		$88,066.70

Amt. due from sundry parties	$14,380.00	
Amt. Funds in hands	9,859.00	
Total		$24,239.00
Total Amt. Assets		112,305.70
Total Amt. Liabilities		1,300.00

The statement showed how the Oak Bluffs Company was going ahead with conviction and enterprise, not simply to get rid of its lots, but to build up a watering place of importance. In two more years the statement of assets and liabilities had changed in almost incredible fashion; in October, 1872, this was its revelation:

Assets:		
Sea View House	$80,000.00	
North Bluff	40,000.00	
40 lots leasing at $1,000	40,000.00	
30 lots leasing at $500	15,000.00	
170 lots in the market	42,500.00	
13 lots in the market	5,200.00	
Oak Grove House	10,000.00	
Island House	8,500.00	
Bath house and arbor	5,000.00	
Wharf and Gate House	8,000.00	
Chapel stock	7,500.00	
Pavilion	3,000.00	
Cottage, Penacook	1,200.00	
N. B. Steamboat Co.	1,500.00	
Nantucket Steamboat Co.	1,500.00	
Leases	1,150.00	
Restaurant	600.00	
Store Room	400.00	
Police Office	300.00	
Old Barber's Shop	200.00	
Fire Department	500.00	
Costello Building	500.00	
Arcade	5,000.00	
Smith, Lewis & Carpenter	450.00	
J. & W. R. Wing	650.00	
Concrete	1,400.00	
Treas. Hands	305.19	
Sundries	100.00	
Total		$279,955.19

Liabilities:		
N. B. Institution for Savings	$40,000.00	
M. V. Bank	5,000.00	
Treasurer's Note	3,000.00	
W. R. Penniman Note	5,000.00	
W. R. Penniman Note	5,000.00	
W. R. Penniman Note	3,834.50	
W. R. Penniman, Extra Work	3,000.00	
Sherman & Gifford	1,735.24	
Pitkins Brothers	5,689.70	
Town Tax	1,200.00	
Chapel Tower	730.00	
Bath Houses	680.00	
White & Bros.	123.39	
E. M. Mosher	295.00	
Smith, Lewis & Carpenter	277.30	
Bradley & Cleavland	104.64	
Ripley & Tripp	100.00	
Elevator	2,175.00	
On Settlement	581.65	
B. S. Peirce	14.00	
Sundries	100.00	
Excess of assets above	201,314.77	
Total		$279,955.19

This balance sheet reflected the broad program of building and improvement which the company had pushed ahead, spending freely. But it did not reflect other contributions which the company had made in the cause of progress. One of the most important of all concerned the extension of the Vineyard Sound Railroad, as it was then called, to Woods Hole, the heel of Cape Cod and the nearest place on the mainland to Martha's Vineyard.

If an Island-bound visitor left Boston by railroad, he could go only as far as Monument Beach, where it was necessary to alight and proceed by stage for a long and tedious journey to Woods Hole to board the steamboat. There was, of course, a train to New Bedford, and a boat connection at that city. But the direct route to Boston was broken by a wide and serious gap.

Now the project of extending the railroad was agitated, and a proposal that the town of Tisbury subscribe to stock in the road to

make the extension possible was submitted in town meeting. The meeting was hostile. But what the town declined to do, the Oak Bluffs Company proceeded to do forthwith, subscribing for two hundred and sixty-six shares, representing an investment of $20,000 in the new link. Late in 1872 the railroad entered Woods Hole for the first time, and the puffing of the locomotive could be heard across Vineyard Sound. Dr. Daniel Fisher of Edgartown had also come forward with a subscription for thirty shares.

If the Oak Bluffs Company had done nothing else, three of its accomplishments would have stood as steps of first importance in the resort development of Martha's Vineyard: one was this aid to the railroad which rendered the Island more accessible and afforded a connection by rail which was to become the main reliance of Vineyard people; another was the building of the wharf at Oak Bluffs which, from the moment of its completion, cut almost an entire and wearying mile from the time and distance required to reach the camp ground and the bluffs; and the third was the signing of a contract with the Western Union Telegraph Co. in 1875 which brought about the laying of a cable from Falmouth to Oak Bluffs.

But of course the company did much more. The concrete listed among the assets in 1872 was intended for the surfacing of more avenues on the property of the concern; it represented part of an expenditure for street improvement which was to approximate $20,000. Altogether, in the provision of streets, the erection of hotels, cottages, stores, a monumental chapel, and in other permanent improvements, the Oak Bluffs Company was responsible for the expenditure of $300,000 at the new resort, most of it during the three years ending in 1872.

At the top of the bluffs a plank walk was built; by the summer of 1871 it extended 2,600 feet from the wharf. The walk ran directly through an octagonal pavilion, or pagoda as it was called at the time, where refreshments were sold. The pagoda had glass sides which could be raised and lowered, and there were tables at which promenaders might sit. The walk extended farther south to a new bath arbor above the bathhouses on the shore; this was soon extended into a high tower, an open observatory which loomed like a skeleton,

offering thrills and a wide, windy panorama of sea and land to the visitors who cared to climb it.

Cut off from the camp ground by the seven foot picket fence, Oak Bluffs was without a place of worship, and seemed to rest in a certain state of obloquy on that account. This was remedied by the construction of a new chapel with a spire (octagonal, of course) ninety-six feet above the ground, and with seating accommodations for eight hundred. The chapel stood on a slight rise of ground at the intersection of five streets: this mound—and it was in reality hardly that—was accordingly called Chapel Hill. The structure rose in successive angular roof planes, each broken by a high and steep gable end, topped with an ornamental peak of iron. On four of the eight sides there were entrances, and over one of them rose a steepled upper porch, with fretted woodwork and a balcony railing of ornamentally pierced boards.

The high ceiling and spacious entrances, which opened high and wide to the fresh air of summer, adapted the chapel well to its purpose. It still stands today, but the decorative scheme has been hushed and softened. No more is the shrill pinnacled glory, no more the profusion of knicknacks, no more the bizarre crimson and yellow scroll work.

The chapel was dedicated on Sunday, August 20, 1871, eight clergymen participating in the service, and there was commendation of the liberality which made this institution possible. In 1880 an association known as the Oak Bluffs Christian Union was organized to maintain the chapel as it had been begun, a non-sectarian place of worship. Through the Union a devoted group of summer residents invited to the Island, year after year, prominent clergymen of many denominations, and provided church music of exceptional quality. The first cost of the chapel had been $16,000. What price now the superior pose of the camp meeting association?

The principal building for business purposes which the company put up was known as the Arcade: it stood on Circuit Avenue, the street which made a circuit of the camp ground just outside the fence, and it was, as the name would imply, a gateway structure. In fact, it was a gateway to the camp ground. Through the center of the building, beneath dependent triangles of elaborately pierced

boards and other rococo trim, one passed between shops into the green innocence of Wesleyan Grove. The Arcade was of two stories, except in the center where a third story was raised up with a fancy balcony and fretted boards high above the thoroughfare beneath. The cost of the Arcade was $6,000.

Greatest of all the achievements of the Oak Bluffs Company was doubtless the Sea View Hotel, which was built at a cost of $102,000, with a further cost of $30,000 for furnishings. The site of this structure was the bluff immediately south of the steamboat wharf. Here the first Oak Bluffs hotel had been built, but this was cut in half and moved away.

What hotel anywhere has ever compared with the Sea View? It is a legend on Martha's Vineyard today. One saw it from the steamboat, dominating the waterfront; one walked past it on the plank walk, or sat on the broad verandas which completely encircled it; if one was lucky, one stopped there, and was conscious of enjoying the finest accommodations and the finest society that the resort afforded.

The Sea View was five stories high on the water side, and four on the inland elevation; it measured 225 feet in length, and 40 feet in depth. In appearance it was decorative, but not even today could a superior eye dismiss it as absurd: at the south end rose a tower 85 feet high, a tower with a steeply pitched roof from which projected little peaked windows, and across the top of which ran a fringe of fretted work. At the north end was a tower 100 feet high, rising squarely above the roof of the central part of the hotel, and then sharpening into a spire with a flagstaff 126 feet above the basement floor. From the long roof between the towers there were projecting dormer windows, and at the ridge two small towers, each with four diminutive gables. At the north, the hotel was connected with the gateway structure which had been built across the road at the head of the wharf.

The Sea View contained 125 rooms, office, parlor, spacious dining salons and reception suites. At Oak Bluffs it was a colossus, a marvel not only in itself, but because it transformed the whole aspect, the whole character of the community. Its towers were an imaginative flight, its whole effect was that of a fantasy, a wish-fulfillment, of

the time. Like some chateau of dreams it stood, magnificent, and with an air. That is why no one can look upon it as absurd; it was what it should have been, a gesture successfully carried out, consistent, complete, satisfying at every point. Out of place on an Island of old whaling towns? But the Sea View stood at Oak Bluffs, guardian and boast of a city of cottages which grew out of a tented village, and knew no other precedents. For the time and place the simplicity of a Colonial or Georgian structure would have been gauche beside the appropriateness and happy fulfillment of the Sea View as it was built. Its towers linger in all the memories of the generation which knew it.

Speaking tubes connected every room with the office; the whole hotel was lighted by gas; there was steam heat to guard against cold snaps late in the season; there were bathrooms, although not a great many of them.

The formal opening of the Sea View took place on the evening of July 23, 1872.

"Such an array of distinguished gentlemen and ladies are seldom brought together anywhere—certainly never before on Martha's Vineyard," reported the Vineyard Gazette.

The visitors arrived in the late afternoon, being met by Smith's Brass Band which escorted them on a parade up Circuit Avenue and then back to the hotel. There was time for an inspection of the premises, and at seven dinner was announced. The main dining room was filled to overflowing, and additional tables were set on the veranda overlooking the sea. Among the guests were the lieutenant governor, the secretary of the commonwealth, the state auditor, several members of the governor's council, the president of the state senate, the speaker of the house, several judges, the collector of the port of Boston, nearly all the state senators, the board of harbor commissioners, and so on through a long list.

After the dinner, Hon. Joseph Thaxter Pease of Edgartown delivered an address of welcome, in the course of which he said:

"The Oak Bluffs Company, at whose invitation we have come, differs from most corporations in that it has a soul. Composed of gentlemen of intelligence, enterprise and energy at its head, we find an amount of brains and of executive ability which but few *Car-*

Views from collection of Dukes County Historical Society

The glory that was the Sea View hotel. Upper left: in this parlor General Grant was entertained. Upper right: a vista across one of the broad verandas. Below: as the Sea View looked in its prime. The seventies knew nothing finer.

penters possess . . . In addition to the other improvements they have made here, they have erected this magnificent hotel; with their accustomed wisdom and foresight they have secured the services of those who know how to keep it, and here and to it, we welcome each of you. Here 'you may take your ease in your inn'. "

Then almost everyone made a speech. The collector of the port of Boston responded to the pun already delivered by saying, "May Pease be always with you."

When the speeches were over, the gathering gave three cheers for the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter, cheers which rang out over the darkly mottled waters of Vineyard Sound and into the spaces of Ocean Park where Japanese lanterns were hanging at intervals in mellow illumination. After the tables were cleared, the evening ended with a social hop.

The following morning the entire concourse of guests embarked on the steamer Martha's Vineyard for an excursion to Edgartown harbor and Katama, where a new land development was just getting under way. The wharves at Edgartown were crowded, and a salute was fired from a cannon, to which the steamer responded with tooting. No landing was made at Katama, and the Martha's Vineyard steamed back across Vineyard Sound to Woods Hole.

The management of the Sea View had been entrusted to the firm of Bullock and Brownell, identified with the management of the Parker House, the principal hotel of New Bedford and the real home of the Parker House roll. The important member of the firm was Mr. Holder Milk Brownell, a host who stands in the same towering relationship to other hotel keepers as the Sea View to other inns. Mr. Brownell was inclined to be on the portly side; his cheeks were rubicund, his eyes genial, his face partly framed in plentiful black side whiskers. He seemd to personify the art of good living, the age-old secret of geniality. And he fitted into the need of the period, and particularly into the need of the cottage resort.

There was an apocryphal story that Mr. Brownell had been christened by his father out of respect to a stubborn cow who would, despite everything, "hold her milk." But the fact was that "Holder" was a not uncommon given name in the New Bedford region, and

"Milk" was an important family name in Dartmouth, where Mr. Brownell's people had originated.

Such were the accomplishments of the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company in this brief time. The largest obligations listed in the balance sheet had to do with the construction of the Sea View, altogether the grandest enterprise yet undertaken in the resort development of Martha's Vineyard. In addition to the financing by banks, there were the notes given to W. R. Penniman, contractor for the hotel. And there was the passenger elevator for the Sea View, the first on the Island, still to be paid for.

Lots were selling, the fame of the Sea View was spreading, and the future belonged to those men who had vision and energy. Or so it appeared in 1872.

As for the Vineyard Grove Company, its efforts were more or less modelled after those of the Oak Bluffs Company. The Highland Wharf had been completed, and there was great rivalry as to which wharf the steamboats should stop at first. The Oak Bluffs wharf had the advantage of location, for it was more convenient to the camp ground as well as to the premises of the company; but the Highland wharf had the advantage of religious background.

If Mr. Copeland, in laying out Oak Bluffs, had eschewed the straight line as if it were a deadly peril, Mr. Talbot, in laying out the Highlands, had gone him one better. The early plans of the Highlands resemble nothing so much as the whorls of an unsteady thumb print. This was largely because provision had been made for a large circle, copied after the Wesleyan Grove circle, in case the Methodists should need to flee over Jordan. The first plan prepared in the summer of 1869 was not wholly satisfactory, and Mr. Talbot made another, more inclusive than the first and differing from it materially. Both plans, however, were utilized, and both were made of record, with the result that an unborn generation was to suffer not a little confusion and inconvenience.

The street names on the Highlands were not particularly fanciful. They included Crescent Park, Beecher Park, Asbury Park, Schuyler Avenue, Chauncey Park, and Atlantic, Glenwood, Elmwood and Vineland Avenues.

Up to August 17, 1872, the Vineyard Grove Company had derived

a gross revenue of $71,666.93 from the sale of land. An inventory of the company's assets at this time showed a total of $72,924.37, against which there were notes and bills payable of $24,079.39, leaving a balance of $48,844.98.

The inventory account stood in marked contrast to that of the great Oak Bluffs Company. It included many such items as the following: "one horse, $100; one horse, $250; one ton hay, $20; one hay cutter, $10; three forks, $1.50; three harnesses, $50; one lumber wagon, $25; one buggy, $100; one express wagon, $20; one horse cart, $20; twenty-four street lanterns, $240; twelve round lanterns, $100; twenty pounds lead pipe, $2.20; five casks spikes, $25." The detail suggested the care of a meticulous housewife, and the substantial figures of the Oak Bluffs account were lacking. The largest items were as follows:

Estimated value of old hotel	$5,300.00	
Furniture in old hotel	2,500.00	
Labor added this year	292.00	
New hotel or addition, cost	8,310.82	
Furniture, cost	3,647.65	
Cost for hotel	224.60	
Total cost of hotel		$20,275.07
Cost of new office	$1,806.00	
Value of furniture	205.24	
Total cost of office		$2,011.59
Cost of new building on New York wharf	$735.70	
Estimated value of new wharf and building	15,000.00	
Estimated value of New York wharf	4,000.00	
Chapel, tent and furniture	850.00	
Wyoming House and furniture	2,000.00	
Barn at hotel	1,196.56	

A number of cottages built by the company were also listed.

In the matter of wharves, the Vineyard Grove Company had one more than the Oak Bluffs Company, but neither was so good as the Oak Bluffs wharf. The "new wharf" was that at the Highlands, from

which the plank walk led along a street, now called Commercial Avenue, over Jordan to the camp ground. The New York wharf was at Eastville, extending to deep water in Holmes Hole harbor, not far from the old camp meeting landing, but much nearer East Chop.

The "new hotel" was the Highland House, the most serious rival of the Sea View; yet how far short it fell may be seen in the figures. Still, the Highland House stood on a slight rise of ground—there was no bluff at this short stretch of beach north of Lake Anthony (formerly Squash Meadow Pond)—immediately on the salt water. And it, too, was an imposing structure, despite a composite appearance due to the manner in which it had been built on two different intentions. In the center rose a high tower, two full stories above the mansard roof of the structure proper, which was three stories tall: an open observation platform with a railing and canopy capped the tower. Upper and lower piazzas crossed the front of the hotel, and turned partly around the sides; and a broad staircase occupied nearly the whole ground frontage. The mansard roof—then in the height of fashion—and the decorative effect of its square tower, were the principal claims to distinction. The Highland House had sixty rooms.

As for the chapel, it was hardly more than a shed—small even in this settlement of small structures. Box-like, with four plain windows on either side, it supported above the front entry an open framework for a belfry, with a steep angle of roof immediately above the bell.

The so-called Wyoming House was a small building between the plank walk and Lake Anthony. It still stands today.

Although the expenditures of the Vineyard Grove Company had been relatively frugal, there was, nevertheless, a possibility of difficulty if lots should stop selling. But what simpleton would predict such an unlikely thing as that?

Aside from the building of cottages and the eager bidding for cottage and tent rights on the camp ground, there was one major development undertaken by the camp meeting association which deserved to rank with the enterprises of the two land companies. This was the canvas tabernacle which was first raised in August, 1870, to replace the great oaks which now were all gone. Into the

mammoth tent went 4,000 yards of sailcloth, weighing 1,980 pounds. The necessary guy ropes and lines weighed 770 pounds. There were six sections, sewed together like a circus tent, or, a more apt comparison, laced like the bonnet of a vessel's jib. Three main center poles, 54 feet long, a foot and one inch in diameter supported the big top, the ridge of which was forty-five feet above the ground and the benches of the worshippers. The outer edge of the canvas came to an end nine feet from the ground, and from it depended a curtain two and a half feet wide trimmed with red worsted. Altogether, the tent covered sittings for four thousand persons.

From the middle pole, where it projected through the canvas, to the peak of a topmast surmounted upon it, the distance was twenty-five feet; and at this altitude flew a white flag with a red cross. The whole cost of the tabernacle was $3,000.

On the first Sunday evening after the canvas was raised, a praise service was held, with the chorister of Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn taking a leading part. The tunes of Antioch, Turner, Bethany, Exhortation, and Coronation were sung, and five hundred voices were raised in the chorus of Come Ye Disconsolate. The light of an August evening came dimly through the canvas, and the slant poles reached upward over the heads of the people; the air was sleepily warm, and laden with a new fragrance of sailcloth and cordage.

It was about this time that the directors of the camp meeting association petitioned the postmaster general to have the mails brought to Martha's Vineyard by steamer instead of by sailing craft.

"The Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting Association," they wrote in all truth and modesty, "is, probably, the largest of the kind in the country; and in connection with the great Oak Bluffs Company annually draws a larger number of people together than Newport, Saratoga, or any other place of summer resort this side of the Atlantic, with which we are acquainted." This should, they thought, justify delivery of the mails with celerity, certainty and security.

XIII

The Days of the Great Boom

In August, 1871, the Vineyard Gazette spread before its readers one of the most inflammatory phrases in the English tongue: "One of your keen business women recently made a purchase of a small lot of land, and within a period of six weeks from the date of purchase she refused an offer of $1,200 advance on her investment." A landowner had "refused an offer"!

Now the acceptance of an advance of $1,200 in six weeks from the time a lot was purchased would seem exciting enough; but the refusal of such an advance represented another full turn of the screw. The banner of the speculative fever was shaken forth with all its folds unloosed. A handsome profit in pocket is finite and conclusive but a handsome profit refused is an invitation and a challenge to the future, the limitations of hard fact are broken down, the whole matter is translated into new terms, with infinity beyond. Another turn of the screw—indeed, the screw is set whirling dizzily, and no one can guess where it will stop. The handsome profit goes begging: come, handsomer profits, come higher prices, come more lots, more paper cities!

Now Tarleton Cadwallader Luce, who had sold the tract of land laid out by the Vineyard Grove Company, went into the business of development on his own account. The whole region extending from the Highland property to what had been Holmes Hole harbor (and was now to be Vineyard Haven harbor—the inhabitants of Tisbury having decided to change the name of their village to a more euphonious one—) was changed overnight into Bellevue Heights. The land was high and undulating, with ravines and declivities, sandy links and downs dotted with small pine trees and bayberry bushes; near the harbor it embraced a large pond which was called Crystal Lake. Bellevue Heights was laid out in lots and avenues and parks. Four hundred large lots are designated by one Jackson, a Providence surveyor, and seventy, it is said, are sold at once.

"Don't call it chop, East Chop, or Barbary Coast any more, Mr. Editor," writes a correspondent of the Vineyard Gazette. Bellevue Heights is on the map.

Before that exciting summer had run out, a developer named Z. Pratt of North Middleborough had acquired a tract of woodland southwest of Wesleyan Grove, directly in the rear of Sunset Lake. The lots, it was said, were to be forty by a hundred feet, and avenues were to be fifty feet wide.

During the winter, Tarleton Luce added to his holdings. In the spring reports came of the sale of 125 acres of land near Lagoon Pond. A tract bought for $3,000 was sold for $7,500; land worth $20 an acre six weeks earlier was being held at $250 an acre. There was another magic phrase: "held at."

The daffodils had not started to bloom when Tarleton Luce paid $2,400 for a single acre of land near the East Chop lighthouse. And nine of his lots on Bellevue Heights had been sold in a single week for $2,000.

Here and there the developments appeared. In February, 1872, Thomas Hine of New York, proprietor of the New York Insurance Monitor, bought the point of land in Lagoon Pond, within the town of Tisbury, known as Cedar Neck. He paid $10,000. But Thomas N. Hillman, who sold the Neck, had purchased it himself for $800. Mr. Hine proceeded to build a $3,000 cottage for himself, and to construct a 700 foot bridge over the Lagoon to connect with the Vineyard Haven road, this at the cost of $2,000.

It is reported that Tarleton Luce has sold a half interest in a tract which cost him $14,399 to Samuel B. Parker of Providence for $20,000 cash.

On the side of the Lagoon near the camp ground, Lagoon Heights is laid out. Here is built, two years later, the Prospect House, another of the major hotel properties of the resort. It is to have twenty-two rooms and a cupola commanding a wide panorama. Surrounding it is a small community of new cottages. More than four hundred lots are sold. The principal promoters are J. & W. R. Wing of New Bedford, outfitters of the whaling trade. A wharf is built in the Lagoon.

Across the pond on the Tisbury side, Howes Norris of Eastville buys a hundred acres, and plans to lay it out in acre and half acre lots. This becomes Oklahoma, and shortly Mr. Norris sells a half interest for $10,000.

At West Chop, too, the boom has struck. Captains James L. Smith and Shubael H. Norton purchase a tract for $4,000 and in a few weeks dispose of it for $10,000—an advance of one hundred and fifty per cent in a brief period. The purchasers, representing promoters from Boston, New Bedford and New York, proceed to organize the West Point Grove Company. The land is to be laid out in lots, avenues and parks, and a wharf is to be built.

Adjoining the West Point Grove is another development, Cedar Bluff, launched by promoters of Vineyard Haven.

In May, 1872, a plan is filed showing all the land between Farm Pond and Sengekontacket Pond laid out into lots and avenues, not to mention parks. The sponsor is H. H. Davis, and this development, known as Ocean Heights, includes the land that is, in future years, to become the home of the Martha's Vineyard Country Club. Farm Pond is, on the plan, Tiberias Lake, and the southernmost of the small ponds next to the beach is Mahomy Lake. Years are to pass before this becomes part of Hart Haven. Thirty lots are sold at once, at prices ranging from $150 to $200.

C. R. Beetle, whose farm adjoins the new Ocean Heights, disposes of his property to Shubael Hawes Norton who, in turn, sells half at an advance in price to Jonathan Bourne Jr. of New Bedford.

In June, 1872, the Vineyard Grove Company is reporting sales of $4,000 in a single week. A syndicate including Messrs. Hayman of Taunton, Pratt of Middleborough and Sturgis of Oak Bluffs, purchase of Nicholas Norton six acres of land near Trapp's Pond at Edgartown, and negotiate for several acres near the southeastern shore of Sengekontacket.

"The fever," reports the Vineyard Gazette, "is rushing toward Edgartown (which, by the way, is an extremely sensible move), and many usually placid, quiet and serene men exhibit strong premonitory symptoms of a severe attack of the contagion. The disease is pleasant and we hope it will continue its march Edgartown-wards."

This hope is not vain. The rush continues. The former Norton land at Trapp's Pond is now Ocean View, and a slightly elevated place known as the Mitchman field is laid out in lots and rejoices in the name of Lookout Mountain.

"Who comes next in the line of new enterprises?" inquires the

Vineyard Gazette, editorially. "Welcome all! and may the tide continue to rise until the whole of Martha's Vineyard shall be filled with life and activity."

An old and prominent real estate operator soon gives the following approximate figures of the acreage in new developments: Wesleyan Grove, 20 acres; Oak Bluffs, 120; Vineyard Highlands, 225; Bellevue Heights, 165; Sunset Heights, 10; Prospect Heights and Sea View Hill, 15; Central Place, 12; Oak Grove, 15; Forest Hill, 20; Engleside and Ocean Heights, 400; Bay View, 6; Lagoon Heights and Grovedale, 300; making a total of 1,308 acres between Sengekontacket Pond and the Lagoon. Then, in the neighborhood of Vineyard Haven, are Cedar Neck, 15; Oklahoma, 150; and West Point Grove, 40, a total of 205 acres. Beyond Sengekontacket Pond are Ocean View, Lookout Mountain, and one other purchase, making 75 acres. And Katama, beyond Edgartown, closes up the column with 600 acres, making a total on the Island of 2,188 acres. This estimate is made in July, 1873.

"I've been up," writes a correspondent of the Gazette. "Do you ask where Up is? Up, sir, is Oak Bluffs; Up is Wesleyan Grove—Vineyard Highlands—Bellevue Heights—a territory bounded on the north by Lagoon Pond and about twenty-seven cords of painted stakes, on the south by Sengekontacket Bridge, on the east by Vineyard Sound, and on the west by a general exuberance of nature; the whole constituting one of the most remarkable districts to be found on the coast, or anywhere else. Here for three quarters of the year the abomination of desolation—the stillness of almost utter abandonment—prevails, and the few scattered laborers hurry along the avenues looking askance, as though the long lines of deserted tenements were so many platoons of ghosts; while during the other quarter all the hum and hubbub of a permanent metropolis may be heard in the land: crowds surge to and fro, intent on business or pleasure, horse cars pass and repass, newsboys yell, ladies go shopping, and everything bespeaks the city. Here the real-estater comes to fleece his fellows, portraying with agonizing earnestness the merits of corner lots and water lots, Highland and Bluff; and here, on the testimony of one of your own prominent townsmen, in the shade of these pleasant groves and by these rippling waters, the Vineyard

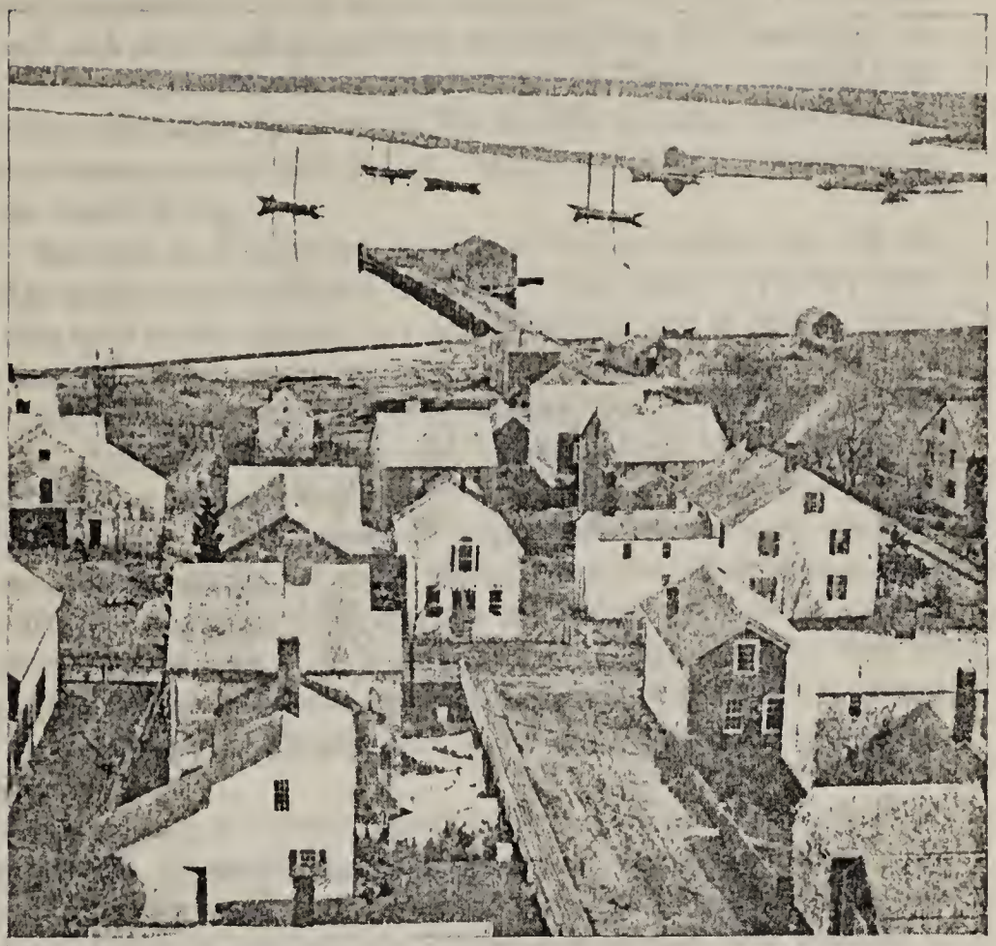
girls have long been accustomed to find their life companions, and the damsels of today are looking hitherward with longing eyes, awaiting their destiny. Here, finally, is that wonderful annual gathering of professing Christians whose congregations, numbered by thousands, sit down beneath the great canopy, and divines from near and far, men famed in the religious annals of the country, address the devout multitude, picturing the glories of and exhorting to preparation for, the world to come."

For years the village of Holmes Hole, and later the same village under its new name of Vineyard Haven, had been regarding the hive of activity across the harbor with increasing interest. The heart of the boom lay at Oak Bluffs, the Highlands and Wesleyan Grove; yet Holmes Hole had to travel an irksome and expensive seven and a half miles to reach these prosperous summer communities by land. By rights Tisbury business men were no more than two miles from the camp ground; why should the narrow outlet of the Lagoon cut them off from a fruitful association? It should, surely, prove an easy matter to bridge the Lagoon opening and built a road directly to the summer center of all affairs.

This was considerably agitated, as well by the Eastville residents as by the Tisbury merchants, but the plan drew black looks from Edgartown. Some croakers had been saying that the development at the groves and bluffs would be the ruin of Edgartown, and such might be the case if the business were to be diverted to Tisbury by way of a convenient road and bridge.

At length Tisbury formally petitioned for the improvement. Edgartown held a special town meeting and voted its vigorous opposition. Nevertheless, Tisbury laid out a road within her own limits as far as the pond opening, and Eastville was incited to bitterness against the Edgartown government which was not likely to die down.

In March, 1870, Tisbury triumphed in the state of legislature, winning passage of an act authorizing the construction of the Lagoon bridge, provided Tisbury paid two-thirds of the cost. The act also stipulated that if the county commissioners did not take steps toward the building of the bridge within six months an action could be brought in the superior court, and the court would then appoint



Above: this was Vineyard Haven. The steamboat wharf is seen near the center, and the Beach Road and Lagoon in the background. Below Bradley's store, Vineyard Haven, and the storekeeper's home.

special commissioners to undertake the project forthwith. The months passed, and there was no evidence that anything had been done. In September, Henry Bradley et al, selectmen of Tisbury, petitioned the superior court under the terms of the act; but the court ruled that the county commissioners had, in fact, "taken steps" within the meaning of the enabling act.

If this was an Edgartown victory, it was an empty one, for the bridge could now be delayed no longer. The town of Tisbury built its new road to the opening at a cost of $2,100, and in March, 1871, the Lagoon bridge was completed. The summer of that year saw the promise of the improvement realized, for each day from 150 to 200 carriages passed across the bridge linking Vineyard Haven with the hive of the whole Island, the source of energy and profits.

Where now was Edgartown? It availed little to have the busy developments within her town limits when they were cementing a convenient geographical affiliation with Tisbury. A note of jealousy appeared sometimes. For instance, an Edgartown citizen rose to say, "Persons from the immortal camp ground prefer it (Edgartown) to the condensed, oppressive heat and clinging dust of that popular resort."

But a council of action suggested that the old town try a prescription of the Vineyard Haven medicine: a beach road from Oak Bluffs to Edgartown would shorten the distance between the two centers. Might it not bring to Edgartown enough new business to pay its cost many times over?

"What does some croaking, cold-water man exclaim, 'The road will cost one hundred thousand dollars,' " asked an advocate in the columns of the Vineyard Gazette. "What does that amount to among fifty stockholders? It is only the expense of fitting out two whaleships with a greater risk of losing the money invested, than if placed in the road. Give us the profits for the next five years of the horse car travel, and the toll-house placed on the carriage road, and you may have the profits of your three most successful whaleships during the same time: not mentioning the benefit derived by Edgartown, the most important of all."

"The harvest of the ocean cannot now fill our barn with plenty, scattering the seeds through the barren town, and making green

her thoroughfares of business. The ocean must be looked away from, and terra firma gazed upon," the advocate continued.

"Would that the enterprising spirit of the Oak Bluffs Company could stimulate the people of Edgartown. A company that took the uninviting barren Bluffs, when public sentiment seemed opposed, and made that desert blossom like the rose. It grasped the enterprise with a business grip, and success naturally followed. The rushing tide of humanity that is sweeping against those Bluffs has turned this way. The hotels are all full, lots are being negotiated for, buildings are soon to be erected, and it remains for the moneyed men of Edgartown to say whether the incoming tide shall be encouraged."

Said the Whaleman's Shipping List, of New Bedford, the trade journal of the whaling industry: "The Gazette has some sensible talk about making Edgartown famous as a Watering Place. This should have been seriously considered a score of years ago. There is no better location (if we except Nantucket) on the whole Atlantic Coast. A line of cottages down the Neck would find a plenty of customers . . ."

But Edgartown hesitated still, and it was not until January, 1872, that the voters in town meeting assembled voted to construct the beach road.

The cost eventually amounted to $60,000 for a common dirt highway, which was soon in need of repairs. It was asserted later, particularly by the malcontents of Eastville, that reliable contractors would have built a macadam road for $40,000; but the selfishness of Edgartown made the town do the job itself, so that the citizens could hire themselves and their horses at a liberal rate of pay.

It had been anticipated that a new era of material prosperity would date from the completion of the beach road, and that posterity would look back with grateful blessings upon the accomplishment—as if it were the nature of posterity to give credit for material things. The fact was that the first results of the beach road opening were disappointing. The boom continued, increasing by leaps and bounds, but, for the most part, it was still "Up there." The tide did not flow to Edgartown through the artery which had been provided.

Fortunately, a group of citizens had not waited for the road but had cast about for a development of their own—not a mere checker-

board of painted stakes in an empty field with a pretentious name, but a second Oak Bluffs, on a grand scale, with wharf and hotel and bands playing. Their eyes went seaward, where their ears never lost awareness of the eternal beat of the ocean, and something in their minds kindled and glowed as they saw, for the first time, the possibilities of the plain and shore of Katama.

XIV

Katama the Lovely

Of all the land companies and real estate projects which were launched on Martha's Vineyard in the roseate days which ushered in the eighteen seventies, none was the expression of a more vaulting ambition, a more sanguine invitation to success, and a more practical display of energy than the venture of the Katama Land Company. The great Oak Bluffs development was found waiting in the open palm of the hand of destiny, but for Katama the Lovely the sea captains reached into the sea air and followed the call of the waves.

Except for a rather low wood of oak, shaped by the winds with more grace than mankind ever achieved with shears in a topiary garden, Katama lay as bare as it was level, a tract of the Great Plain where plain, bay and ocean met. The terrain was gently undulating, with the creases and furrows of subglacial streams from long ago; roads crossed it here and there, but one could turn from the wagon tracks and drive at will across the open country. From Katama Bay to Edgartown Great Pond was about a mile, and here, parallel to the dunes and sandy shelf of the South Beach was built the Mattakeesett Herring Creek, through which alewives swam from the salt water to the fresh.

On the bay side the plain ended in a slight fall, occasional low bluffs, and a shore of gravel and lapping blue water. Across was Chappaquiddick, grassy and dotted with pines and groves of oak. Both the Katama and Chappaquiddick shores of the bay were varied with points and inlets. Nearer the South Beach Mattakeesett Bay

reached far inland on the Katama Side, so that the plain land of Katama was beset and tempered with endless possessions of tidal water.

The South Beach itself was a tremendous moving beach which marched up and down as the Atlantic broke and the winds beat upon its sands; the shore built up a great width of white sand, and then sent it drifting away again. The shape and extent were never twice alike, except in some truces of summer when the white beach was laved in hot rays of the sun shining through cool, crystal air.

The beholder at Katama understood that it was not necessary to go into the high places of the world to experience a full sense of the loftiness, the utter immensity of sky and wind. Here the breeze did not simply ruffle the surface of the land and water—it reached from the ground to the sky, and the clouds themselves were part of Katama. The sun, moon and sky were all part of Katama; there was no division, no disunion among them. Solitary, with a far-off conviction intoned over and over again by the rhythm of the ocean, Katama was nevertheless removed by the whole measure of the sky from what is known as loneliness. The indwelling arrangements of the Island plain, its airs and its shores, filled it with companionship and invited the mind of man to experiences in which his own patterns played a minor, a subdued part.

In the Indian language Katama meant crab-fishing place; but there was a legend which made Katama a beautiful maiden, and Mattakeesett an Indian chief of comely presence. According to the tale, the two loved with a simple and eternal passion; and, in extremity, pressed by hostile warriors, they swam out from this level plain into the sea, and met death together among the sunlit crests of the greatest maker of romance.

Across the plain went fowlers in season to shoot ducks and geese, across it went the pond and creek men in early spring to seine the alewives, across it drove summer visitors to behold the Niagaras of the surf. And yet, when all was said and done, Katama might have been considered a remote and barren place from the standpoint of real estate development. That it was always a little cooler than the village of Edgartown, that it lay a little nearer the Gulf Stream than any other land on the North Atlantic Coast, that it moved

through the seasons of the year with infinite constancy and infinite change—these facts might, after all, have been held extraneous to the requirements of cottage lots and cottage owners, the most gregarious of human beings. And yet again, as the sea captains knew, Wesleyan Grove had been as far removed and yet more barren only a few decades before.

The man who first conceived the Katama enterprise was Captain Nathaniel M. Jernegan of Edgartown, one of the ablest and most successful of Vineyard whaling captains. He had been born in Edgartown on August 13, 1820, and in early life had gone to sea. He had commanded the ships Adeline, Gideon Howland, Eliza F. Mason, George and Susan, and Thomas Dickason in the South Atlantic, North Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It was believed that he had sailed farther north than any other whaling master. He had sailed for the Howlands of New Bedford, who were Friends, and throughout his long career he had never taken a whale on Sunday.

"Hum"! said an acquaintance, when this fact was being cited. "If Nathan'l Jernegan sees a whale on Sunday, he knows where to find it on Monday"!

Once in the Eliza F. Mason three mutineers set fire to the vessel, hoping to be landed on an island. Captain Jernegan forced a confession from the guilty men, and then gave them their choice of hanging at once from a yard arm or being lashed in the rigging to burn if the ship burned; they chose to be lashed in the rigging. For days the fire smouldered and crept below decks. Another whaler, the Jireh Swift, stood by; but Captain Jernegan and his wife and child remained aboard the Mason. The ship seemed doomed; but at last a storm did what the crew could not accomplish, and, careening and sloshing with the water inside her and the seas outside, the Mason was saved.

Captain Jernegan had taken the first American vessel into a Japanese port after Perry opened the nation, and the captain's wife was the first white woman to set foot on Japanese soil.

Home at Edgartown with a comfortable fortune, the captain was elected representative in the General Court in 1871 and 1872. And casting about for an enterprise on the land to assure the future for Edgartown, he had seen the unfolding of a fair vision at Katama.

In the plan he interested Capt. Grafton N. Collins and the Hon. E. P. Carpenter, whose triumphant direction of the affairs of the Oak Bluffs Company had placed him in high respect.

The preliminary meeting for organization of the new Katama Land Company was held on Monday, April 15, 1872, Mr. Carpenter being chosen chairman, and Joel H. Hills secretary. The corporation had permission to hold 1,200 acres of land at Edgartown, to build wharves and hotels, to operate steamboats. The capital was fixed at $50,000, with provision for increasing it to $150,000; par value of shares was set at $100, but no individual subscriptions were taken for less than $1,000. Reports spread that the stock was already quoted at $110, and that applications had been received to cover about a thousand shares.

The company actually began operations (irrespective of its charter rights) with six hundred acres of land at Katama, for which it had paid $14,000. A site for a hotel was selected at once—on the extending curve of land well down Katama Bay—and it was announced that twenty-five cottages had been pledged already, to be built in the season of 1872.

"All hail Katama"! said the Vineyard Gazette. "May your success be golden"!

A stockholders' meeting was held at the Parker house in New Bedford for the perfecting of a permanent organization. Mr. Carpenter became president, Andrew G. Pierce of New Bedford—representing the interest of the New Bedford steamboat company—vice president, Joel H. Hills clerk, Joseph Thaxter Peaseof Edgartown treasurer, and Captain Jernegan agent. The directors were Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Hills, Captain Jernegan, Captain Collins, Laban Pratt of Bridgewater—a lumber dealer who was to supply materials for the wharf and hotel, and George W. Lobdell of Mattapoisett. The capital stock was increased—so soon!—to $100,000 and an assessment of fifty per cent was ordered at once, twenty-five per cent to be paid in by May 20, 1872. The meeting ratified the plans for the wharf and hotel.

At this time the hammers were still ringing at the Sea View in Oak Bluffs; what could be more dramatic or more characteristic of the energy and enterprise of Mr. Carpenter and the sea captains than

to launch a second ambitious structure before the first was completed? Material for the Katama wharf arrived in May, and plans for the hotel drawn by S. F. Pratt of Boston were accepted.

The hotel was to take the form of a gate house at the head of the wharf; but this structure was not regarded as the principal hotel for Katama—that was to come later. The whole tract was surveyed at once by Robert Morris Copeland, author of the Oak Bluffs plan, and lots, avenues and parks were laid out. The directors voted to give Mr. Carpenter a lot upon which he began the construction of a cottage; again the history of Oak Bluffs was repeating itself.

Although work was pushed ahead, the summer came and passed and still the wharf was not completed. The Sea View opened in all its glory, and the distinguished guests steamed into Katama Bay on the steamer Martha's Vineyard, inspecting from their places at the rail the broad acres of the new resort. August flashed by, and the skies of fall, filled with tall clouds, looked down upon a large excavation for the gate house.

October arrived before arrangements had developed to the point of chartering the steamer Martha's Vineyard once more for an excursion of land hungry men and women to Katama for the sale and selection of lots. The opening sale, it was announced, was intended especially to give stockholders an opportunity to choose lots for which they had already contracted and, in part, paid. Bids were to be received for the order of selection, the company counting on a premium for the waterfront and corner locations.

On the day of the excursion there was, unfortunately, an easterly wind which darkened the sky and sent shivers among the company of speculators. Rain came and blew across the unprotected plainland. The outlook was dismal, and the omen of the weather was fulfilled. Due to some error, inexplicable in later years, the plan sent down by Mr. Copeland was wrongly numbered, and the lots could not be located on the ground. Some fifty dampened prospective buyers made the best of an anticlimax and poked about, looking for lots which they would have selected, if selection had been possible.

The winter set in and ebbed away. On May 8, 1873, grasping an early opportunity, the Katama company chartered the steamer River Queen, and once more it was free passage to Katama the Lovely.

The River Queen was a larger boat than the Martha's Vineyard, and had been used by President Lincoln as his private craft during the Civil War. Now the decks were to be comfortably packed with buyers of lots—but the promptness of the company in taking advantage of returning spring proved to be a mistake. Once again a northeaster darkened and blew, and rain fell in torrents from a bleak sky.

"It has seemed peculiarly unfortunate," said the Vineyard Gazette, "from the fact that a place like Katama—unreclaimed, so to speak—depends for its attractiveness in a great measure on a smiling sky, a peaceful sea, and a general complaisance of nature. We trust that pleasure-seekers from abroad may see the place once, free from the chilling influence of an easterly storm."

Nevertheless there was spirited bidding, and $3,600 was realized from the sale of rights. First choices ran as high as $325, and others dwindled as low as $5.

Arrangements were now made to give every passenger from Oak Bluffs to Katama, throughout the season, a coupon with each ticket. At the end of the summer there was to be a drawing, and three new cottages and two lots of land were to be presented to the holders of the lucky numbers. Thus, merely by visiting Katama one might become an owner.

As events fell out, not all the activity at Katama was that of the land company. The federal government, after long delay, had appropriated funds for the digging of a channel from Katama Bay to the Atlantic, and under the direction of Major General G. K. Warren, two dredgers were cutting away at the dunes and banks. The prospective channel would not only aid the fisheries of Edgartown—which was its justification—but now, the Katama Company declared, "the space of half an hour will suffice to take a boat's company from the quiet Katama landing to the restless roll and rumble of the ocean, where bluefish and swordfish abound in their season."

The current advertisements of Edgartown's own resort development read as follows:

Photograph courtesy of Miss Chloe Coffin

"It was a rather comely building in the manner of a chateau, an octagonal tower at one end, a high mansard gable at the other . . . ." The Mattakeeset Lodge at Katama. The long open gallery was later enclosed. Through the first story, near where the horse is shown, a way opened to the wharf.

KATAMA

the

LOVELY

The Katama Land Company offers for sale at low rates a large number of beautiful building lots by the sea, near Edgartown. The Company has secured a level tract of six hundred acres, elevated twenty feet above tide, and including more land than all the really eligible lots in Vineyard Grove and vicinity. A substantial wharf in a perfectly land-locked harbor has been completed, with a large hotel, called

MATTAKEESET LODGE

kept by

Mr. Stumcke,

recently of the house at Oak Bluffs which bore his name. Many cottages are going up, a splendid drive four miles long is being prepared, and the company, with Hon. E. P. Carpenter at its head, will with no stinted hand provide improvements that shall constitute this a most attractive resort. Additional drives will be opened as fast as they can be properly constructed.

Katama borders on the east on the charming Katama Bay where the facilities for smooth water bathing, fishing and boating are superb. Fish of all kinds are plenty near at hand, or within one mile. On the south the ocean beats its ever reverberating surges on the

FAMED ATLANTIC BEACH

of Martha's Vineyard, beyond which there is no land for thousands of miles. The constant rolling surf fascinates all beholders, and after a storm is inexpressibly grand. Daniel Webster declared it superior to Niagara. The mountainous wave crests, many miles in width, topple and fall with a noise like thunder, riveting the awe-struck gaze of all within sight.

The location of Katama is open to the southwestern breezes of summer, directly from the ocean, insuring

COOL NIGHTS

And days of less than superlative heat. In short, Katama is one of the most desirable Summer Resorts in the world. The soil is good, and grass grows luxuriantly, so that the place is

Clean and Clear of Dust

The lots are of ample size, and sold at prices that will enforce attention.

The stockholders include many of the leading men of southern Massachusetts, and the state of society is assured to be always pleasant and agreeable.

For particulars address

NATH'L M. JERNEGAN
Agent, Katama Land Company,
Edgartown, Mass.

The new hotel was opened early in August, 1873. It stood only a few feet from the water, spanning the approach to the wharf. The frontage of the building was 125 feet. At the north was an octagonal tower, sloping and sharpening into a spire with a flagstaff; windows with steep gable roofs projected from the eight sides. At the south was a high mansard gable. Between these two loftier parts of the hotel a low roof ran, accented in the center by a slight peak and a staff from which a pennon flew above the gateway. The center part was three stories high, and an outside balcony ran the length of the building, between towers. There were individual balconies at some of the windows of the north tower, and a second story balcony above the gateway.

On the whole, the manner of the hotel was like that of the Sea View at Oak Bluffs. It asserted a character and a determination to do things well, with a flourish. The ornamentation, although everywhere manifest, was consistent, and it was a pleasant flight from severity and chasteness.

In the north tower were dining room, office and large kitchen on the first floor; billiard room on the second; and lodging rooms above. A ball room and promenade were in the central section, as well as more rooms. The south tower held guest rooms and, on the ground floor, an office for the land company.

The principal parlor was "splendidly furnished in black walnut and plush, with heavy Brussels carpet." The billiard room was provided with two elegant tables, and was "furnished as tastefully as a lady's boudoir." Many of the guest rooms were furnished with

black walnut sets with marble tops and trim; others had chestnut furnishings. In all there were seventy-five guest rooms.

All day long the carriages drove up to Mattakeeset Lodge on the opening day, tired from the tedious journey from Oak Bluffs—whither most of these visitors were drawn—but not too tired to thrill over the new wonder of the hotel. In the afternoon a steamboat arrived with a band and a full passenger list from the main. In the evening a grand ball sent sounds of waltz music, chatter and laughter out over the bay, and lights dappled the downtrodden grass of the plain.

So ended the season of 1873, with Katama about to come into her own. That fall General Warren opened his South Beach channel into the teeth of a southeast storm, and the sands closed again almost as soon as the sea touched them, burying full deep enough the $20,000 of the federal government. Katama Bay and the Atlantic lay as before, divided by a beach.

That fall, too, a man with a long gray beard, a man named Jay Cooke, declared himself unable to meet his obligations. Agent of the federal government with $4,000,000 of deposits and $15,000,000 of the paper of the Northern Pacific, he closed his doors. This event was not unrelated to Oak Bluffs, Vineyard Highlands, Bellevue Heights—and to Katama.

XV

A Railroad Built Upon Sand

In February, 1874, a call was issued to the public by a group of men, prominent among them the founders of Oak Bluffs and Katama, in the interest of a new railroad from Oak Bluffs to Edgartown and Katama. The first signature was that of the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter of Foxboro. Then followed an array of names which included several whaling captains and outfitters of whaleships, among them Captains Jared Jernegan, Richard Holley, William S. Lewis, and John O. Norton of Edgartown, Samuel Osborn Jr. of Edgartown, and William Wing of New Bedford.

Between 1862 and 1873, thirty-three thousand miles of railroad had been built in the United States, but none on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, unless one counted a horse railroad line completed for the Vineyard Grove Company in the summer of 1873 at a cost of about $8,000. This horse railroad ran from the Highland wharf, over Jordan, and made a loop about the rim of the great circle on the camp ground.

The project of a railroad connection between Oak Bluffs and Edgartown had been talked of, but it had never seemed within the chance of reality. Now, suddenly, the venture was set in motion. The most successful promoters of Island property had taken hold. Compared with the slow maturing of most ambitious plans, its development was amazingly rapid.

In March an informal meeting of proposed stockholders was held, and there was a discussion of possible routes. The meeting voted to favor building along the beach, generally parallel with the new beach road. There was a rumor that a spur would be built to Lagoon Heights, the development of the Wings, and to Vineyard Haven. This last was probably an offer of bait which the Tisbury capitalists refused to take; no more was heard of a Vineyard Haven connection.

Sea captains had fairly large sums of money and were a vigorous, independent lot, willing to make investments. There were other capitalists, such as the ship owners and agents. But the financing of a railroad was too great a task to be accomplished easily or in a few weeks. The opinion grew that the town ought to participate in the project: with town assistance, and with the credit of the Old Colony Railroad—operating the lines on the mainland which brought visitors to the Island—it seemed that the enterprise could be handled. There was a great deal of figuring, and plans became more and more detailed. The town of Edgartown was to be asked to invest the sum of $15,000.

The Vineyard Gazette of April 17, 1874, carried at its masthead in large display type these words: "When we have a railroad, we shall see improvements made in our village never before thought of. The 'snort of the iron horse' will arouse men from their lethargy and infuse new life into their veins."

The utterance was in the style of Edgar Marchant, the Old Editor

of the Vineyard Gazette, who had returned to the editorial chair after ventures in other journalistic fields. Age had not dimmed the fire in his eye or the gallantry of his crusading spirit. With his clarion call to the citizens ringing clear, they gathered at the town hall in early April.

The Edgartown town hall was inherited from the Methodist congregation when it moved into its larger and finer edifice; at first glance it was an ugly structure, for it had a makeshift steeple for the fire bell, and no proper tower at all. The entrances were reached by long flights of stairs, mounting from the sidewalk together and then turning left and right. But the doorways were and are beautiful, and the inside of the auditorium had a comely appearance, lighted by tall windows of plain glass. A cast iron stove at the rear furnished a pale and uneven heat to counteract the early spring chill.

Joseph Thaxter Pease was chosen moderator as soon as the warrant for the meeting was read, and there was immediate consideration of the matter of the railroad.

Samuel Osborn Jr., square jawed and forthright, rose to offer a resolution. He had served as state representative and as sheriff, and had been a member of the Governor's Council in 1863 and 1864, a trusted friend of the war governor, John A. Andrew. At the time of the meeting he was fifty-one, and had extensive interests in whaleships for which he acted as agent. His resolution provided that the town should subscribe $15,000 on condition that $25,000 be first subscribed independently. On a stock subscription of $40,000, he said, a road costing $75,000 could be built, the company bonding the road for the balance. The statutes provided that a railroad company could bond its property for an amount equal to the capital subscribed. Mr. Osborn assured the meeting that the Old Colony Railroad would take $40,000 worth of bonds if necessary; and he went on to say that nine miles of narrow gauge road over the level Vineyard countryside could be built for $75,000, which he considered a surprisingly low sum.

The next voter who rose to his feet was also a former representative, Ichabod Norton Luce. He had been born in 1819, and as a youth had learned the trade of boatbuilder. Then he had gone to sea and served for three years as sailing master and navigator on a

German whaler. In 1849 he had joined a gold seeking company which had gone to California from Edgartown in the Walter Scott. Ten years later he had been elected to the state senate for the Cape district. He was an ardent Free Soiler; and it was he who computed the difference in time and at the exact moment of the execution of John Brown, rose in the Massachusetts senate and moved adjournment because of the solemn significance of the hour. He, too, was a friend of the war governor who had appointed him commissioner of aliens. From 1862 to 1866 Ichabod N. Luce was keeper of the Gay Head Light, cooling and steeling his gaze against far horizons, drawing upon his own reflections through long vigils. Then he had become inspector of customs for the Vineyard district.

As he made ready to speak, many who knew in what tenor he was about to declare himself scraped their feet and talked noisily. He looked about him calmly.

"I have a word to say, Mr. Moderator," he began, "and I intend to say what I think, and not talk to please the crowd who stamp and clap their hands on this floor."

Ichabod Luce was tall and bearded like James G. Blaine; his coat, held by one button above, parted slightly below. He began by moving to amend Mr. Osborn's resolution by striking out everything after the word "resolved" and inserting "that the town will not subscribe."

"Towns which mix themselves up in private enterprise commit a fatal blunder," he declared. "Take care of your poor, your schools, your roads—these are the legitimate functions of a town government. Let private projects take care of themselves. It is as absurd to ask the town to develop Katama as to ask it to keep Mr. Osborn's ship in repair and find her in spars and rigging. The Katama Land Company is abundantly able to develop their property, and if they want a railroad let them build one. Katama has money enough and ability enough, but lacks confidence in its own scheme.

"Some of my best friends are in favor of subscribing to the stock of this road, but that is no reason why I should be. No one is so easily deceived as to the prospective profits of any given enterprise as a town. Not long ago it was announced that a carriage road down the beach was all that was necessary to insure the building up of the

town and the prosperity of its inhabitants. The road was built, but the results have not been what was promised. There has been a heavy increase in the town debt, but no increase of taxable property resulting therefrom. As for myself, it is for my interest, personally, to play second fiddle for this road, to electioneer for it, to vote for it, and all that, but my conscience will not allow it."

Benjamin Luce, brother of Ichabod, was on his feet; they all liked to listen to Ben, who was an eccentric but pregnant with pat remarks.

"Mr. Osborn has no equal for bringing light out of darkness," said Ben, "but there is one point on which he failed to enlighten his hearers. He went on to say how much the road would cost, but did not give any hint as to whether it will pay. I am astonished that the gentleman should have overlooked that little point."

Ben started to sit down, hesitated, remarked, "I'm done for the present, but not for the future" in an impressive manner, and yielded the floor.

The moderator recognized Captain Nathaniel M. Jernegan who said, "The road will cost about $80,000, and money can be had for seven per cent. The establishment can be run for thirty dollars a day, one half the cost of running a steamboat. About fifty thousand people come to Oak Bluffs and the vicinity during the summer, who would average at least one ride apiece. Everyone who has noticed the success of enterprises similar to this will have to agree with me as to the probable success of this one. The horse railroad at Vineyard Grove, which starts from the Highland Wharf, swings around the camp ground and comes back again, forming a figure nine, sold forty thousand tickets last year. Our summer population is a community of idlers, and they grasp at everything that offers which is calculated to vary the monotony of existence. Fifty thousand people will ride down to our South Beach every summer, and at fifty cents apiece, or even half of that, will afford a handsome profit."

Mr. Osborn regained the floor to say that he knew the principal opponents of the railroad were well disposed toward the town—remarkably so (with irony)—and they were men who would give the town all the aid and comfort in their power. But they had suggested nothing to get Edgartown out of her difficulty, nothing which

would extricate the town from its mire of indebtedness, and the citizens would have to adopt what seemed feasible.

"We may be mistaken," he went on, "—nobody is infallible—but we must do what seems for the best. I shall be very happy to hear all that may be said against the project, for we are in need of all the light we can get. But something has got to be done, or we shall go under."

Addressing himself to the gentleman who wanted to know if the road would pay, Mr. Osborn said, "Fifty thousand people come to this Island and land at the north end of town, for whom our South Beach, with its magnificent surf, has as strong an attraction as would Niagara Falls for us if we were anywhere near the falls. To run over a few figures, a train can complete a round trip in an hour. For the first six weeks of the season, with only one trip a day, there would probably be an average of two hundred passengers a trip, or 7,200 for six weeks, which at fifty cents a ticket would amount to $3,600. The following six weeks would be, say, five trips a day with an average of one hundred passengers a trip, making eighteen thousand passengers who would pay $9,000. The total would be $12,600, and the cost of operation $2,500, leaving a net of $10,100. I expect a net return of ten per cent.

"What is good for individuals is good for a town. A gentleman has said that this project is only in the interest of Katama, but the same gentleman only a short time before told me that the construction of the railroad across the township would be similar in its results to the casting of a stone into a pond, the primary waves therefrom extending their influence to other waves, until the movement reaches from center to shore."

Ichabod N. Luce said, "It must have been my brother Ben who said that."

"No, sir. You're the man," retorted Mr. Osborn. "Every acre of this township will feel the revivifying effect of this enterprise. But today the gentleman is pulling back in the traces like certain animals going over the mountains. In truth, we might as well argue that the sun's beams warm the earth and encourage vegetation as to spend our time in attempting to show what the effect of railroads is on a community or a country . . . Men shouldn't come in here

feeling as though every one of them has got to pay the whole town debt himself. If it all had to be paid up at once, it would be divided into comfortable little parcels that every man could take care of as easily as his supper."

Mr. Luce said it was a pity the gentleman had not argued a little more and been less funny.

"The point I wish to make," continued the old abolitionist, "and the point which should be kept in view, is this: the road may be a good thing, but, if so, let those build it who believe in it. They have no right to force me or my neighbor, Silas Daggett, to contribute to it. Once more, are the voters willing to involve the town further in debt? Are they willing to present these things to the non-residents? I venture to declare that no town has ever invested in a railroad which was entirely within its own limits."

Constant Norton of Farm Neck—almost as alien as Eastville—was of the same opinion as Mr. Luce.

"A short time ago," he observed, "the cry of retrenchment was heard in the land, and the people were clamorous for reform. Accordingly, they came together in town meeting and cut down a few salaries, and before the week was passed a warrant appeared in the Gazette calling upon the town to convene and vote to subscribe to the stock of a railroad company! It reminds me of a man who had been in the habit of taking a drink at every saloon on his way to work, but he resolved to reform. After that he passed two taverns but stopped at the third and took three drinks as a treat to his resolution.

"The same kind of talk we have heard this afternoon came up when we were voting on the Beach Road, but the predictions were never verified. I doubt whether the fact of a part of our town being a watering place has proved of any advantage to us, because the expenses keep pace with the revenue, and I doubt whether we shall be any better off with another watering place which this railroad is intended to build up."

Said Captain Jernegan: "A good deal has been said about 'voting away people's money,' 'forcing others to pay taxes for what will not benefit them' and the like. I would like to know how we raise any of our money. Isn't every motion in town meeting to appropriate money opposed by somebody? Don't we have to pay money

for schools with no children to reap the benefit therefrom? And I have heard a good deal about Silas Daggett. Who is Silas Daggett?"

"One of our nice men," said S. H. Norton.

"A man whose money is all in government bonds and savings banks," ejaculated the captain. "Nice man!"

Ben Luce was up again to say, "One feature of this thing sticks out very prominently and makes it look like a dead suck. If the investment was as good as they say it is, every dollar would have been taken before the town could get together. The fact is the Katama Company is desperate and has staked everything on this single throw."

"Not much!" exclaimed Captain Jernegan.

Ben Luce concluded by saying he was friendly to the road himself, for it would pass within thirty feet of where he kenneled.

The debate went on, and presently the Old Editor stood up, delivering himself of words like a flail, but not without dignity and a certain patriarchal grace.

"We want a railroad and we are going to have it," he began. "As for manufactures, they will come with some of the men this road will cause to come here. Build this road and manufactures will come along, Katama will grow, everything else will grow, and we shall become a very Vineyard indeed. Refuse to encourage and lend our aid to this enterprise, and this town will disappear into the darkness of oblivion. All spirit of improvement will depart from our borders, men of brains will go where they can use them, and for aught I can see to the contrary, the town will become a waste, a howling wilderness; rats and mud turtles will crawl over our streets, and owls and bats sit in our high places."

The vote was taken by ballot. The tellers called out the names and checked the voters as they dropped their slips of paper with one of two words, "Yes" or "No," upon them into the box. Then the count, deliberate and slow. At last the moderator announced the result: the vote stood yeas, 149; nays, 72. Yet the resolution was carried by a slender margin indeed, for a two-thirds vote was required. Thus the town entered the railroad enterprise with one and two-thirds votes to spare.

Ichabod N. Luce had the last word, for he contributed a letter to the Vineyard Gazette which went, in part:

"It is not pretended that many if any more people will come to the Vineyard because we have a narrow gauge road some seven miles long with a dummy engine running from the Bluffs to Katama. Talk as we will about 'the snort of the iron horse' and the 'vivifying influence of the sun's rays on vegetation,' 'Niagara Falls,' 'the surf on the South Beach coming sheer in from the Great Atlantic,' or 'an ugly jackass in the harness that backs when it should go ahead,' etc. etc. etc.

"Now, in solemn truth this is all fudge, and has no more connection with the merits of the matter than has Andrew Jackson with stick your head in the fire. The fact is that no more people will come to the Island with than without a road. Then the only thing to be attained or affected is to make a different distribution of those that do come. In order to effect this only probable result, the town is to sink for all practical purposes the costly beach road; costly to the town in more senses than one. First it cost a large sum of money, but more and worse than that was the demoralization that came to the men, learning that there was no connection between their pay and the amount of labor done, and that they could vote themselves and their old horses into a good job, to be paid for out of the town treasury. Then the fifteen thousand dollars to be paid for the stock, not one dollar of which will ever be returned to the pockets from which it was drawn by the stern and inexorable demand of the tax collector, and this is equally true whether the road makes or loses money.

"Now is not this too much for the town to pay for the good to be derived: namely, the more equal distribution of its summer visitors? I think that if laboring men voted for the road with the idea that the making of the road would furnish them with work, they will find themselves much mistaken; the fact is the work will be done with imported Irishmen, and enough of them will remain after the road is completed, to compete with them, so as to seriously affect their wages.

"This much is sure; but when you take into the account the number of men and horses employed in carrying passengers to the South Beach and that vicinity, with the carting of merchandise, all to be done by the iron horse fed with fire, it is to the laboring man a very serious matter."

Before the adjournment of that epochal town meeting, the voters resolved that it was the sense of the meeting that the new railroad should be built on the west side of Sengekontacket Pond, instead of

along the beach, and that it should run to the west side of the camp ground. This matter of the route was to prove a vital issue. There was a substantial public opinion that if the railroad ran near the Beach Road, the engine would frighten every Island horse and render the road useless. But it was argued by some of the promoters that the shore route was three-quarters of a mile shorter than the inland route; there was no more than a twenty-six foot grade to be overcome anywhere on the shore line; and the only bridge or trestle work of consequence required would be across the Sengekontacket inlet. Moreover, there would be no land damages and no fencing. The only grade crossing would be in Edgartown proper, two weeks less time would be needed in construction, and the scenic qualities of the beach route were a surpassing asset to the future road.

By the west side of the pond there would be a fifty foot grade, at least; extra land damages; much fencing; a bridge of perhaps seven hundred feet across Kidder's Cove, which might add as much as twelve thousand dollars to the construction cost; and the extra distance of three quarters of a mile would amount in sum to nine miles a day for six trains run. The extra power used to operate over this needless distance and to overcome the difference in grade would prove a considerable item. Besides, two grade crossings would be involved. The experienced railroad men who inspected the alternative routes were much in favor of the beach.

In order to satisfy the public, it was necessary to offer convincing reassurance as to the frightening of horses, and this was accomplished in an unusual way. Railroad men reported that a type of engine known as a dummy was in use on the elevated railroads in New York City; the merit of the dummy was that it was built in an ordinary car and presented none of the terrifying aspects of the usual locomotive. A dummy speeding along the track, the Edgartown taxpayers were told, would be no more alarming to horses than an ordinary horse car, or van—not much more, at any rate. Satisfied with the promise of a non-frightening dummy, the citizens met and rescinded their previous resolution in favor of the inland route.

Curiously, the one argument which time was to uphold in inexorable fashion did not figure largely in the discussions. The shore route would have to run between the Beach Road and the water, a

strip of little width, and the tracks would not only be laid upon sand, but they would be within reach of the waves, particularly during the long northeast storms of winter. Sea captains who knew both the sea and their Bibles should have been stout in their resistance. Who seeks in the sands of the seashore for the footprints of last summer, or even of yesterday? Who expects twice to set his foot upon the same grains of shining sand where the waves ripple at the edge of an open sound? Captain Grafton Collins pleaded and argued for the inland route, but he was overruled.

"To build the road on the west side of the pond would ever be a source of regret," wrote a correspondent to the Vineyard Gazette, "more especially now that it has come to light that the terrible locomotive so much dreaded by the lovers of horseflesh can be dispensed with, and a trip in the cars in hot weather over the beach route cannot be surpassed for beauty of scenery, both seascape and landscape, and such a sea breeze!"

This matter settled, the promoters began, with May already at hand, to undertake the incredible task of constructing the railroad so that it could operate during the summer season of 1874. The spirit of accomplishment was at the helm, and nothing was impossible. Yet one difficulty after another presented itself.

It was found that, although a railroad could issue bonds equal to the amount of stock, the state railroad law required that there be paid up capital stock of $8,000 a mile for a narrow gauge road, or $15,000 for a standard gauge. Representations were made to the railway committee of the state senate that the outlay per mile on the Island would be less than that contemplated by the law-makers, and authority was asked to organize with a capital stock of $5,000 a mile, and bonds of an equal amount.

The Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter was then a member of the senate —he was chairman of the railway committee during some of the years when the Hoosac Tunnel was under construction—and his influence was efficacious. The senate granted the desired authority in fifteen minutes. But in the house of representatives there was opposition. Such an exception in the case of the Vineyard, it was argued, would open the door for every railroad to be considered exceptional in some respect.

"The crotchety member from Boston—Charles Hale—and the irresponsible and obstinate Jack Adams of Quincy denounced the act as an invasion upon the sacred rights of the general railroad law" and it was killed. There followed a period of intense lobbying, Senator Carpenter did his utmost, and when the house again convened seventeen speeches were delivered, the necessary four-fifths vote was mustered for a suspension of the rules, and the bill was sent on its way to safe passage.

The contract for the building of the road was awarded to Dacey Brothers of Neponset, and this firm was placed under bonds to have the track completed and ready for the rolling stock by July 20. Yet May was already gone! A complete railroad out of nothing in not much more than a month and a half—could it be done? In the final days of May forty men reported for work, and fifty more were expected. The rate of pay was $1.75 a day, but the laborers were dissatisfied and struck for $2.00.

Formal organization of the railroad company was completed by the stockholders in mid-June. The Hon. E. P. Carpenter was the inevitable choice for president. He had been the first president of the Mansfield & Framingham Railroad and the Framingham and Lowell Railroad. Joseph Thaxter Pease became treasurer, and Joel H. Hills clerk. Henry Ripley, contractor of the Island and of New Bedford, was made superintendent of the road. The directors were Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Hills, Captain Collins, Captain Jernegan, Captain Shubael Lyman Norton, Laban Pratt, Henry Stumcke, William P. Chadwick, and Joseph K. Baker.

Of the three leading enterprises on the Island, Captain Collins was conspicuous in Oak Bluffs, Katama and the railroad; Captain Jernegan in Katama and the railroad; and Captain Norton in Oak Bluffs and the railroad.

While construction went ahead, a committee was sent to the mainland to select rolling stock; and for the sum of $9,000 the purchase was completed of a dummy engine, a passenger car, an excursion car and a box car. The passenger car was to have seats upholstered in red plush, capable of carrying forty-seven passengers, seated four abreast; there was to be a saloon stove (and an extra seat for its place when not in use), ice water urn, lamps at each end,

and large coach windows. The excursion car was the same size—thirty-five feet long by eight wide—but it was to have seats running lengthwise of the car, made in curvature form of black walnut and ash slats alternated, accommodating fifty-six persons. The box car, designed for freight, was to be capable of doing service as a smoker, with portable seats for twenty-two. In the car with the dummy engine there was to be room for twenty-four persons.

The dummy, the committee thought, would present "a jaunty and symmetrical appearance." In common with the other cars, it was to have a monitor top. The builder, Jerome Wheelock of Worcester, was prepared to guarantee a speed of twenty-five miles an hour with a train of 150 persons, and the coal consumption was estimated at five hundred pounds every eighty miles.

As the building of the railroad progressed, it was not without curious mischances. Two contractors worked on the bridge across the Sengekontacket opening, Edward R. Dunham of Edgartown starting from one side, and a mainland bridge builder from the other. When the two forces met in the middle there was a difference of two inches in their respective elevations.

"You're wrong!" declared Mr. Dunham, and the mainland contractor went over his figures and admitted the error.

The two inches had to be compromised by judicious jockeying on both sides.

July came, and the road was far from completion. Mr. Stumcke chartered the small steamer Starry Banner to ply between Katama and other landings, and the festivities of the season began at Mattakeeset Lodge. There were clambakes and dances, and every day saw from one to two hundred visitors, with Sunday crowds of a thousand or more.

At last, on August 3, the railroad was ready for the rolling stock. If the impossible had not been done, it had failed of accomplishment by a small margin: less than two weeks after the date first set for completion the road was ready.

"In the history of railroad building in the New England states," wrote Edgar Marchant, "nothing has ever equalled the building of the Martha's Vineyard Railroad. Sixty-six days ago the trees from

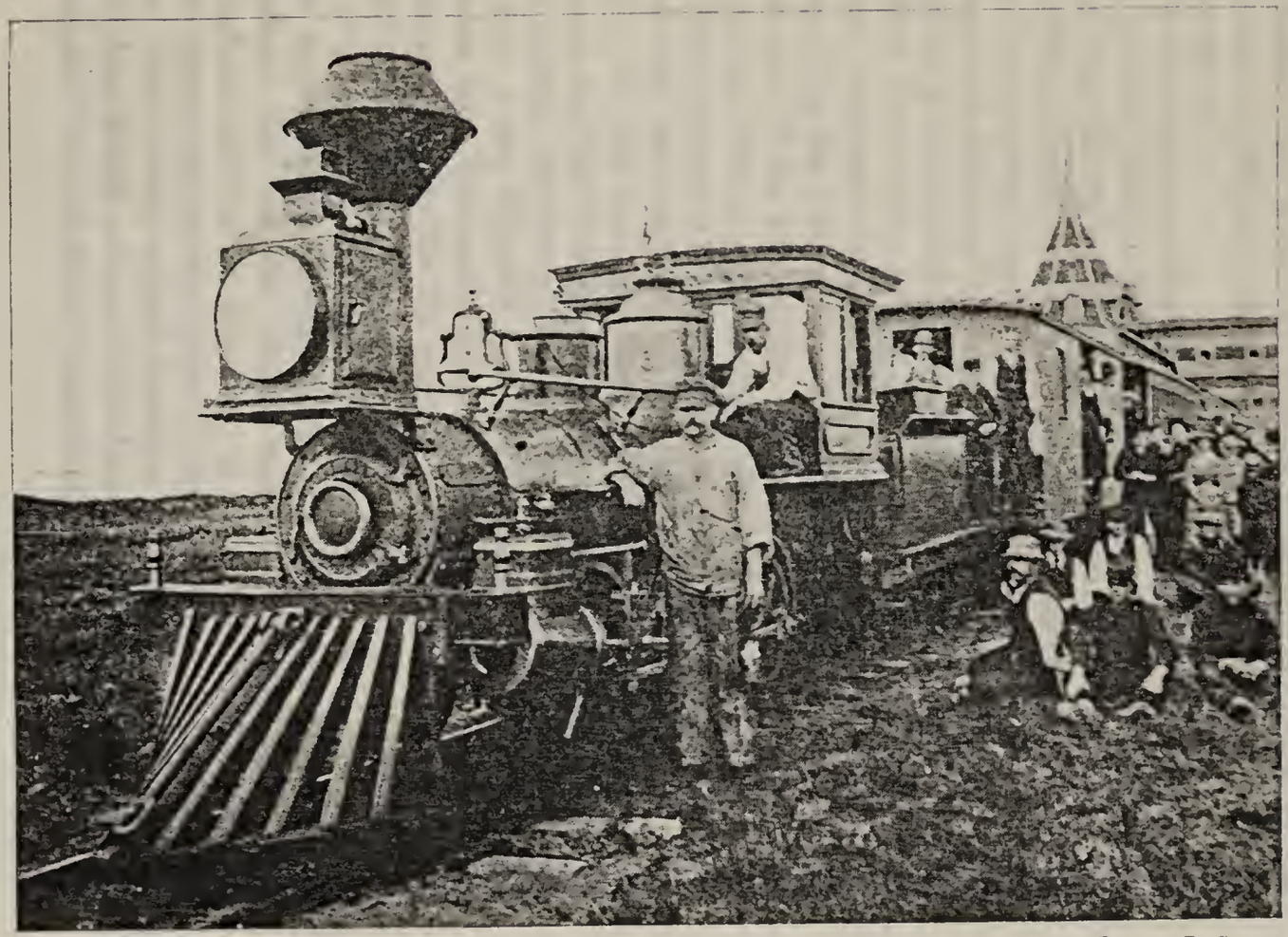
which the ties were made were growing in Maine, and the iron for the rails was in the mines in Pennsylvania."

The trial trip of the new dummy was set for August 5, and the magnates of the road gathered for the run which was to make history. The inhabitants of the Island gathered, too, and great was the excitement as Edgartown waited to behold at last the iron horse and hear the long promised snort. As it turned out, the old town was not to see the iron horse that day: the dummy progressed fairly well along the track until it reached the first curve, and the discovery was then made that the engine would not take the corner. The peculiar feature of the dummy was that it consisted of an upright engine in one end of an ordinary car, the motive power being translated to the wheels by a direct sprocket drive. The nature of this drive prevented the truck under the engine from having any swing to it, and the dummy could not, by any application of human ingenuity, be made to turn more than a slight curve.

In one respect, however, the dummy exceeded all expectations: it frightened horses in an extravagant fashion. During the course of that abortive trial trip, more than one horse attempted to climb a beach plum bush or a tree, or bolted for dear life.

The dummy was discarded forthwith, legal action was instituted against the builder, and another engine was ordered. On the afternoon of August 17, 1874, the new locomotive arrived at Woods Hole on a flat car, having been rushed from Pittsburgh. She was the Active, every inch an engine, imposing funnel, cab, cowcatcher and all; but a few minutes before the arrival of the Martha's Vineyard, in which she was to be shipped, a couple of loaded freight cars belonging to a train which was making up, were switched to the side track at the end of which stood the Active. On came the cars, the brakes refusing duty; they struck the flat car, forcing it ahead until it struck the caplog of the wharf. There the flat car stopped, but the Active pitched forward and plunged to the bottom of the harbor. The engineer, who had come with the engine from Pittsburgh, had stepped out of his cab just in time.

Work of raising the Active was begun as soon as possible, and on August 19 was completed. A diver who assisted was Capt. Joseph Raphael DeLamar, who will appear again. The engine did not



Photograph courtesy of Mrs. Laura J. Spear

The old Active at Mattakeeset Lodge. She was a narrow gauge engine, but she had plenty of smokestack, headlight and cowcatcher.

seem to be much damaged, save for a shattered cowcatcher, but when she was over-hauled in the shops of the Old Colony Railroad at Boston it was found that there was seaweed in her cylinders. The baptism of salt might have been considered fitting for an Island locomotive.

It was August 22 when the steamer Island Home bore down upon the Katama wharf with the Active on board. To the music of a brass band the engine was run off upon the land; there were some breathless minutes, and then the cheers of a large throng arose, and Mr. Stumcke set off cannon crackers. With steam up and flags making her gay, the Active puffed and started into action. People stared, small boys ran in vain pursuit, cows galloped around their pastures, horses bolted. There was a stop at the Edgartown station, and then the proud train sped along the beautiful shore route and drew up in front of the Sea View at Oak Bluffs. Mr. Stumcke was on the tender box most of the way, letting off firecrackers. The broad verandas of the Sea View were swarming with spectators.

Alas that the end of August had arrived! The season was virtually at an end; such had been the conspiracy of circumstances.

For the first seven days after operation began, the receipts were $374 a day. Suit was brought against Jerome Wheelock, builder of the dummy, for damages for twenty-one days of delayed operation at $300 a day. Wheelock entered a counter-suit which was decided against him. Eventually, in the fall of 1876, he settled with the railroad company for the sum of $2,000 and the episode of the dummy was ended.

So great was the excitement surrounding the noble appearance of the Active and the triumphant opening of the Martha's Vineyard Railroad that this affair almost made an anticlimax of an event which occurred just six days later; an event which was, in its place, also historic and unique. General Ulysses S. Grant, the president of the United States, stepped from the steamer River Queen at the Highland Wharf and was whisked away in glory in a magnificently decorated horse car drawn by six horses to the camp ground.

XVI

General Grant at the Cottage City

The presidential party arrived on Lincoln's old steamer about four in the afternoon; the guests included General Grant, Mrs. Grant, Vice President Wilson, Secretary Robeson, Postmaster General Jewel and Governor Talbot of Massachusetts and his staff. They went at once to the cottage of Bishop Haven on Clinton Avenue, there to recruit a little before appearing to the people. But they had already appeared to the people. The people were everywhere, straining, peering, yelling their excited cheers. Such was the press in the narrow avenues that it was hard to get the president through.

After tarrying only a short time at the cottage, the distinguished guests moved on to the canvas tabernacle in the great circle, now filled to the outermost cottages with eager throngs. The president of the United States was presented from the preachers' stand, he bowed acknowledgment of the cheering, and the other guests came forward in turn. After that America was sung, and Grant made his way back to Clinton Avenue, clasping the hands of hundreds who pressed in upon the party. Again he appeared on the cottage balcony, surrounded by flags and bunting, then disappeared and was seen no more until 6 o'clock when he dined at the Central House.

In the evening President and Mrs. Grant entered a carriage drawn by a pair of noble black horses and were driven out through the picket fence to the region of Oak Bluffs. The Foxboro brass band marched ahead, and other carriages followed in line. A halt was made while the president entered the cottage of Dr. Harrison A. Tucker on Ocean Avenue, and there from a balcony Grant had an excellent view of the grand exhibition of fireworks and the illumination.

All Oak Bluffs was bright with flags, the open parlors of cottages revealed banners and bouquets of flowers. Everywhere, almost, were Japanese lanterns. As the darkness increased, colored lights, singly and in groups, swam through every vista. There was a brisk east wind which somewhat restricted the outdoor illumination in the most exposed part of the grounds, but colored lights in windows took the place of lanterns outside. Dr. Tucker's cottage seemed to

be in a "mimic state of conflagration all evening. The whole interior would suddenly become irradiated, at one time gorgeously beautiful, at another time lurid and infernal." All evening an unbroken series of rockets and roman candles shot into the sky in the most ambitious and gorgeous exhibition of fireworks the young resort had ever seen. A wreath with the word "Peace" in the center was illuminated in Ocean Park in tribute to the president, and was considered extremely beautiful.

At length the president returned to Bishop Haven's cottage for the night. There, at eleven o'clock, he was favored with a serenade by a mixed quartet. He appeared on the balcony and spoke as follows:

"I thank you for your cheerful greeting. No doubt you are tired and sleepy, as I am, so I will not detain you. Good night."

After a visit to Nantucket and the Cape, the president returned to the camp ground to remain over Sunday and to attend the services of the great day of the season. A mighty Love Feast was held in the tabernacle, at which Postmaster General Jewel spoke for the distinguished guests. He wished that the sentiments and enthusiasm of the assemblage might penetrate the forty millions of people in the United States, and that its influence might extend throughout the whole world. In his view, it was the surest path to good citizenship, to true Christianity, and to the higher life in heaven.

"For this let our prayers ascend to heaven and let God be praised."

Whereupon a chorus of amens and hallelujahs rose from the congregation, and a mighty sum of voices, roused by emotion, joined in singing "From all that dwell below the skies."

Grant did not speak. As he sat on the platform he held on his knee a small boy, the son of Rev. James D. Butler, chaplain of the Seaman's Bethel at New Bedford (successor to Rev. Enoch Mudge, the Father Mapple of Moby Dick) and chaplain also of the Bethel tent at the camp meeting. This small boy was William Morgan Butler, and he was to become a United States Senator and close associate and friend of a future president of the United States, Calvin Coolidge.

Years later a former pastor of Grant said he felt certain that it was at the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting that Grant found peace with God. On that Big Sunday Bishop Haven preached on

the text "Multitudes, Multitudes, in the Valley of Decision," and the president was profoundly moved. He spoke of taking the communion which followed, and but for the hesitance of one of his party would have done so. This is preserved in the rich family tradition of the Uphams, within which is bracketed the whole hundred years of the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting. For Rev. Frederick Upham was Methodist pastor at Edgartown in 1823, and his influence upon Jeremiah Pease, the founder, was indubitably great. In the twentieth century, Rev. Francis Bourne Upham was to be president of the camp meeting association; and between these two lay countless instances of leadership by the generations of clergymen who bore that name. In 1870 Rev. Frederick Upham had preached his semi-centennial sermon at the grove.

There was one other event of that presidential visit, a reception at the Sea View, with Holder M. Brownell as host. Grace and refinement, an almost endless review of beauty and fashion, and collations and decorations of the finest the region had ever known distinguished the occasion.

From the Vineyard Grant went to New Bedford, not on Lincoln's River Queen but on his own Monohansett, most famous of all Martha's Vineyard steamboats, which had been in service as his dispatch boat during the war. The president spent much time in the pilot house where, during the days of the struggle, he had often pored over maps and charts at a small mahogany table.

It would be satisfying to record that Grant's visit to Wesleyan Grove and Oak Bluffs was the climax of an era, the supreme fulfillment of a resort development worthy of being linked with his name. There was a peculiar appropriateness in his entrance upon the scene at the cottage city where the style of architecture, the manner of living, the diversions, the whole spirit reflected a quality which his name, more than any other, evokes for the present generation. Grant could nowhere have been so completely absorbed into an environment which was his own day, his own moment, emphasized and decorated.

Yet despite this unique appropriateness, Grant's visit was not a landmark in point of time or relationship to the swing of the cycle of life. It was not a climax. The post-war days were over, and the

nation was in a slough of business failure, deflation and disillusionment. But it was not an anti-climax, for there were many decades of brimming pleasure, more years and greater years, still in store for the city of cottages.

XVII

Debts are Coming Due

In February, the very month in which the stockholders of the Martha's Vineyard Railroad were associating, Tarleton Luce of Bellevue Heights had gone into bankruptcy, his $60,000 gains swept away. Thus there was an overlapping of phenomena: as the Islanders began to build their anti-climactic railroad, the fruits of the financial deluge brought about largely by the building of too many railroads in too free a fashion throughout the country at large—these fruits caught up with them, passed them and waited at the next turn of the way, and at the next, and the next.

Already neatly painted stakes seemed neglected and vain in the fields, and grass was beginning to grow over the cracked edges of concrete roads that led nowhere in particular. Years later C. G. Hine was to write of Cedar Neck: "Father had no intention of turning the Neck into a lonesomeville, for he had it duly surveyed by Mr. Horatio N. Pease of Edgartown, and laid out in lots, that all the world might share in his good fortune. But no one wanted any of the lots as it turned out, and now we rejoice exceedingly that such was the case, for today we are monarchs of all we survey, provided, of course, there is a good thick fog on, or we do not look over the edge of the bank. The stakes which outlined the avenues and lesser paths have utterly disappeared, and no one knows where they stood or whither they have gone, nor cares; and we reign supreme over the cedars and the pines with none to dispute our sovereignty."

It was well enough to take pleasure in the countryside delivered from the regimentation of painted stakes and plans filed at the registry of deeds; but the owner of Cedar Neck had spent two thousand dollars on his footbridge to the Vineyard Haven road.

The stakes and the plans and the concrete had cost money, and developers found themselves confronted with bills to be paid, and no prospect of money coming in from purchasers. Visitors continued to come in great numbers, summer life at the Island resorts—at least the ones with habitations already constructed—went on apace; but the market for lots in the old style did not extend beyond the season of 1873.

Martha's Vineyard had reached that stage of its progress at which the "season" stood out as signally important; the season might be good, or it might be poor. It was the subject of forecasts long in advance, and post-mortems long after its passing. Business which previously had known only one direction—and that upward—now might turn in either of two ways; the balance had come back into life. As the farmer thinks of a crop, and the manufacturer of output and sales, so the resident of a summer resort thinks of the season, until the word becomes a symbol, an index not alone of commerce and finance, but of the emotional and sentimental side of human affairs.

In November of 1874, the rolling stock of the Martha's Vineyard Railroad was in the hands of the sheriff, on attachments obtained by creditors. Up to September 30 the cost had been, by official statements, $85,000. But the actual period of operation had been slight, there were unexpected bills coming in, and the season of northeasterly gales had arrived. The rapid construction of the road had been a remarkable achievement, but now it appeared that some of the work could have been much more satisfactorily done if more time and attention had been expended. When the gales blew and the water became white and drab, swelling and mounting, until the tides poured into the Island harbors like rivers and washed over beaches and into high places, the defects of the road and the roadbed revealed themselves. The tracks were buried deep, or washed away for long stretches, or heaved this way and that. It soon appeared that one of the features of the shore route was that the road might have to be built again before the summer of every year.

The report to the railroad commissioners in November, 1875, following the first complete year of operation, showed that the total means applied to the construction, equipment and purchase of prop-

erty had been $90,757.09. The amount of capital paid in, true to the agreements, was $40,000; the funded debt, represented by bonds held by the Old Colony, was $36,000. In brief, resources of $76,000 had been provided to meet a cost which had mounted to almost $91,000.

The total of debt liabilities was $48,176.33; and the total property and assets were put at $91,388.27. The receipts from the passenger traffic of the road were reported to be $13,170.54, a figure not far from that estimated in advance by Samuel Osborn on the floor of the Edgartown town meeting. Expenses charged to the passenger department were $8,167.92, leaving net passenger earnings of $5,002.62. Passenger trains had run 12,554 miles, and 28,911 passengers had been carried.

Difficulties were adjusted, and the season of 1875 was embraced with hope, but with the results disclosed in the foregoing report. Then, on April 4, 1876, a town meeting was held at Edgartown which furnished a striking and at times a dismal parallel with the first railroad town meeting of 1874. The question now was whether the town should sell its interest. When the article of the warrant was reached, Ichabod N. Luce rose to his feet and moved, in brief language, that a committee be named to dispose of the stock.

To this Mr. C. F. Dunham offered an amendment providing that the sale should be conditional on realizing the par value. Mr. Luce rejoined that it was better for the town to sell out at any price. Captain Grafton Collins asserted that it would be better to give the stock away than to keep it—there spoke bitterness and disillusion! Captain Collins added that there had been no dividends and wouldn't be for fifty years.

Samuel Osborn, however, was not so easily dissuaded from a purpose. He had the reputation of a hard man, but a man with strength and shrewdness.

"I still stand by my position of two years ago," he said, "clean fisted and with no axe to grind. I advocated the building of the road because at a time of year when we most required intercourse with the outside world, our communication was practically cut off. I urged a larger cash subscription before the work started, but my advice was scouted, and the road was mismanaged from the begin-

ning. Proposals were entertained from parties abroad without proper discrimination, and everyone knows what happened.

"The idea of some to give the stock away is absurd, and I hope the town will not sacrifice its birthright for a mess of pottage, so to speak. The railroad is in its infancy. Not half or a quarter of the railroads in the country pay the first year or two. The enterprise should be given a fair trial. Does a ship owner call home his ship because his first season's work does not pay? Or even if the whole voyage is unprofitable, does he hasten to sell his ship for what it will fetch? Not at all. He fits again.

"The road did almost as well last year as was ever claimed for it, $12,000 having been estimated as a season's work, and the receipts last year amounting to $10,000. The road cost too much to build and I am sorry for it, but that cannot be helped. It might have paid a dividend, which would have avoided a lot of trouble, but it was thought wiser to pay the debts as far as possible. The big dinners have gone by, the dummy has gone home, and Capt. S. L. Norton has been doing the work of what was a thousand dollar office for nothing.

"If the town sells its stock, Edgartown shareholders will be at the mercy of the majority abroad, but now the town holds the key to the situation. As for the gentlemen who are so anxious for the town to sell, their sincerity would be more readily established in men's minds if they showed a corresponding anxiety to sell their own."

Mr. Luce declared the whole trouble was that there were two parties who wanted to control the road, and whichever way the vote went one or the other would be the gainer. In view of this fact and keeping in mind the rule that the time to sell was when somebody wanted to buy, he said the time for the town to sell was NOW. The road had not paid as it had been claimed that it would, and his own prophecies of two years before had crystallized into facts. The mingling of corporate with municipal interests was false in theory and disastrous in practice, as proved in this instance. The seductive influence of promised employ and dead-headism was already corrupting the public mind and injuriously affecting political action. Meanwhile the real estate was paying the taxes and the farm

of Darius Norton and other farms were taxed to maintain a convenience for the many who did not pay taxes.

Captain Jernegan opposed selling. He admitted the management had been bad, but said that only two directors wanted to sell, and that only to play into somebody's hands.

Captain Shubael Lyman Norton congratulated the town, somewhat sardonically, upon possessing a prophet in the person of his friend, Ichabod N. Luce, a man whose far-seeing eye could reach into and explore the future. He spoke frankly of the condition of the road, explaining that many repairs had been found necessary because of defects in the original contract. As to the deadheads, he said that his report to the directors showed that, on the average, every person who rode during the season had paid the sum of thirty-three cents for each ride. The directors were satisfied with that showing, and he thought everybody else should be. Most of the agitation for the town to sell, he said, was brought about by a few who must rule or ruin, who were ready to crush everything and everybody who seemed to be doing anything by which they did not profit.

Then rose the Old Editor and spoke for selling.

"I verily believe," he said, "that a time will come when a large portion of the concern will be swept away by the elements in one of these storms which from time to time rake our coast. And even such a consummation will be preferable to the existence of such ill feeling as has been manifested here today. We never can transact any business properly, no two will work together, and the public arm is palsied."

The voting was by a division of the house, and the motion to sell was lost. The next year the railroad was extended from Katama to the South Beach, and a new passenger car was purchased. As to these improvements, opinion was divided: the aim was to build up traffic by taking passengers within a stone's throw of the surf, but the critics said the extension was a blow at Katama, and that the expenditure was unwise and unauthorized. In October, 1876, the road was attached by Laban Pratt to secure a debt of $10,000 with interest, which made the total amount $15,000. In the same month a northeast storm swept the beach and washed out track to the value of $1,000.

Edgar Marchant wrote that the people of Edgartown felt "that an instrument sharper than a two-edged sword has cut them to the quick; that their honor has been tarnished; their good name defamed. They now desire to wash their hands of the entire affair."

In January, 1877, they did so. At the annual town meeting, with the Old Editor as moderator, the citizens voted to sell at auction the town's interest in the railroad. There was not a word of debate. A few weeks later the sale was consummated, Antone L. Sylvia of New Bedford purchasing the stock for the sum of $315. A gallant dream had been swept to a more distant sea than that into which the northeast gale washed the iron rails and wooden ties.

It may be assumed that this was a vindication of the statesmanship and foresight of that admirable Free Soiler, Ichabod N. Luce. To a certain extent this is true, but the matter is not so simple as all that. The speculative phase of the Martha's Vineyard Railroad was over, and the town of Edgartown had flung away fifteen thousand dollars and not a little of its pride. But the stockholders and the creditors now came together, as the road trembled on the quicksand of bankruptcy; creditors agreed to take two-thirds of their claims in cash and the balance in stock at par; stockholders gave up their stock for the purpose, and the road was cleared of floating debt. Time proved that the South Beach extension actually did improve the earning capacity, and in the summer of 1877, the railroad began to pay.

Then it ran for years, bringing to Edgartown its summer thousands, and lifting the old town to a new pitch of activity. There had been visitors and summer boarders before; but now there was a tremendous increase in numbers. The railroad made Edgartown a summer resort in a new sense, and for this service the town was not doing badly to have paid only fifteen thousand dollars. Over a long period of years the money returned again, puffing down the narrow gauge line on the beach behind the noble Active. True, the storms continued to cause inroads, but the reconstruction work of the first two years had erased many mistakes; and the Martha's Vineyard Railroad—with a broad retrospect of its failings and its accomplishments for the town of Edgartown—does not stand in history as a failure.

XVIII

The Cottage City of America

"It was no Newport," Hosea M. Knowlton, a distinguished attorney general of the state had occasion to submit to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, "but the delight of the middle classes."

It was their delight notwithstanding the collapse of the land boom, and the appearance in the newspapers of columns of tax sales: Owner Unknown, 14 lots land at Grovedale, tax for 1877, 96c; 1 lot at Bellevue Heights, tax 1873, $1.14, 1874, 66c, 1875, 76c; So-and-So, Non Resident, 1 lot at Bellevue Heights No. 512, tax 1873, $1.14, 1874, 66c, 1877, 72c; Owner Unknown, ¾ of lot No. 1509 on Vineyard Highlands, 1876, $1.08, 1877, 64c; So-and-So, Non Resident, 1 lot at Sea View Hill, No. 31, 1876, 72c, 1877, 64c. So the notices ran, the roll of the speculators, chart of the fever now cooled.

After the summer of 1873 there was no brisk market for lots, the Oak Bluffs Company and the Vineyard Grove Company were in debt and income was relatively small, improvements were no longer made in the old prodigal style: thus the resort saw the passing of the boom. But despite this, despite the casualties of speculation, the golden age went on.

There is no word in English to signify a little era, an epoch which has many epic qualities but is, when all is said and done, a sideshow. The golden age at Oak Bluffs, Wesleyan Grove and the Highlands was a little era, dwarfed by geography, time and circumstance, but retaining, none the less, the adventurous quality and the grand inflection of a fresh surge in human affairs. Although the stage was small, the actors were projections of a national spirit. Brittle and diminutive as the scene and the period may seem in retrospect, they came close to the inner art of life. "Parva sed apta"—the cottages were, for the most part, small and fit, and magnificent. That was the mood of the time. If the sophisticate of a modern age of chromium, cellophane, and streamlining thinks too vainly of his advance from the gingerbread day which this resort embodied in full flower, he may be led into error; and the Cottage City of America, when all

likenesses and differences are sifted, was more like the greatest show on earth than a flea circus.

Perspective is more likely to be an accident of time than an intellectual faculty, and most chapters of the past require more insight than this accident of itself permits. The gingerbread cottages of the camp ground replaced no older buildings. They were new, an improvisation in a spirit which had no roots in any particular tradition. Their only antecedents were tents, and their fragile scrollings, fancy windows, gables, turrets, stained glass, and balconies are a record of joyful pioneering. The halcyon quality was there, and there it remains for those who see history with history's own eye.

Expense was an important consideration. Most of the cottages were built for occupancy for a fleeting season, and they were built, not by the rich, but by the middle classes whose delight this resort was.

To begin with, an ordinary tent on the camp ground cost about fifty dollars. This consisted of a ridge pole, four upright poles for the corners, and a covering. Such a tent usually measured eight feet by twelve, and was floored. The owner paid ground rent to the camp meeting association of from three to six dollars a year, according to the location. The tenant had the privilege of releasing from year to year, and this privilege was often held at a high premium, sometimes running from fifteen to two hundred dollars. At night curtains were used to separate the tent into different sleeping compartments, and in the day time bedding was tucked out of sight. A small family could live in this manner for an astonishingly small expenditure, particularly if cold provisions—"pies and things" were brought along with the trunks.

The better tents were much more expensive, and by means of fancy decoration some of them were made actually extravagant. With their out-houses they usually occupied an area of twenty by forty-five feet. There were board sides about six feet high, and an outside fly of canvas which stretched out over a front porch. Sometimes the tent was divided into two apartments, or constructed of two separate tents pitched together. One section was used as a parlor and the other as a sleeping place. The owners of the more elaborate tents had various furniture, and in some instances complete

Photograph courtesy of Dukes County Historical Society

Gateway of the Vineyard: the Sea View hotel and Oak Bluffs wharf. Note the railroad train on the wharf. The rink is in the background, and in the distance the Highland House.

parlor and bedroom sets. Such a canvas establishment cost as much as $400. Intermediate arrangements cost between $150 and $200.

The expense of boarding varied, some boarding tents being operated on a "pay and grab" basis, and others with fairly elaborate menus.

The average cost of the cottages erected on the camp ground during the early years of resort growth was about $600. Larger cottages, particularly the more ornate ones with the prized French roofs, cost between $1,200 and $1,500. Senator Sprague of Rhode Island spent $3,500 for his cottage in 1869.

When the Oak Bluffs Company began operations, lots were sold at prices ranging from $100 to $400, and, during the period of demand, there were sales and resales at higher prices. The cottages in Oak Bluffs were, for the most part, larger and more pretentious than those of the camp ground; they cost from $750 to $4,000 in general, with some outstanding structures running into much higher figures.

As for hotel rates, the Sea View offered accommodations on the European plan for $1.00 a day up during July, and $2.00 a day up during August. On the American plan, the rate in August began at $4.00. In later years the prices were somewhat increased. The Highland House, in the eighties, charged from $2.00 to $2.50 a day, or from $12 to $15 a week; the Vineyard Grove House, on the camp ground, $9.00 a week.

Table board was quoted as low as $5.25 a week. Board and room in cottages, owners of which liked to make a little money during vacation, could be had for $1.50 a day.

Cottages could be rented for the season at from $75 to $150, depending on the size and location, and also on the nature of the demand at the time.

At the Mattakeeset Lodge, Katama, the rate was from $10.00 to $17.00 a week.

In the seventies one could buy an excursion ticket from Providence to Oak Bluffs and return for $3.25. The fare from Boston was $3.00. From New York, by way of the Fall River Line, the fare was $5.00. Steamers of the New York Steamship Co. ran direct to the old camp meeting landing at Eastville, and others to the New York wharf,

and fare with berth in a stateroom was $4.00; excursion ticket, including berth, $6.00; and the intermediate class, $3.00 with berth in a stateroom. Meals were sold on these steamers at prices of from fifty to seventy-five cents.

Thousands of visitors were brought by excursion steamers from Providence, Hartford, Bridgeport, Boston and New Bedford. The year after Grant's visit, there were from fifteen to twenty steamers a day leaving the Highland or the Oak Bluffs wharf throughout the month of August. It was nothing unusual to see both wharves crowded, and boats lying off in the channel waiting an opportunity to land.

Although the resort had a national prominence and attracted visitors from all over the country, its summer population was drawn for the most part from the New England states. In 1872 the non-resident taxpayers were to be classified geographically as follows: Maine 3, New Hampshire 3, Vermont 1, Massachusetts 665, Rhode Island 123, Connecticut 47, New York 43, Pennsylvania 1, California 1, England 2, Illinois 2, New Jersey 1, Iowa 2, Florida 1, Kansas 4, Indiana 1, Michigan 1, Louisiana 1, Washington, D. C. 1, Ohio 1.

Most of the multitudes which thronged the streets at the season-end celebrations were transients, excursionists coming for the day or for a weekend; yachtsmen; and guests of the regular summer residents. Hotel accommodations in and around Oak Bluffs and the camp ground embraced something more than a thousand rooms; but the demand was great, and many were the rooms which held several persons when an illumination was due, or the eve of High Sunday had arrived. The cottages, too, held an incredible number of human beings.

"When the yachts are in," wrote one visitor, "the yachtsmen play a little game. They get up a pool with high, low and intermediate numbers. Generally it is forty to sixty for a two-room cottage, with a proportionate increase for those of larger size. Then they count the people as they come out. The high number almost invariably wins. You think this is exaggeration. Well, it isn't."

But of course it was, although the truth was amazing enough. The triple community, Oak Bluffs, camp ground and Highlands,

was packed and crowded with people, and the people were willing to be tucked anywhere just for the sake of being there. From the start the resort had been nothing if not gregarious, and in its heyday it was gregarious with a unanimity, a solidarity which has probably never been equalled in a resort of equal size.

A diary kept by a young woman, Miss Henrietta R. Hawes, when she visited the Cottage City in August, 1872, tells what she saw and felt; and her words are particularly revealing as to the point of view of vacation guests at the Sea View hotel toward the camp meetings.

"Our rooms at the Sea View House," she wrote, "are very pleasant and look out toward the ocean . . . After we had our supper we went to the camp grounds. I never went to a camp meeting before and everything was so different from what I had expected. The little cottages which I had heard so much about were more numerous and far prettier and more homelike than I had supposed.

"The preaching had begun when we reached the camp ground. We heard three of the Methodist brethren speak. They were all very earnest in urging sinners to come to Jesus now. Quite a number went forward who desired prayers, while all united in singing 'Come to Jesus' and 'Come ye sinners, poor and needy.' The ministers would encourage the people to come and call out in the midst of the singing 'that's right, sister, come along,' or 'Come, brother,' 'keep the aisles open.' One called out 'if there is any brother of the colored persuasion let him not be afraid to come, salvation is free to all.' Then there were prayers, one man prayed God to 'prick de hearts of de peoples.' After walking among the tents for a while we came back to the hotel for we were all very tired and ready to go to bed."

On another evening: "The preaching was going on and there was a great crowd there. Gen. Burnside was at the meeting, he and his wife came to the hotel this evening. The services were quite long, they sang a number of hymns of invitation at the close among which was 'There is a fountain filled with blood' which sounded sweetly. A great many came forward and they became quite excited —I liked the prayers, they seemed so earnest and the people begged so hard for what they wanted, but it would have been as well if two or three had not tried to pray at the same time. Some would

swing themselves to and fro while kneeling and groan and moan and shout 'Amen,' 'Come Lord,' 'Bless the Lord,' etc. Then there were a few moments spent in silent prayer.

"The minister asked if some sister would pray—there were two who did. One prayed very well, but the other became rather noisy, so another hymn was given out and they began to sing before she had finished her prayer. When they became too noisy the minister would cry out 'steady, steady faith.' There was something very impressing and touching about it all, yet I could not help feeling that in some cases it might only prove mere excitement and that perhaps the religion would be all gone tomorrow."

Returning to the hotel, the young visitor and her friends "sat on the piazza until we had seen the moon rise out of the water and then went to our rooms, but not to bed, for when four girls are together they don't always get to sleep very soon after going to their rooms. We were wicked and laughed about the camp meeting. We tried not to laugh while there, for we did not want to make fun of them. But when we got home we could not help laughing at some of the funny things which had been said."

To preserve more nearly the full reality of that place and time, one may quote some verses which appeared in the columns of the Seaside Gazette, a summer newspaper of the early seventies, published at Vineyard Grove. The anonymous poet mentioned some of the usual joys "of listening to low, sweet nothings, from lips that you love to kiss," and added, "But I tell you that flirting at Vineyard Grove is a long way ahead of this." His final stanza ran:

"But the pleasantest flirting station
Is out on the bluff at night
When the evening stars are trembling
And the moon sheds her silvery light.
For there, though a crowd may be near you,
You are just the same as alone,
For nobody minds your courting,
But each one tends to his own."

The impression which the city of cottages made upon visitors is preserved in their own words, and these are the best general description, the best bird's eye view.

Thus Charles Dudley Warner in 1872: "The stranger when he first goes there is struck by its foreign and bizarre appearance, and yet it is not like any foreign place he has seen; it is unique. It is a sort of Mayfair of pleasure, a city of the night, which is unreal and insubstantial in its beauty and apparently as likely to pass away from sight any moment as the ships on the water horizon."

A correspondent of Harper's Weekly, a few years earlier, had written: "The camp is in a beautiful grove of scrub oaks, washed on two sides by the sea, with a salt water pond in its rear, into which the sea flows at high tide over a narrow strip of beach. The grounds, including 150 acres, are owned by an association of Methodists, who have been offered a charter by the Massachusetts Legislature. There are over 200 cottages on the ground, one fourth of which have been erected during the present summer.

"In front there is generally a pretty little veranda, and three or four feet of garden may be fenced in before it. Over the front door there is generally a balcony. The high-peaked roofs, the balconies, the door and window frames, are all decorated with scroll work; stained glass, silver doorplates, hanging lanterns and other luxuries are beheld at every turn; the houses are gaily painted, the verandas bloom with rare flowers, the little miniature yards are decked with moss and shell-work, and under the trees, which cast a thick shade over all, are rustic benches and swings for children."

Agassiz, after a visit to the camp ground, was quoted as saying he had never seen anything remotely like it before. The precise text of his remarks was not preserved, but it is unlikely that he intended irony.

Another journalist, J. Jackson Jarves, wrote in the Galaxy under the title, "A New Phase of Druidism," expressing some enthusiasm for the cottages. "The best in style are what may be called American carpenter's renaissance, with dainty, light balconies, piazzas, ornamental windows and Venetian blinds; a pretty style on the whole, and admirably adapted to its transitory uses. Each cottage of the better class has in front or rear space devoted to flowers or decorated with sea shells, wild vines, honeysuckles, classical vases, and even sculptures. Oriental furniture is very common on the balconies, while

everywhere are the latest appliances for comfortable lounging and rocking which Yankee ingenuity has invented.

"Here, even domestic life itself is as open as the daylight. The reserve and exclusion which distinguish English homes do not obtain in this rustic life. Sauntering through the leafy lanes in close proximity to invitingly open doors and windows, one sees families at their meals, tempting larder in plain sight, and the processes of cooking, ironing and other household duties performed by the mothers or daughters themselves, with graceful unconsciousness or indifference to outside eyes. Occasionally, when curtains are not dropped or sliding partitions closed, beds and even their inmates are disclosed. Everywhere ladies and children, in full or easy toilet, reading, writing, gossiping, or amusing themselves at their discretion, unawed by spectators, and as completely at home as inside their own door. A veritable age of innocence, like Eve's before she bit the apple . . ."

"Looking merely on the surface of things," Mr. Jarves remarked, "a more fitting or favorable place for flirtations and falling in love could not be evoked out of sublunary scenery."

Rev. Gilbert Haven, editor of Zion's Herald, and later Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recorded his observations in 1871. "The Vineyard grounds are as Eden-like as ever. There are three divisions of this Eden, though they are getting to be one feeling and one aim. The centre and hive is the old camp ground, still the most populous of all, and to lovers of old things, the most delightful. Its lanes are crooked as Quebec's, its parks as open as London's, though not as large, its plain and handsome cottages lovingly nestled together . . ."

"The style of architecture is peculiar to the locality," reported the Philadelphia Press, in 1877. "These light, airy cottages, which are met on every side as one wanders through the shady avenues, in oak grove, or on the open bluffs—pretty, dainty little bird's nests of dwellings, muffled among the low trees, with tasteful beds of flowers, shell or pebble walks in fancy colors, rustic flower baskets and stands for flowers, rustic seats built on to or between the trees in front, added to the diversity of style in which the cottages are built, and the varied colors used in painting, and the different lights and shades in which they are seen, give to the whole scene a wonderful pictur-

esqueness. And still the view is more curious in the evening when every cottage is lighted, and the wide front doors, which open directly into the principal room, are thrown wide open, and the cottagers are sitting around inside or on the broad piazzas or balconies, and on gala evenings, when the fancy-colored Chinese lanterns are hung around on trees and cottages, the scene is really enchanting, as if Aladdin's lamp had transported one to fairyland."

Among the ornaments of this fairyland was "a unique pagoda, surmounted with a tasty little English cottage of cast iron."

So wrote these visitors to the resort of cottages, recording the sensations and opinions of the time. But there was one who saw things differently and had something to say in a different vein. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, keen-eyed Kentuckian, went to Martha's Vineyard in 1872 for a geological study, and from Oak Bluffs he wrote home to his wife:

> "The day has been hot, and, except the sea ride, quite uncomfortable. Oak Bluffs is a mushroom town without any oaks, except some scrubs, and little in the way of bluffs, except what one gets from the super-christianized people. White pine in the shape of gothic shanties is the only forest growth I have yet found. One is shockingly reminded of the surroundings of a race track rather than a camp meeting. The place is not altogether bad. There are some hundreds of box-like houses of a queer and profane architecture occupied by people of the middle classes or waiting for some one of that class to buy them. These little dabs of dwellings, about as big as boarding house slices of mince pie, are scattered around through the thickset copses of oaks! (save the mark) which are not high enough to hide their ten-foot eaves. There is no visible kitchen to them, nor any outward means of existence unless they live on acorns or are fed by the woodchucks or the emaciated crows, which look old enough to have performed the work for the Syrian hermit some centuries ago.
>
> "The only substantial and satisfactory thing here is the sea that seems the greater for the weak things on its shore. It is as quiet as a baby tonight, but it looks as if it might claim this sand-heap as its plaything again some day and make an end of it. The only place to behold the sea is from an island: the mainland seems too steadfast, a boat is too familiar, besides uncomfortable and makes a bitter end of sentiment; but here you are

hemmed in by immensity, feeling like Jonah when the whale opened for him. A change of air always excites me; my young companion has gone to bed over-powered by emotions of a composite kind: affected almost to tears by the grandeur of the sea and the size of his supper. I hear his melancholy snore through the double coat of whitewash and wallpaper which form the wall of my room. I have no one to talk to and only a smoky coal-oil lamp for light, so I must try to sleep it off; I am obliged to the glacial period for having made my work at this end of the island quite simple. I go tomorrow or Monday to Tisbury . . ."

Shaler, one understands, was not a man of a period; his eyes swept impatiently past the playground of cottages, seeking stars, horizons, and all the footprints and meanings of the ages; his hunger was for windy and earthy things; his sympathy for mankind in a world wider and more real.

XIX

Illumination

This was the way the season went. The cottagers began coming in June, and the recreations of bathing, boating, promenading and playing croquet were soon in swift course. Through July the crowds increased, the hotels began to be crowded; and in August came the swift rise to a climax, the month of excursions, bands, outings, yachts, dances, ending in a grand illumination and . . . exodus. In all the earlier years there was no need for any entertainment in an artificial sense; life could not be more full, and amusement enterprises were not in demand. Pleasure existed on the Vineyard without promotion, and there were few intrusions upon this spontaneity. The running of excursions by steamboat to Gay Head, the hops at the Sea View, the laying out of croquet grounds, the sale of ice cream, the supplying of stereoscopic views, the provision of plank walks, benches, bathhouses and tower, refreshment pavilions, and open parks—these were the principal concrete activities catering to the impulses and desires of the summer people. Nothing more deliberate

or elaborate would have seemed justified by the occasion. Sophistication and synthesis came later.

The bright spots of the season were, more likely than not, unpremeditated,—chance by-products of the summer pleasure of the visitors themselves. In July, 1876, there was a concert at Union Chapel by the pupils of G. C. Wheeler, and as it happened the event was distinguished by the presence of a "celebrated vocalist" who happened to be, as well, the granddaughter of that old preacher, Camp Meeting John Allen. Her name was Lillian Norton, and she was not truly celebrated until some years later when she came back from abroad as one of the world's greatest Wagnerian singers; but then she was known as Madame Nordica.

Mr. Wheeler, who was responsible for this concert, produced an original composition which he called the Railroad Galop, and dedicated to Captain Shubael Lyman Norton. Mr. Wheeler also composed Stars of Heaven Gently Guide Me, which he dedicated to Richard G. Shute, photographer and maker of stereoscopic views. Only a little while before, Miss Etta Godfrey of Edgartown had composed her Oak Bluffs Galop, which was published by Oliver Ditson.

That was characteristic: the resort not only needed no internal promotion, but it promoted itself, spilling over into impromptu occasions and expressions in the arts.

The first illumination took place in 1869, and although it was sponsored by the Oak Bluffs Company—the Foxboro Brass Band being present, through the courtesy of the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter —the observance took hold so naturally that soon no summer was complete without it. The whole resort entered into the festive spirit, and the Japanese lanterns were almost without number.

A good example of an illumination under favorable circumstances was that of August, 1877. For some reason the celebration had been set for the middle instead of the last of the month, and in its glow the faces and hearts of many thousands were transformed not for a day, but for a lingering fortnight. On the evening of August 18, the whole region of Oak Bluffs and the camp ground was surging with humanity—thirty thousand men, women and children milling about in the open spaces and walking along the avenues and plank

walks. Piazzas of hotels and cottages were crowded; benches on the bluffs and in the parks were taken; the wharves seemed black with moving files of visitors. The deluge of humanity had begun on Friday. It continued on Saturday as steamer after steamer arrived, heavy laden.

The Monohansett docked at the Oak Bluffs wharf at three in the afternoon, a lane was cleared, and General Joe Hooker, leaning on the arm of General J. D. Thompson, proceeded from the gangplank in the company of Joseph S. Spinney, whose guest he was to be. The party proceeded up the wharf, boarded a hack, and drove to the cottage of Dr. Harrison A. Tucker on Ocean Park where a stop was made, after which the guests were driven to Mr. Spinney's elegant double cottage on the Highlands.

During the afternoon the steamers City of Boston from New London, Day Star and Crystal Wave from Providence, and Starry Banner from Falmouth arrived with more visitors. The Monohansett returned to New Bedford for another trip, and the Island Home came from Nantucket.

At eight in the evening a great procession of visitors and sightseers formed at the Sea View and was led by the Mansfield Cornet Band through a series of avenues, finally emerging before Dr. Tucker's cottage. The march had occupied about an hour, and the conclusion was the signal for the beginning of a brilliant spectacle. The illumination!

Ocean Park was lighted, not as by day, but with brighter, frenzied radiance. Rockets shot up, mines, tarbillons and Chinese bombs exploded, flared, soared and thundered. Colored tableaux fire filled the summer air with delightful hissing and sizzling, sent out a pungent odor, and reflected the colors of paradise in the eyes and upon the faces of the representatives of a generation.

Everywhere was brightness, crowded, colored brightness, the imagined outburst of holiday emotion taken from a dream. Those who looked on were hardly convinced that this was, after all, a sort of reality; it seemed to be of different substance. And while the fireworks went on, music filled the air from every direction, as closely absorbed into the whole night as the streaks and flares and sparks of colored fire. The Mansfield Cornet Band was in front of the Tucker

cottage; Crooks' Band from New York was in front of the Barnes cottage, just opposite; the American Band from Providence gave a concert on the avenues and a special serenade at the Central House; Hill's Band from New Bedford arrived on the evening trip of the Monohansett and paraded through the avenues, proudly; the Mechanics Band from Putnam, Conn., played wherever it happened to be.

Most of the bands had been brought by excursionists on the different steamers, but there was no proprietorship in the music. It spread out and merged in the general air, the sweet, singing, luminous air.

All the while cottages, hotels and stores were lighted as brightly as they could be by hundreds of Chinese and Japanese lanterns, hung on balconies, in parks between trees, in windows, on porches; bathing the buildings of the resort directly and indirectly in a wash of illumination. In front of many cottages Bengal and Greek fires were kept burning. In red, green and blue light the facades of the cottages were lighted into grotesque unreality, scroll-work, turrets, gables and all. There was no distinction of place or caste; the camp ground was as gaudy as Oak Bluffs, and the residents of different parks and avenues tried in friendly rivalry to outdo one another.

During the day the Negro town crier, whose name, so far as anyone knew, was George Washington Peckstout Glorious Valorious (he said that was it), had been ringing his bell and proclaiming that the Martha's Vineyard Railroad train would leave at certain hours for Katama and the famous Katama clambakes: total cost for fare and dinner, one dollar. All day the cars had been crowded, and now, as the evening slipped away into night, hundreds who were without lodgings took the train for Edgartown and the Mattakeeset Lodge. The Katama hotel was filled to overflowing; cots were set up in the parlor and were quickly taken.

At Oak Bluffs and the camp ground the rush for rooms was unprecedented. Men paid to lie on billiard tables, a large number slept on the benches under the canvas of the Tabernacle in the great circle on the camp ground. The preachers' stand was turned into a lodging for women, and no one asked what the campers of 1835 would have thought. All the beds available in the building of the

camp meeting association were taken by ministers, and fully a hundred of the cloth were turned away.

The steamer Granite City had arrived with a hundred passengers who expected to be sheltered at the Highland House: there was no room, and they were turned away. In the society tents men and women lay in straw on the ground as the old custom was. Steamers at the wharves became hotels overnight, and yachts at moorings off-shore or in Vineyard Haven harbor were filled with guests. The highest price known to have been paid for a room was twenty-five dollars.

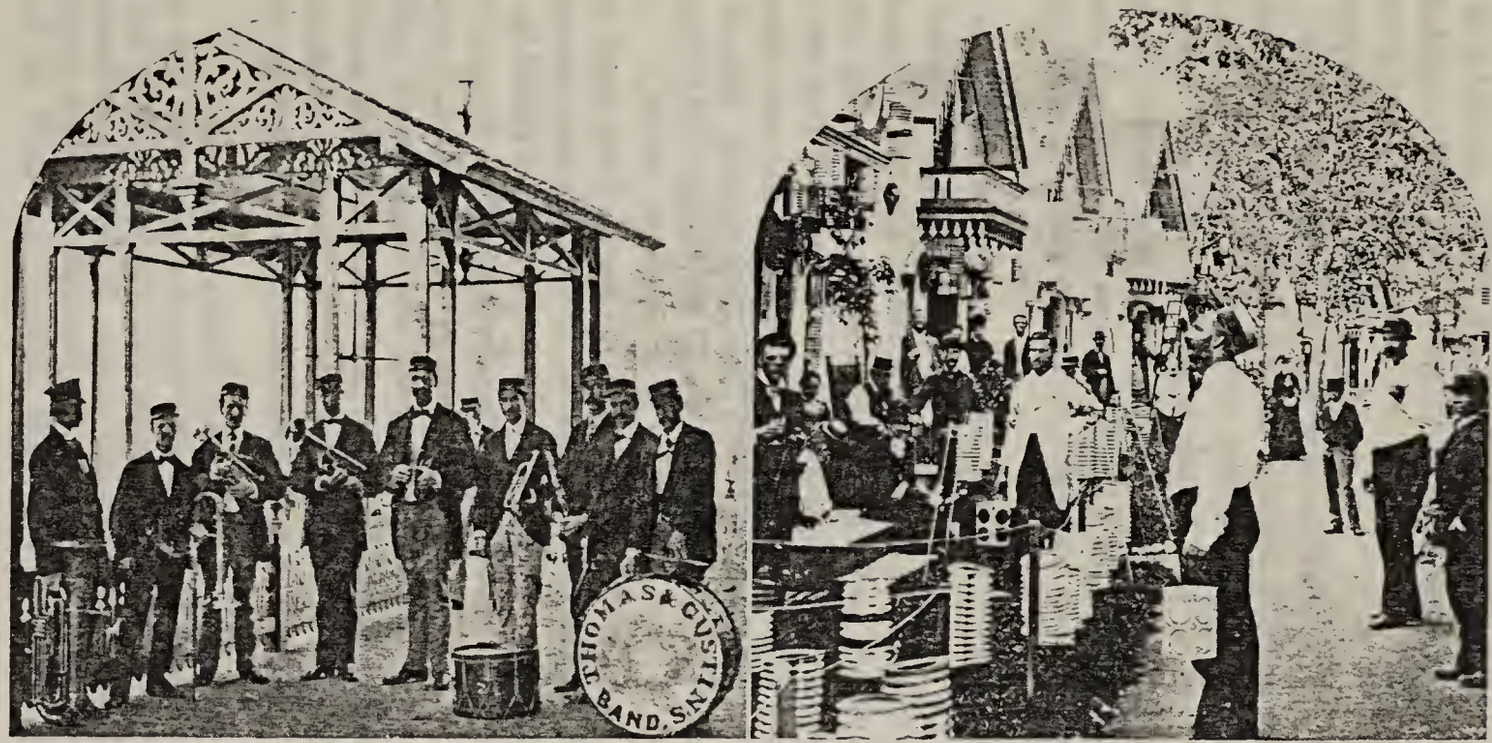
General Joe Hooker was not the only guest of honor, for General George B. McLellan had come; and there were senators, congressmen, mayors, judges. But no guest dominated this occasion: the holiday was a holiday of the middle classes, glorified together.

On Saturday and Sunday alone, 4,500 persons landed at the Highland Wharf, and 4,100 of them rode on the horse cars around the camp ground. The Katama clambakes, in the week thus begun, used 2,225 ears of corn, 127 bushels of clams, 1,635 pounds of lobster, and 1,625 pounds of fish. Over the weekend the trains carried 3,600 passengers to Katama.

On Sunday morning sixteen cars crowded with passengers arrived at Woods Hole, bound for the Island; and the train returning to Boston that night was made up of thirty cars drawn by three locomotives. The praise meeting in the Tabernacle was considered the largest single audience ever gathered on Martha's Vineyard.

As the week ran its course, there were receptions and entertainments on yachts and at the hotels; there was a moonlight excursion to Gay Head; the beaches were molded in unending repetition to the human form; croquet mallets were never silent; the resort was in fete without pause or cessation.

On the following Sunday the cottagers of Clinton Avenue—a neighborhood sometimes described as the gem of the camp ground—held their own celebration. Of what? Of the season and the season's end. Celebration was for celebration's own sake. A parade of thirty-eight children dressed in white with red sashes, their heads adorned with wreaths of oak leaves, began a carnival in the avenue. Each girl carried a banner on which was inscribed the name of the state



Times of festival: left, a band at Cottage City. Right, getting ready for an illumination. Placing the hundreds of paper lanterns properly was a nice problem for the cottagers.

which she represented. The Goddess of Liberty was beautifully represented by Miss Ella M. Packard, daughter of Eliphalet Packard of New Bedford. Upon her head rested a crown of blue and gilt, with the word Liberty emblazoned. The New Bedford Fife and Drum Corps supplied music for the procession.

Mr. John S. Damrell of Boston had illuminated his cottage in a costly manner, having placed a large Teutonic cross on one side and on the other a beautiful blue anchor, both devices covered with gelatine lanterns. The letter "D" was shown in a gable, and on the front of the balcony was a framed picture of John Wesley, with an American flag tastefully arranged around it. Mr. H. A. Cory of Providence had a display of almost a hundred and twenty-five lanterns.

Not in this season, but in another, Clinton Avenue presented "a sea of variously colored lights; the weird shadows of the trees scattered along the line, the arches and festoons and actual walls of lanterns, the half spellbound throngs gliding along the line, all seen against the dark background of the night, conspire to throw a sort of glamour over the people and the locality. Mottoes and transparencies abound. Among them are 'With Light and Sound We Greet You,' and 'The Vineyard Is Our Resting Place and Heaven is Our Home.' " On this occasion there was a parade as of goblins, led by a tin band, with almost every form of beast and man, historical or otherwise, represented. The procession included Santa Claus, Gay Head, an Indian or two, a pair of gigantic frogs, the Jack of Clubs, a detachment of the Mulligan Guards, and Nancy Luce with her hen. Of Nancy Luce more must be said presently.

At these illuminations, the fireworks attained a degree of variety and elaboration which can hardly be expressed even in superlatives. The end of the season of 1880, for instance, was ushered into history with the assistance of such ornamental fires as these:

> ". . . variegated spirals followed by flights of colored shells and torbillons; a caprice followed by bombshells throwing out brilliant streams and showers of gold rain; a beehive followed by a variety of rockets; the Pride of Aurora followed by floral shells and detonating bombs; a revolving globe, followed by flights of pigeons, rockets and dragon bombs; a

cascade followed by shells of silver fire, flights of double colored torbillons and a flight of two hundred skyrockets; an iriscope followed by golden streamer bombs and meteor batteries; the Wonder of the Magi followed by gold rain and colored revolving courants; a flower vase followed by batteries in crimson, blue, green, purple and gold stars with rockets; a kallioptican followed by gold rain, colored streamers, bombs, rockets, etc.; all to conclude with the grand finale of an illumination of silver fires, changing to emerald, crimson and gold, filling the surrounding atmosphere with innumerable tints and unveiling the closing tribute to the evening's festivities. A magnificent temple appears, columns of diamond and crimson lance uphold an entablature on which is emblazoned in crimson fires the motto 'Cottage City.' Upon this rises a pediment in diamond, gold and crimson fires, surmounted by a globe of emerald and purple. Over all waves an American flag, wrought in appropriate colors. In the niche below, formed of flaming lance fires, is a Maltese cross set in a circle of brilliant flame, containing the dates 1868, 1880. By an instantaneous transformation, the entire piece is suffused with an intense halo of rayonnant fires, and amid the discharge of mosaic batteries, filling the air with their stella clusters, rockets displaying fire balls of various hues or dissolving in showers of golden rain, amber streamers and colored stars, the evening's entertainment is brought to a close."

The display thus described was carried out to the letter, and the night sky was explored with long arcs of fire and at the same time decorated like a valentine. But it fell out that the interest and conversation of the thousands was not so much absorbed with these masterpieces of the pyrotechnic art as with three plainer and less ornamental novelties. An electric light company had brought to the Island a new kind of electrical device, the first ever seen in the whole region: this was the arc light. One was placed on the Sea View, one on the bathhouses, and one in Ocean Park. Word had spread that it was possible to read a newspaper under these new lights, as easily as by day. Excursionists came flocking from New Bedford, and as darkness fell each stood waiting—with a newspaper. At nine o'clock the three arc lights cut the darkness with their glare, the poignance of which has never since died away. The excursionists and summer residents eagerly scanned the printed pages held ready in their hands.

"It's true"! they cried, "You can"!

XX

A Woman and Her Hens

Far from the camp ground and the cottages, in a gray-shingled house, long weathered, near one of the coves of Tisbury Great Pond, in that region of Tisbury which was to become the town of West Tisbury, Nancy Luce lived alone. For years this woman with a melancholy face was an attraction in summer life ranking with the Katama clambakes, the illuminations and the meetings in the Tabernacle. Her portrait shows a plain, spiritual face, close wrapped in a checkered scarf knotted under her chin, her hair parted in the middle, her eyes somewhat narrow, dark, and suggestive of the intensity of an unusual soul. She is clad in checkered dress and cape of the same material, and to her breast is clasped Beauty Linna, a bantam hen. Another picture of Nancy Luce is preserved in the narrative of a writer for the Atlantic Monthly who called her The Laureate of Hens:

> "An old tester bedstead and a massive mahogany bureau seem to glower at us from behind her; a heavily beamed and smoke darkened ceiling frowns from overhead; and a broad, paneled chimney piece forms the prospect upon which her gaze is bent rather than upon us. Whenever her glance does turn upon us we meet it with a thrill—a thrill at first of repulsion, then of eeriness, and next pity half blots out both sensations, but not wholly, for she is a grotesque figure.
>
> "From under a short woolen skirt protrude her feet, clad in carpet slippers, and the loose blouse that covers her narrow and humped body, is fastened with big brass buttons. Over her head, down on her forehead, and close under her chin, so that not one strand of hair is visible, is drawn a thick woolen hood. This accents the unusual length and pallor of her face, which reminds one of an unlighted dwelling. Her dark, heavy eyes, unshaded by lashes, are eloquent of pain and reproach. But it is her hands that bear chief witness to her sufferings, for they are gaunt and so colorless, indeed, that they look as if no ruddy drop of blood had ever warmed them."

Nancy Luce was the daughter of Philip and Annie Luce, and in her girlhood she rode horses over the Island trails and across the pastures,

between the stone walls. Riding she termed "the comfort of life" in later years when she gave herself to meditation and to the painting of pictures giving her own ideas of horses and horsemanship. Her health troubled her, and she was advised to drink goat's milk; thereupon she bought a kid and named it Aljigana. It was said that she lived entirely upon this goat's milk for long periods, and when the creature died she was inconsolable: inconsolable, at least, until she acquired two bantam hens, called by her Ada Queetie and Beauty Linna. With these pets she took up her lonely life in the weathered house.

In the sixties she was "discovered" to the camp meeting visitors, largely through the influence of livery stable keepers who took their fares on the long drive from the camp ground, through the village of Holmes Hole, over the road up-Island past groves of oak and pine, past lakes and across the edge of the Great Plain, and at last to the village of West Tisbury with its mill pond and fertile valley, and to the home of Nancy Luce. The drive was an adventure, and the woman of the hens was a "character"—the sort of character who stands in the background of a summer resort and has a spell to cast upon visitors, and oddities visitors can talk about.

In her psalter Nancy Luce wrote:

"Good behavior of foreign folks
From camp meeting,
They behaved well
And bought books of me.
I cannot live without them.

"I want to see tender hearted folks.
I am cast down to the dust of the earth,
With troubles, trials, sickness,
And for sin in the world."

But she wrote also:

"Every time my head is wounded, with noise,
I never get over it,
I wish I never been in this world,
I undergo so much with my head

And murdered alive as I am.
They come from Vineyard Haven and Edgartown,
And I feel sick all my whole time,
I murdered so much."

Many callers teased and tormented her to hear her scold; once some fun-loving young people out for a lark took a band, or part of a band, to her house. As she put it: "In 1867, October, some hard hearts come with band of music and sot it going to my door, to murder me alive, they was forced to go off soon, they put my head in a dreadful condition, I did not get over it for a number of weeks, and they beat me entirely out. Some of them been telling ever since, they scared me, with the music, that is false, they did not scare me, not one mite, they crueld me in my sickness."

The exploitation of her eccentricities brought her money, and she had a native shrewdness which made her appreciate and make the most of opportunities. She sold her own photographs, pictures of her hens, a treatise on the "doctoring of hens," and pamphlets of her extraordinary poems. But as she capitalized on her strangeness, she suffered persecution from callers to whom she and her hens were nothing but a subject for merriment. In 1868—she was then forty-seven years old—she wrote to Charles H. Shute at Edgartown:

"I want my hens pictures made, you can make good deal by them, folks been asking me to have them made. Now if you will come first week day in the forenoon that the weather is good to the front door, I will do the best I can, if I no sicker. I want to hold up 2 at a time twice, and hold up one once, she is heavy, others small, and I want you should make cow, and house, and myself, and hens once, that will be four pictures, then you can take as many as you please at home from them, and sell them, but if I live till summer I want you should let me sell as many as I can, for me to have 10 cents out of 25. You sent me 40 to sell just before the frolick was, storm set in I could not sell, winter coming now . . .

"Is there any way that you can conqur satan, and come and make my hens pictures with mine as nice as possible, if they will not allow you to make them you are not to blame, you cannot help it. Times are hard now, so much sin."

In her instructions for the treating of hens, Nancy Luce listed every ailment, followed then by her prescription, and the words, "I cure them so." At the end of the long list she added this Prayer:

"Oh, I pray for my Lord Jesus Christ
To destroy all sin, and all misery, for the afflicted,
For the poor harmless dumb creatures,
And all the troubled in the wide world around,
For all that breathes the breath of life,
Dumb creatures and human, too,
O Lord, my God of heaven.
I pray for Thy Kingdom to come, to destroy all sin,
To be done on earth as it is done in heaven;
For the poor harmless dumb creatures;
O Lord, I pray for all the inhabitants of the earth,
To be prepared to live in this world,
And in the world to come.
O that I may leave this world of misery,
O that I may see my Lord Jesus Christ,
And live with him in heaven;
O that I may meet my poor deceased friends in heaven,
O that I may rise above those earthly afflictions,
Sickness, trials and trouble. Amen."

The poor deceased friends she hoped to meet in heaven were no Luces or Cottles or Athearns of the town of West Tisbury, but her hens with far stranger names. Some of them she christened: Teedie Tainie, Letoogie Tickling, Teppetee Tappao, Pondy Lily, Tealsay Medoolsay, Ottee Opheto, Aterryree Opacky, Phebea Peadeo. The bantams, Beauty Linna and Ada Queetie, were forever in a separate place in her heart.

"Tweedle Tedel Bebee Pinky's name," wrote a visitor to her home, "reminds one of a Spanish infanta's christening. There is a subtle distinction in the nomenclature of some of these feathery folk, and character in each. What a fine Magyar tang has Joatie Jofy! You would say she had been at Szegedin with Kossuth in '49. Feleango Appe, Kalaely Rosieky, Levendy Ludandy—what a gypsy breath and breeziness in all these! And there is Meleany Teatally, as if in whimsical reminiscence of an Irishman who had signed the pledge."

Nancy Luce wrote her poems laboriously, printing and elaborating

the titles and initial letters. A lament for her bantams was entitled Poor Little Hearts, and some stanzas were:

"A sketch of two Poor little Banties,
They died with old age, over twelve years ago,
Poor little Ada Queetie died over thirteen years ago,
Poor little Beauty Linna died over twelve years ago.

"O my Poor deceased little Ada Queetie,
She knew such a sight and her love and mine,
So deep in our hearts for each other,
The part of her and her undergoing sickness and death,
O heart rending!

"Poor little heart, she was struck with death at half past eleven o'clock.
She died in my arms at twelve o'clock at night, O heart rending!
I could been heard to the road from that time till daylight,
No tongue could express my misery of mind.
She had more than common wit
And more than common love,
Her heart was full of love for me,
O do consider my Poor little heart."

Then there was Death, a lament for "Poor Tweedle Tedel Bebee Pinky. She is gone. She died June 19th, 1871, at quarter past 7 o'clock in the evening, with my hands around her, aged four years. I never can see poor little dear again."

"Poor Pinky, that dear little heart,
She is gone, sore broke in her,
Died in distress, poor little heart,
. . . .
Soon my turn will come, and I must follow on,
I hope to land on that blest shore,
Where no sickness, no trouble, no trials,
Distress me no more."

Now and again the intensity of her feeling would rise to such an adjuration as this, which is not easily forgotten:

"Be good and kind to all that breathes,
Act up our good savour's laws,
Have tender feelings in your hearts
For all the poor harmless dumb creatures."

Her hens Nancy Luce kept in the cellar, in curtained compartments, except those which she had in her own living rooms. When they died she buried them, and had gravestones placed above their bodies. It was her wish to be buried with the hens, but she was finally dissuaded. Until April 9, 1890, she lived her strange existence; and after her death her house passed into alien hands, and the gravestones of the hens were used for doorsteps. Now they are preserved in the West Tisbury public library.

Gone is Nancy Luce, but her strangeness, the far-off sorrow of her face and utterance, live after her on Martha's Vineyard. In retrospect one of the oddest circumstances of her life is that which made her melancholy passion an inseparable attraction of a summer resort. The gay laughter of summer visitors as they jogged behind a livery stable horse, the chatter, the tassels of the party wagon swinging in the breeze, the rattle of the whip in the patent leather whip socket, the long miles of dirt road dusty in August, the sweet fern steeping in the sun—these are memories still, but memories misty and inconsequential. The long note of suffering and desperate passion sounds through the interval of years with an imploring contrast.

XXI

An Octagon for Peanuts

On a Friday in early January, 1866, twenty vessels passed Martha's Vineyard bound over the shoals. That weekend a terrific northeast storm came up without warning; the gale blew snow before it, and the temperature dropped almost to zero. From Chappaquiddick, on Monday morning, it was possible for Islanders to see the masts of a schooner which had struck on a shoal off Cape Pogue. The seas were rolling and breaking mast-high. From one of the schooner's masts a flag flew, and there were dark forms in the rigging which could only be men.

An effort was made to reach the schooner, but there was no possible chance against the storm, and the Islanders waited and watched. Not until four days had passed was it desperately possible for a whaleboat to be launched through the surf and to surmount the seas. There was then only one man left alive in the rigging; four days he had been suspended, freezing, within plain sight of the church spires of villages, but as far removed from safety as if he had been in mid-ocean.

The survivor was badly frostbitten, and he had beaten off the ends of his fingers by thrashing them to keep off the deadly cold. He was brought to Edgartown and cared for, and it was found that he had been saved by pluck and a rubber overcoat. A whole day earlier he had said goodbye to two others, last of the crew to hold to life in the driving storm.

This man was, it turned out, Charles S. Tallman, a resident of Osterville, on Cape Cod. The vessel was the schooner Christina, laden with cement. Edgartown people cared for Mr. Tallman as tenderly as possible; but he was shortly removed to Holmes Hole, somewhat against his will, since he said he believed he had fallen among Christians. For weeks he hung between life and death, and the physicians did not know to what degree amputation would be necessary. At length he recovered, his hands and legs cruelly mutilated by the effects of the zero cold and the long exposure.

The Vineyard Gazette referred to him as "one of nature's noblemen" and, in the summer of 1874, the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company, through the Hon. E. P. Carpenter, presented him with a small octagonal building not far from the Sea View hotel. Here Mr. Tallman sold peanuts, pictures of himself with a note as to his experiences on the back, and other souvenirs and refreshments for the summer crowds.

For years the coming of summer saw Tallman in his octagon; he had become a character, a part of resort life. He was an institution which gave color to the season, and helped to thread one season more closely upon another. His picture shows him with his crutches, seated beside large depending tassels from some imagined drapery of the photographic studio, a man with heavy black beard and moustache.

In the summer of 1877 he sold eighty-five bushels of peanuts.

XXII

Baptists on the Highlands

In 1873 the receipts of the horse railroad from the Highland Wharf to the camp ground amounted to $2,107.65. The expenses were $1,642.50, leaving a profit of $465.15. The total liabilities of the Vineyard Grove Company were $28,475.84, and the total assets $11,151.70, not counting unsold lots valued at $65,000. Whatever the value of the lots, they were not selling. The difficulties of the company were obvious. It was presiding over a successful development, for the Highlands included the highest and some of the most sightly land in the resort; many large cottages had been built, looking out upon broad reaches of salt water. The Highland House was a successful hotel, and visitors by the thousands were landing at the wharf and using the railroad. Yet money was not coming in, and there was a debt, all the more onerous because the agent of the company was a retired Methodist clergyman and the directors were conservative gentlemen from the ranks of the camp meeting association.

Thus it happened that discussion of an annual outdoor meeting for the Baptists seemed to offer a ray of hope. There was no chance now that the circle laid out on the Highlands would ever be taken by the Methodists. All talk of their removal was past, and there was no chance, either, that the camp meeting association would step into the declining real estate market and help the individuals who had gone into the Highland venture to protect the camp meeting. The individuals were entitled to less sympathy, since their enterprise—no matter how disinterested at the beginning—had turned into a land development scheme on a grand scale during the boom.

The Methodists had long welcomed other denominations at their meetings; Baptist clergymen, in particular, had preached. One summer there had been baptismal ceremonies by immersion at the Highland beach. Hundreds of Baptists, ministers and laymen, were regular visitors to the Island, and it seemed a logical step for the Baptists to set up an establishment of their own, with the good wishes of their former hosts. The idea was agitated by the Baptist minister at Edgartown.

Visiting Baptists were friendly to the idea, for they could see a future no less fruitful in prestige, religious benefits and practical success than the present achievements of the Methodists. Moody and Sankey were then famous, and it was reported that one or both would come to the Island for the August preaching.

With this new project in the air, real estate operators other than the Vineyard Grove Company were not inactive. It was argued that West Chop would be, in all ways, a finer site for the Baptists, completely removed from all rivalry with the Methodists, in surroundings even more spacious and happily still pristine—or almost so—despite plans showing cottage lots, streets, avenues and parks. The Katama Land Company came forward with the offer of an outright gift of fifty acres, including a grove—the only grove the concern had. Questions were raised, obviously originating with Captain Jernegan and his Katama associates, as to whether the Highlands would be a wise choice for a Baptist camp meeting. The price of land there was relatively high, the surroundings were not all that could be desired. No, all in all, Katama was the place.

If West Chop or Katama had won the Baptists, events might have been changed in decisive ways. But from the beginning, the Baptists themselves had kept their eyes on the circle and ground all laid out by their friends of the Methodist persuasion; by being properly hesitant they were able to win proffers of the most generous kind from the Vineyard Grove Company.

A tentative group known as the Baptist Vineyard Association was formed in Boston in July, 1875, and the first Baptist camp meeting was held on the Highlands in August. The association was chartered Jan. 1, 1876, by an act of the Massachusetts legislature, and in 1876 the arrangement with the Vineyard Grove Company became permanent. The plan was "to promote fraternal love and more intimate acquaintanceship among the members of our denomination, to discuss plans and methods of Christian work, to cultivate a deeper spiritual tone and greater earnestness, to inspire fresh zeal, and in all proper ways to help each other by counsel and suggestion, that from a week of healthful recreation we may each return to his own field better fitted for the work assigned him in the Master's vineyard. To any who know aught of the attractions of Martha's Vineyard as a summer residence, no other words are necessary."

The plans for the gatherings were promulgated by William F. Sherwin of Newark and John E. Simonds of Boston.

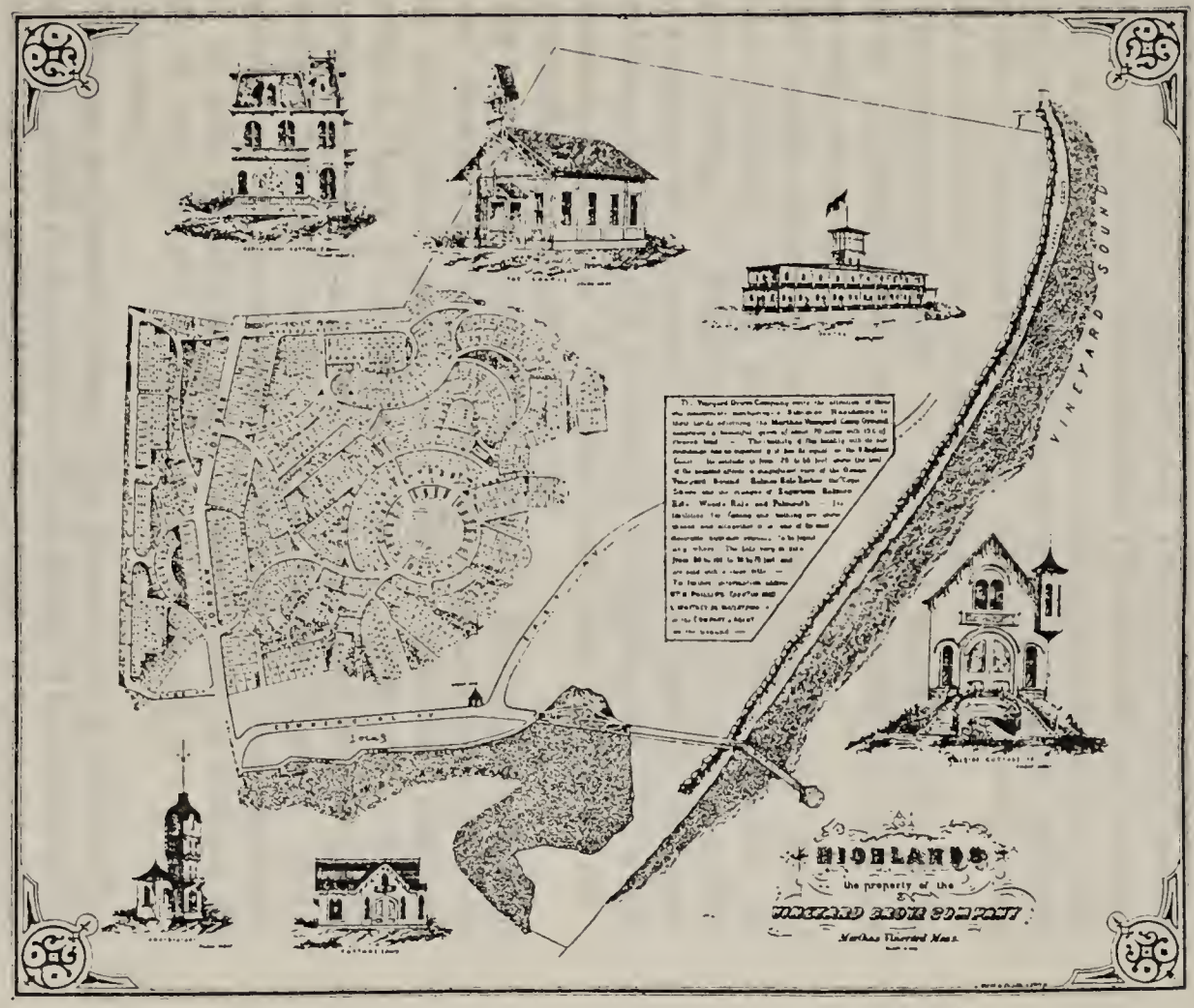
In return for the concessions granted by the Vineyard Grove Company—which included the free grant of land, free use of the Highland Wharf, special privileges for Baptist clergymen and laymen—the company stipulated that a meeting of a week's duration must be held each year; and this meeting was appointed to fall just prior to the Methodist gathering. The Baptist association, too, won a tenth share of the proceeds of all sales of lots made by the company, and Baptist ministers were to be entitled to lots without charge, provided they built cottages within a year.

There was a shift of activity toward the Highlands as the Baptists moved over and invited their friends. Lots sold again, and the Vineyard Grove Company slowly emerged from the doldrums.

In the fall of 1877 the Baptists voted to erect a wooden tabernacle or temple in the center of the circle on the Highlands. The plans were drawn by Henry M. Francis, a Fitchburg architect. As was to be expected, the temple turned out another octagon, with a monitor roof, atop which was a flagpole, the tip of which was one hundred and forty feet from the ground. The monitor top, also octagonal, measured sixteen feet across, and its apex rose sixty feet above the ground. The main roof extended one hundred and twenty feet in its longest measurement, and was supported by posts at the edges, twenty feet high. Six entrances were provided, and the spaces between the other supporting columns was partly filled with cross-hatching and lattice work. Around the entire temple, twelve feet above the ground, the columns were connected with fancy cut palings about three feet from tip to the junction with the roof.

The dedicatory services in the new temple were held on Sunday, August 18, 1878, with an audience of some two thousand persons, and the aid of eighty prominent ministers. At this meeting pledges of $1,367.60 were made toward removing the incumbrances on the new structure, the cost of which had been, including fixtures, $3,187.

The Vineyard Gazette remarked, "On general principles there is no reason why camp meetings should not be as profitable for Baptists as for Methodists." The word "profitable" was used in an unexceptionable sense.



The first plan of Vineyard Highlands: a legacy of confusion from the founders. The architectural details were selling points for summer visitors.

The next year the Methodists discarded their canvas tabernacle and built a permanent structure, not of wood, but of iron. It, too, had a monitor top, far loftier than the Baptist Temple. The base of the iron tabernacle was round, but from the round roof arose a second, and from the second a third, which was heptagonal, and crowned by a domed cupola and staff. Thus the Methodist monitor top was an ambitious, elaborate affair. The tabernacle roof was supported by columns. On the east rose a quite enormous entrance, high-roofed; and on the other three sides were ordinary entrances. Although the sides of the structure were open, curtains were provided which could be let down in case of rain or wind.

The Methodist tabernacle was dedicated August 6, 1879, in the presence of thousands who sat on the old benches and upon new seats under the iron roof.

Still another plum was to fall into the hands of the Vineyard Grove Company. Hardly had the Highland Wharf become the Baptist Landing—so designated by a conspicuous sign—than a number of teachers who chanced to have chosen the Island for their summer homes began to talk of forming an organization. The school of Agassiz on the island of Penikese was in their minds; why not a summer school on Martha's Vineyard?

The leading spirits were Colonel Homer B. Sprague, later president of the University of North Dakota, but at that time principal of the Girls' High School, Boston, and Truman J. Ellinwood, shorthand reporter of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons. These two, and other educators and scientists, discussed the outlook; and their discussions crystallized into the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, with a corps of about a dozen instructors. The object, they then announced, was "to meet the vacation wants of such as wish to continue the study of some specialty with the rest and recreation of a delightful seaside resort."

Afternoon and evening lectures were planned over a period of five weeks, the tuition fee being set at fifteen dollars. The courses offered included rhetoric and English literature, taught by Colonel Sprague, who had been an English teacher at Cornell; phonography or shorthand by Mr. Ellinwood; micrology by the Rev. John D. King, of the Vineyard Grove Company; German, French, zoology, entomology, Greek, Latin and elocution.

During its early years, the Institute teachers held classes in their own cottages and general lectures were often given in Union Chapel. But the aim from the very start was to acquire a building which would belong to the Institute itself. Colonel Sprague was diligent in consulting men of wealth with a view to encouraging a gift, but he was not successful. At length the Oak Bluffs Company offered to put up a school building, and a picture of the proposed structure appeared in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly. But at the last minute the plan fell through because the site offered was deemed unsuitable, and the Institute was saved for the Highlands.

In August, 1880, the Vineyard Grove Company made a grant of land, comprising six lots, and public subscriptions were solicited to defray the cost of building. As a result Agassiz Hall arose, on the high ground to the rear of the Highland House. It was a plain building, except for its somewhat flimsy appearing verandas and the jutting dormers of its roof, four stories from the ground in front and three in the rear. There were sixteen classrooms, an assembly hall, a reception room, and facilities for social meetings. Many of the teachers had contributed to the building fund, and they continued to work for the Institute with zeal and devotion.

Colonel Sprague, whose health had not been good, gave up the presidency, and was succeeded by William J. Rolfe, an eminent Shakespearian scholar. It was Professor Rolfe who delivered the address at the dedication ceremonies in July, 1882. The previous year the Highlands had held an illumination for the first time, taking over the tradition of the camp ground and Oak Bluffs. This year, with Agassiz Hall thrown open, the Highland illumination became an event worthy of comparison with the achievements of the older districts of the resort.

An arch spanned Jordan, proclaiming the message, "With Joy We Greet You," fire rafts were floated in the lake and burned in different hues, and the cottagers joined with the adherents of the Institute to make the occasion memorable.

It was necessary still to raise three thousand dollars toward the six thousand which Agassiz Hall and its equipment had cost, and the Institute went to work vigorously. Without state aid, without financial resources, and in the face of many obstacles, the school

became nationally known; but its deficit continued, and in 1888 the debt was still about twenty-three hundred dollars. In that year Dr. William A. Mowry succeeded to the presidency, and shortly was impressing upon the Institute a new character and a new purpose. He visualized the school in terms of its effectiveness in the field of education, and by personal effort and leadership of his faculty he began to realize his aims.

In the first year of his administration Dr. Mowry founded the School of Methods which he placed under the direction of A. W. Edson, then agent of the Massachusetts Board of Education. This school offered instruction during vacation to school teachers who were interested in improving their methods of teaching and in studying problems of education from the teaching standpoint. Now came years of expansion. The Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute was the first summer school for teachers, and its program anticipated the courses which were later offered in the summer schools of colleges and universities. Particularly, the school on the Highlands took the lead in the application of the new study of psychology to educational problems.

In the first decade of its existence, the Institute had fifteen hundred students, and almost a hundred instructors were identified with the faculty. Then, under Dr. Mowry, there were as many as seven hundred students in a single summer, students from all the states of the Union. By 1895 the school was recognized as the leading institution of its kind.

But in later years colleges and universities took over the field; they gave academic credit, and the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute could not. Its mission ended, and its work in new hands, the school surrendered its charter and went out of existence in 1907.

Long years before the closing of the school, however, it was an unescapable influence in the life of the resort, for it attracted students and teachers, and old cottages were filled, and new ones built. The Baptist Landing was also the Institute Landing. True, students and professors were not a monied lot: a correspondent complained in 1891, when the weather was retarding the season: "The Summer Institute arrivals have helped somewhat, but those attending are generally not overstocked with money and cut down the prices of

rooms and board so low that, with the exception of boarding houses where they can accommodate a large number, there is 'no money in it' for persons who have invested money in property for its income."

This was the manner in which the Highlands came into new activity in the days when the Vineyard Grove Company had too many unsold lots and too many unpaid bills. The plank walk which ran between the horse railroad and the street on one side, and the lake on the other, became an important thoroughfare. There was found Rev. J. D. King's museum, Mozart Cottage, at which one might view the skull of a mound builder, an Aztec water jug, stone battle axes, and a needle from the leg bone of a bird. Here, too, was a shop selling pottery made from Gay Head clay; and another museum, specializing in shells and mosses, where summer visitors stopped to buy souvenirs—painted scallop shells, inscribed "Greetings from the Cottage City," and pressed sea moss for the collection at home.

XXIII

Home Fires

Between the years 1865 and 1870 the population of the town of Edgartown declined from 1,846 to 1,516; and that of Tisbury from 1,699 to 1,536. The war between the states had proved merciless to the whaling industry, that form of adventuring which seemed least deserving of further hazards or of outright destruction. The first ship sunk by the raider Alabama was the whaler Ocmulgee of Edgartown, Captain Abraham Osborn: and Captain Osborn had the unusual experience of meeting as an enemy the Captain Semmes who had been a guest in his father's house on the Vineyard. Years later there was another such encounter, the circumstances slightly altered, when a stranger walked into Captain Thomas Mellen's store at Edgartown and recalled the sinking of Captain Mellen's ship Levi Starbuck by the Alabama. The stranger was the lieutenant who had boarded the Starbuck. But on this visit to Edgartown he was an old man, and Captain Mellen was older, also. The captain looked at the extended hand of his enemy, looked at it for a long time, without

speaking or moving. His son said that fifteen minutes passed before Captain Mellen put out his own hand and shook that of the lieutenant of the Alabama.

The destruction by the Alabama and Shenandoah among the whaling fleet was almost complete; the industry was prostrate when the war ended. Claims submitted to the court of Alabama Claims by Vineyarders for ships and property lost, and for damages due to interrupted voyages, approximated $600,000. New vessels were fitted and sent out—in pursuit of that maxim of the whaling business enunciated by Samuel Osborn Jr.: "Fit again." But the old days had gone, beyond recall, and the years brought this truth home in forceful ways.

Soon after the war there were some one hundred and fifty-five whaling vessels at sea from New Bedford, Fairhaven and Edgartown, and thirty-six were commanded by Vineyard captains. Then, in 1871, the Arctic fleet suffered a fresh disaster, this time from the grip of the ice; thirty-three vessels were crushed or abandoned that year, among them two Edgartown vessels: the Champion, of which Captain Grafton N. Collins was agent, valued at $40,000, and with three hundred barrels of sperm oil on board—vessel and outfits insured, oil uninsured; and the Mary, William H. Munroe, agent, valued, with her oil, at $25,000. She was partly insured. The loss of the oil on the Champion was put at $12,000.

Among the Vineyard men on the lost vessels were Capt. Jared Jernegan of the Roman; Capt. Ariel Norton of the Ashawonks; Capt. Henry Pease Jr. of the Champion; Capt. Abraham Osborn of the George; Capt. Leander Owen of the Contest; and Capt. West Mitchell of the Massachusetts.

The Europa of Edgartown, with three hundred barrels of oil, escaped from the ice, and was brought down by her master, Capt. Thomas Mellen, with officers and crews of other vessels on board. Captain Mellen left his vessel on the Pacific coast and came home by the Pacific Railroad. The Europa arrived at her home port the following summer—in August, 1872—having been absent just twelve days short of six years.

In May, 1872, the ship Splendid, Capt. Nathan M. Jernegan (not to be confused with Capt. Nathaniel M. Jernegan), arrived from

a voyage of fifty-five months in the Pacific, having taken 2,150 barrels of sperm oil, an excellent voyage.

But the sale of the ship Vineyard—to be broken up, after about fifty years of whaling—reduced the Edgartown fleet in 1872 to three vessels: the bark Clarice, and the ships Europa and Splendid. True, Samuel Osborn Jr. was increasing his interests, and in 1880 he was to be, in all likelihood, the largest individual owner of whaling property in the United States, with eight vessels at sea. The total gross product of ships sailing out of Edgartown for which Mr. Osborn was agent, and which he mostly owned, was about $600,000. He was agent and a large owner in the Europa, which had escaped the ice in 1871. His schooner Emma Jane paid for herself and her outfit within three months from the time she first sailed, obtaining in all $42,000 worth of oil. But other vessels suffered large losses: the bark Mary Frazier was blown to sea and lost after being seized and detained by the Portuguese government.

Despite this whaling enterprise which still lay ahead, Nathaniel S. Shaler wrote of Edgartown in 1874: "In a commercial sense it is a place far advanced in decay: of all its whaleships, which got from the sea the hard-earned fortunes of its people, there is but one left. This lies upon the ways, stripped of its rigging, looking like a mere effigy of a living craft. But the thrift and cleanliness of the sailor is marked in every paving stone and shingle of the village. As soon as a mariner comes to fortune, his first effort is to get a comfortable home, a big, square, roomy house, which shall always be shipshape and well painted. I never thought so well of white paint before I saw these handsome houses, actually resplendent with a hue which is so often merely garish in its uses . . . Little by little the population is drifting away; some houses stand empty, and the quick agents of decay which make havoc with our frail New England houses will soon be at work at them, and even Yankee thrift cannot keep it away."

Somewhat different it was at Vineyard Haven where: "We thread our way through a fleet of vessels which have found some excuse in the threat of storms for seeking shelter here. Huddled together so close that abuse and badinage can be plentifully exchanged by the crews, lie the motley throng: lumber ships from Maine, their decks

piled high above the bulwarks with the yellow, fragrant spoils of the pine woods; colliers from Nova Scotia with voluble Frenchmen for crew . . .; coal ships from Philadelphia, manned with the typical tobacco stained American sailor. Along with these, a herd of vessels engaged in wandering up and down the seas in search of hard-earned gains. Here and there trim, dandified yachts bring their white paint and polished brass into glaring contrast with the grime of utilitarian trade."

Vineyard Haven's business of maintaining its port had not suffered; Edgartown's old industry was fast slipping away. Such was the state of affairs when the sea captain capitalists turned to new enterprise—first a shoe factory, in which Samuel Osborn and Captain Nathaniel M. Jernegan were interested; and then to the Oak Bluffs development, Katama, and the railroad, as the tide of summer business rose.

For the most part the projects of the boom period had been Edgartown projects, financed with money which had been earned at sea; and all that lay between Eastville and Cape Pogue—the crowded camp ground, Highlands and Oak Bluffs—were within the town of Edgartown, adding to Edgartown prosperity, to Edgartown valuation figures, and to Edgartown taxes. And there a pinch came. The open spaces of East Chop and the Bluffs had been peopled, but these newcomers brought unexpected points of view, and they understood not nor cared to understand Edgartown.

XXIV

Fierce Civil Strife

The beginning of the tax trouble was innocent enough. In February, 1868, the matter of taxing the property of the camp meeting association was considered by a committee of the state legislature. Of the hearing a correspondent wrote to the Vineyard Gazette:

"The question before the committee was not whether the proprietors of Oak Bluffs should be compelled to recharter the great parade and call it Heretic Landing or the Shawl Retreat or the Moon-

light Ramble or the Billing and Cooing Promenade, or the Home of the Fleas; nor was it a question whether the residents of Eastville should be permitted to hang clothes out on the line during camp meeting week, or to have the smoke issue from their heretical chimneys when the wind was blowing in the direction of the camp ground, or whether the Eastville boys should be permitted to swing on the Eastville gates during the holding of said meeting. None of these exciting questions was considered, and I doubt very much whether they are called up before next winter. The simple question before the committee last week was whether or not the camp ground should be exempt from taxation."

This was harmless fun, but it was characteristic of the unrealistic way in which Edgartown had become accustomed to treat the camp meeting and the new resort. The recommendation of the committee was that all property of the camp meeting association not used for religious purposes should be taxed, and that same year the town assessed a tax of eight hundred dollars. Thereupon the association voted to ask the town for an appropriation of two hundred dollars for police on the camp ground in the year 1869. This request was granted; and, on the face of the matter, the town was left six hundred dollars to the good. The holdings of the Oak Bluffs Company at the time were taxed on a valuation of fifteen thousand dollars.

From 1869 on there was an issue which grew and rankled in bosoms on both sides, and had great results. In the fall of 1872 the "friends of a division of the town" held a meeting in the Vineyard Grove House on the camp ground. They discussed the question of a name for the new resort town, when it should have been severed from old Edgartown, and Bonaire was favored. Later there was some sentiment in favor of annexing Oak Bluffs and the camp ground to Tisbury.

This early division sentiment blew over, without attaining major proportions, for the resort was still young. Yet in December of 1871 there had occurred an event which might have given pause to the old guard of Edgartown: a baby was born, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Vincent within the limits of Wesleyan Grove. For the first time a child had been born on the camp ground, and this not in summer but in winter. The child was named Wesley Grove,

and he grew up to become a distinguished surgeon and a member of university faculties. The frosts had made the ground crisp, and the passers-by among the closed cottages saw the whiteness of their breaths and hurried about their business. The resort may have been bleak, but it was not deserted, and places where children are born have a way of becoming towns.

Whenever tax bills were presented, the issue of division was raised again, for the owners of property at Oak Bluffs or the Highlands were never quite satisfied that they were receiving a fair return for what they paid. They came to the Island for a few months or weeks only, and it seemed to them that the requirements of the resort were skimped or ignored. They had no opportunity to hear the debate at Edgartown town meetings in winter. As the years passed, it looked more and more as if the old town enjoyed a large and unholy profit exacted from non-residents.

But it was not necessary for the non-residents to come to conclusions of their own: always present were the veterans of Eastville, led by that old abolitionist, Ichabod Norton Luce, and the former sheriff, Howes Norris. Eastville, long an oppressed and remote minority, now found an opportunity to take power and to accomplish revenge. Revenge for political obscurity, revenge for the Edgartown opposition to the Lagoon Bridge and shore road to Vineyard Haven, revenge for all the expenditures of the old town against which Eastville had fought. For years the Eastville residents had been taxed for improvements in Edgartown which they could not use nor enjoy, and they had been compelled to pay and pay. Now a new day was dawning and they prepared to make the most of it. The omens were ill for those who had offended.

In the fall of 1876 a taxpayers' meeting was held in the Methodist Tabernacle, of which the Vineyard Gazette said: "The whole idea of overtaxation by the town of Edgartown has grown out of the fact that the Methodist brothers themselves have been heedless in their expenditures on their own private grounds; and now, when the necessary assessment is made to meet the bills, feel that they are paying a high price for a 'whistle' and blow upon it a blast which they suppose will frighten out of their propriety every good citizen of Edgartown. It was laughable to witness the ignorance which prevailed among some of the clergy in reference to taxation."

This was the old unrealistic attitude continuing; whatever their ignorance of town affairs, the clergy were becoming heated; and any lack of experience and knowledge could be supplied readily by Howes Norris and Ichabod N. Luce whenever a pinch might come.

Secession now became a regular phase of late summer or fall; it broke out as surely as the dog days came. In August, 1877, another mass meeting was held in the Tabernacle. It was announced by the colored crier, George Washington Peckstout, in the same manner as religious events, public functions, and the Katama picnics. It was announced, too, by the presiding elder from the stand. This was the second time that business matters had been debated in the Tabernacle, and there was some criticism, part of it, no doubt, inspired by the shrewdness of Edgartown.

As to the proceedings themselves, the speakers thought that summer residents paid a large share of the taxes and received very little in return.

Edgar Marchant declared in the Vineyard Gazette that "a more erroneous impression never took possession of an evangelical body." The secretary of the meeting, the Old Editor said, "strutted, and crowed, and grinned, and raved, like one fully mad, or possessed of an evil spirit, and made assertions which every well informed man present knew to be false, and some of which were flatly contradicted on the spot." This was a description of the platform style of the Rev. John W. Willett, of Westerly, R. I.

The Boston Herald printed a report of the meeting, and the Old Editor took it apart, paragraph by paragraph, interpolating his own comments: "This is a lie, pure and simple," "Another lie, a supreme, defiant, splendid lie," "A lie like the above would 'reach the dignity of a crime' did it emanate from the source of truth."

This was the last trenchant blow Edgar Marchant was to strike, for he died in January, 1878, at the age of sixty-three. The Vineyard Gazette had been his child and his great love, but he had worked also on the Boston Traveler, the Gloucester Telegraph, the Woburn Journal, the Essex Statesman, the Abington Standard, the Randolph Register, and the Woburn Advertiser. In 1862 he had gone to the Massachusetts General Court with every vote of the county cast for his election. He was full of fire and words, as a journalist ought

to be, and the shifting dust in the winds of years has not even yet covered the clear, firm footprints of his eager march through life.

The division meeting, after all, was far from unanimous. Some taxpayers argued that it might be as well to remain with Edgartown as to form a new town which would be completely in the hands of sixty voters—the all year residents of the resort area. Addresses by Hebron Vincent, Capt. Nathaniel M. Jernegan, Joseph Thaxter Pease and Richard L. Pease, in defense of the old town, were not without effect. Yet the outcome was a vote in favor of memorializing the legislature for an act to divide the town.

The next summer a division meeting was called at Union Chapel —and this time the call was sent only to those who were in favor of secession, because no more discussion of the question was desired. It was voted to name a committee of twenty-five to proceed with the effort to divide the town, this committee including Howes Norris, Oliver Ames, Dr. H. A. Tucker, Joseph Dias, Colonel Sprague of the Summer Institute, G. M. Landers, A. S. Barnes, and the Rev. J. W. Willett.

Howes Norris was the son of a sea captain, and the founder of a ship chandlery business; he was also marine reporter for the Associated Press, and it fell to him to found a newspaper, the Cottage City Star, to carry on the fight for division. Oliver Ames was the son of Oakes Ames, and the division fight led him to high places: as a summer resident he remarked that he would go to the state senate to help out. He went to the senate, and from the senate he moved on to the governorship. Of Dr. H. A. Tucker a great deal remains to be said later. G. M. Landers was of the firm of Landers, Frary & Clark, and Connecticut banking commissioner. Dr. Tucker, Mr. Landers and Mr. Barnes had three of the most striking cottages on Ocean Park.

The lines were now fairly drawn, and the fight was to the finish with no quarter. Perhaps the end should have been foreseen, even thus early. The Eastville group had joined hands with the camp meeting association, and a group of influential summer residents stood ready with ample resources. In the indictment against Edgartown there were many counts; first the high cost of the Beach Road, which, it was asserted, had been a racket in behalf of Edgartown

laborers; then the fifteen thousand dollar loss in the Martha's Vineyard Railroad, which had been planned not to aid Oak Bluffs and the camp meeting, but to take crowds away to Katama; again, the failure to put through roads in and around the resort, from the time of the Lagoon Bridge affair on, was a piece of grave injustice. Some important ways in Eastville had been built only when the inhabitants gave bonds that there should be no cost to the town.

One argument, however, and that the most convincing of all to the modern mind, was not employed: manifest destiny. In the light of justice and representative government, in the light of dollars and cents, the tie between Edgartown and the resort may have been questionable or wholly wrong, but in the light of destiny it was as tenuous as a hawser under tension, pulling and fraying apart.

Edgartown, on its side, volleyed and thundered. Particularly it used with telling effect the argument that secession was a scheme of wealthy non-residents who had no business to be heard in town affairs, and whose interests were pitted against the town.

The illumination of 1879 was distinguished by secessionist banners and transparencies. A hand was shown squeezing a lemon labeled Cottage City into a bowl marked Edgartown. A banner bore an inscription: "Go, if you want to. 1877"—"This is a child of Edgartown. You can't go. 1879. Mr. J——n." The allusion was to Capt. Nathaniel M. Jernegan. Another banner portrayed two men, one fat and one lean, with the legend, "Edgartown before and after division."

There were two division meetings in Union Chapel, one called by the divisionists, and one called by those "in favor of full and fair discussion"—which meant the opposition. For the reassurance of summer residents who were hesitating on the fence, a curious document was signed by five permanent residents of the resort. It pledged on the third Monday of every August "a meeting of non-resident taxpayers and legal voters (of the hypothetical new town) at which all matters to be inserted in the warrant and to be acted upon at any future regular town meeting of said town (excepting such questions as appertain to the ordinary and necessary municipal expenses of the town) shall be presented and voted upon by such meeting of non-resident taxpayers and resident legal voters; and that the deci-

sions of such meetings shall be carried out and ratified by us at future legal town meetings; and that especially all questions of appropriation of money shall be submitted to the decision of such meeting . . . and we hereby pledge our good faith as honorable men to the faithful execution of the above stipulations, according to their purpose and intent." The signers were Samuel Butler, Joseph Dias, Capt. Otis Foss, Charles Talbot and Elihu M. Mosher. Most of the leaders, it appeared, were too cagey.

The annual town meeting at Edgartown in 1878 had appropriated the sum of five hundred dollars for practical use in fighting division. Thus the tables were turned on the secessionists, who were taxed for funds to defeat their own cause. Accordingly Howes Norris, et al, entered suit against the town, and the case went on its slow course through the courts. Ultimately the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts decided that "the inhabitants of the town of Edgartown and all their officers should be enjoined and commanded that they shall not at any time, by their vote or by taxation or by the pledge of the credit of the town or by the use of its funds, or in any other manner make any provision directly or indirectly for the payment of expenses or services incurred by any party or parties in resisting the division of the town . . ."

This injunction cause was the occasion of a dramatic event in the town meeting of January, 1880. N. Sumner Myrick, a young attorney just admitted to the bar,—who was to be, in future years, when his hair was gray, a loyal summer resident of Edgartown—arrived mysteriously at Eastville and was put ashore from a tug shortly before the meeting. He proceeded to Edgartown with Howes Norris; and when that juncture had arrived at which the voters were about to vote an appropriation to fight division, young Myrick strode into the hall flourishing a legal paper. Whether this was the actual court order or merely a threatening letter from the law offices of Stetson and Knowlton does not now appear; Mr. Myrick recalled it as the injunction itself, although contemporary accounts differ. At any rate it was sufficient. Samuel Osborn Jr. blustered, but the wind was gone from the sails of the town, and adjournment came with no appropriation voted for the fraternal combat.

Meantime the Cottage City Star had declared: "If we are to desig-

nate the great incubus that hangs upon us, the signal obstacle to all advancement in goodness, the preventive to the attachment or the maintenance of moral or spiritual excellence, it is our unnatural and unjust alliance with the fossil portion of the inhabited earth known as Edgartown."

This expression was the work of the Rev. E. H. Hatfield. Meantime, too, it had become clear that the issue of the struggle hung upon the election of a representative to the General Court. The winter of 1879 had seen a bitter struggle, with victory for the town only through the influence of Capt. Benjamin Clough of Tisbury, representing the county.

As to the rights of the matter, Edgartown—with its five hundred dollar war chest—had made a valiant effort, but had hardly answered the case of the divisionists. For instance, it was read into the record that in 1865 the valuation of Edgartown had been $1,035,467: in 1878 it had increased to $2,043,525, of which the resort represented $1,197,435. Of the total assessments in the years 1876, 1877 and 1878—$97,373.27—the resort had paid $59,505.89, and had received $36,661.50, leaving a net gain to Edgartown of $22,844.39.

At this time there were nineteen cities and 306 towns in the state, and the proposed new town of Cottage City stood ninety-fourth in real estate and 142nd in entire valuation. The population was 502, or more than that of fifteen established towns.

The town, through Judge C. G. M. Dunham, had been able to say only that the actual petitioners for division represented a small part of the valuation.

Ichabod N. Luce had said that he desired division because he wanted the law to correspond to the fact. The town was divided in most respects already, and the rupture was growing wider and deeper every day.

Despite a favorable report, the division act had been defeated because the Island's own representative was against it. Now, therefore, the divisionists went up and down the Vineyard roads and stirred antagonism and rebellion against the old shire town. A county convention was held at West Tisbury at which the machine, working smoothly, nominated Beriah T. Hillman of Chilmark, an anti-divisionist, over Stephen Flanders of Chilmark, by a vote of seven-

Photograph by the Mosher Photo Service

Looking down from the heights at Vineyard Haven. Commerce is cloaked in pleasant trappings in such vistas of the port.

teen to twelve. Shortly after, a second convention was held by bolters and divisionists, and Mr. Flanders was nominated to oppose Mr. Hillman at the election. Resolutions were adopted that "the tyrannizing yoke of Edgartown" must be thrown off.

The election attested the sedulous work of Howes Norris and his divisionists. Mr. Flanders was elected over Mr. Hillman by a vote of 449 to 409. Of the votes cast for Mr. Hillman, 307 were counted in Edgartown. Although the result seemed conclusive, the Edgartown forces found grounds for a contest, and a period of wrangling ensued, during which, among other things, an effort was made to throw out the whole vote of the new town of Gay Head. The validity of the election, nevertheless, was upheld, and Stephen Flanders went to the legislature. The end was near.

Without a real show of opposition, the division bill was reported favorably, and on February 17, 1880, it became a law. Edgartown was divided, and there was a new town called Cottage City. The name was a compromise. Logically, perhaps, Oak Bluffs should have been chosen, but this was the name of a land development which the camp meeting association had seen fit to place on the opposite side of a high picket fence. The post office at the resort had been called Vineyard Grove for a period and this, too, was a possibility. Bonaire and Marthasburg had adherents, but fortunately few. It chanced that H. A. Blood, a former mayor of Fitchburg, and a railroad executive, had exploited the phrase "The Cottage City of America" in a great deal of advertising; indeed, the resort was known far and wide as the Cottage City, and this name was adopted.

Years later, however, it was to be abandoned. There was always some dissatisfaction, and the dissident group found a technical justification in the fact that Cottage City was a town, and hence could not be a city. To speak of the town of Cottage City was as absurd, they argued, as to speak of a hypothetical city of Cottage Town. Whether it was this meticulous regard for accuracy or a desire for a prettier name which ultimately prevailed, the change came in 1907. Oak Bluffs was again on the map, a memorial to Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton and his companions, and this time it had come to stay.

The first town meeting of Cottage City was held in March,

1880, with Ichabod N. Luce as moderator. Fireworks were displayed in Ocean Park, there was a congratulatory meeting in Union Chapel, and a committee of twenty members of the state legislature came down to see the new town started.

For many years non-resident taxpayers' meetings were held, but sometimes the legal voters were inclined one way in summer and another in winter. Finally the meetings came to be indignation gatherings, and then they were dropped altogether.

Ironically, although the new town was justified a hundred times over, and although the law had been changed only to correspond with the fact, a great many of the aims of the secessionists were never to be accomplished from that day to this. Only a short time after division, Samuel Keniston suggested in the Vineyard Gazette:

"The non-resident property owners can only get what they want, without increased taxes, by calling on the original promissors to make good their word out of their own pockets. Let the Hon. I. N. Luce, for instance, the author of the famous declaration, 'It shall be as you say, gentlemen,' contribute, say, $2,000, the Rev. E. H. Hatfield a couple of dollars, Mr. Norris what he can spare, and so on to the end of the chapter."

XXV

The Great Park Case

Up to the time of the division of the town of Edgartown, the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company stood in the unenviable position of having been responsible for the expenditure of some $300,000 in the development of a resort, and of never having paid a dividend. The difficulties, of course, had begun in 1873 with the passing of the boom market for lots. In this deflation, the promotion of Katama and the adventure of the Martha's Vineyard Railroad proved particularly costly for the promoters. Oak Bluffs itself continued to grow, and summer life steadily increased in intensity, like the buzzing of bees over a field of yellow indigo in August; but the Katama Land Company was flat, and the railroad investment had been largely written off as a loss.

Even in Oak Bluffs, the company had more difficulties than advantages. It had built up a town and was maintaining streets and avenues, more or less caring for parks, lighting streets (up to the year 1879, when it was relieved of this burden), meeting interest payments on improvements which brought no income, and occupying a place of the most uncomfortable civic responsibility. The company had most of the troubles, many of the expenses, and none of the satisfactions of a town government. It had to spend, but it could not tax or even assess anyone except its own stockholders.

Through a period of such trials, the directors found themselves out of harmony. Sometimes they quarreled picturesquely, in the public eye. There was, for instance, an episode in the fall of 1875 when the Hon. E. P. Carpenter sold his stock in the company, nominally to H. A. Blood, but, it was assumed, indirectly to the railroad interests which Mr. Blood represented. This meant an alliance with the New Bedford and Vineyard Steamboat Company which was hostile to the Old Colony Railroad. As a counter-stroke, three of the directors, including Mr. Carpenter himself, sold the Oak Bluffs wharf, the heart of the resort, to a friend of the Old Colony, at the same time binding the company not to build a new wharf. These transactions enabled a bystander to remark that the company was suffering from Blood poisoning.

With some difficulties the war was halted, and Mr. Carpenter and the wharf came back into the company fold. The public was notified of the peace in the following advertisement:

> Notice
>
> The trouble growing out of the sale of the wharf and other property of the Oak Bluffs Land & Wharf Company has been amicably settled and a good understanding and feeling now exists with all parties in interest.

Behind this formal truce, signed by Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton, was a long memorandum which bound the principals to peace, cooperation, and the payment of assessments in the Katama Land Company. It was stipulated, too, that the company should receive ten cents a head for all passengers landed by the Old Colony line at the Oak Bluffs wharf. The sale price of the wharf, now returned,

had been $30,000; and Mr. Carpenter had sold his stock for $800 a share.

The memorandum did not settle where the money was to come from to get the company out of its difficulties. Not until June, 1878, did the directors conclude at long last an agreement which had been under discussion for some years, looking toward a reduction in the corporate debt by the sale of the Sea View hotel. The purchaser was Holder M. Brownell, he of the black side whiskers and ruddy cheeks, and he gave for his purchase $110,000 in bonds, on which he was to pay six per cent interest, with three per cent additional on the capital, the whole issue to be retired in nineteen years. Meantime the property was to vest in three trustees. The transfer included, besides the Sea View itself, the wharf, the celebrated plank walk along the bluffs, the pavilions and the bathhouses. This transaction helped in handling a debt which had been more than $98,000 in 1874.

A few years passed, and the company was about ready to wind up its affairs. Oak Bluffs as a resort community was on the high road of favor, but Oak Bluffs as a land development had already lasted beyond its natural term. Therefore in the summer of 1882 a grand sale was announced, and all remaining lots were offered at auction. The circulars of the sale were confessional in tone. They declared:

"The history of the Company throughout furnishes an example of steady and successful progress in the face of bitter opposition. To detail the circumstances which prompted the antagonism and the means by which the Company overcame and rose superior thereto, would occupy too much space in this narration . . . The Company, in closing its affairs and retiring from the management of Oak Bluffs, does so with every regard to the future welfare of the new town, which in a great measure it claims to have been instrumental in establishing. In disposing of its possessions here, it desires only what is right . . . The town has grown to be amply able to care for itself, and requires no longer the fostering care of its projectors. Under these circumstances, the Company retires with every conviction that its course is founded on principles of right and justice, the propriety of which will commend itself to every careful thinker."

This statement was restrained and dignified, in contrast to a

communication signed with the pseudonym "Taxpayer" in the columns of the Cottage City Star. "Taxpayer" began by citing the origin of the Oak Bluffs Company, and alluding to the camp ground, as "a small, comparatively unknown spot, visited yearly for a short season of religious service by a few hundred interested people from the mainland." When the "open handed generosity" of the company began to bring new fame and prosperity, he went on, "the Camp Ground people became imbued with a spirit of envy and hatred, and by every means of opposition in their power, endeavored to throw obloquy upon the Oak Bluffs management."

> "Cottagers dwelling on the Oak Bluffs territory were termed 'heretics,' and a wooden picket fence, eight feet (sic) high was built by the Camp Ground authorities to separate the outside residents from the fold within, lest contamination should ensue. Hundreds of visitors to the Island were repelled by this unseemly conduct, while within the Camp Ground very many fair-minded people left abruptly and sought a residence outside, preferring to live under the fairer policy and more Christian spirit of the Oak Bluffs Company. Meantime the Company proceeded in its work of improvement . . . pursuing also the most liberal policy toward the Camp Ground people, by extending them the free use of their wharf, and presenting them with a strip of land about half an acre in extent, in order to straighten their boundary line. That this gift was appreciated (?) by the Camp Ground management was evinced by its immediate use as a location for a colony of public out-houses."

After rehearsing the details of rivalry between the Highland and the Oak Bluffs wharves, the communication inquired, "Where is the ordinary worldly device beside such priestly craft as this"?

The sale of assets was, therefore, a liquidation of old resentments no less than of cottage lots. The auctioneer of the sale was Capt. Frank C. Smith, a native of Chilmark, who had gone to sea at sixteen, sailing in the ship Java. In nine months the Java had returned with 1,900 barrels of oil. Then he made voyages in the Triton of Portsmouth, as fourth mate in the Samuel Robertson, and as second mate in the Heroine. At twenty-three he sailed as master of the Heroine, and was home in a year and a half with nearly 2,600 barrels of whale oil. His next cruise, in the same vessel, lasted only

twenty-two months, during which time he took 350 barrels sperm, 2,200 whale oil, and 17,600 pounds of whalebone. Then he sailed as master of the Metacom, and later made successful voyages in the Navy and the Eliza Adams. In 1855 he commanded the ship John and Edward and returned with a good voyage in 1858; but the next year this vessel was burned at her dock. Captain Smith then sailed in the merchant service until 1864 when he returned to whaling. He commanded the ship William Thompson which was burned by the Shenandoah. Then, after one more voyage, this time in the James, of New Bedford, he returned to Edgartown and Cottage City, first as sheriff, and then as a realtor, although that particular designation was some years in the future. Captain Smith had been around the world three times, around Cape Horn eleven times, and seven times around the Cape of Good Hope: and it was he who showed the cottages and lots of the summer resort to inquiring visitors.

The gross yield of the sale was $22,422, computed to be just $70 more than the appraisal figures for the land thus disposed of; but lots worth $29,785 were not sold.

Thus was progress made toward liquidation and retirement. Besides the unsold lots, two important items in the company's schedule remained intact. It was a question to what extent they could be regarded as assets, and to what extent merely responsibilities. They consisted of some miles of avenues, concreted with a tar preparation at an expense of $20,000 to the company, and twenty-five acres of parks. By name the parks were: Ocean, Hartford, Waban, Penacook, Niantic, Hiawatha, Naushon, Nashawena and Petaluma. Ocean Park was the gem of the collection, for it included seven acres of the best land at Oak Bluffs, separated from the bluff and the Vineyard Sound shore only by a street. Facing this park in a curving line were some of the most pretentious cottages, including that of Dr. Harrison A. Tucker. Hartford Park was a close second to Ocean, for although it had no commanding water view, it was an exclusive sylvan retreat and the joy of the summer residents who looked out upon it from their verandas.

The company was willing to present the avenues to the town, but the town refused the gift. At one time Mr. Carpenter, in the name

of the company, offered both the avenues and the parks without qualification, but still the town remained suspiciously aloof, partly because of a vigorous denunciation of the proposal by Capt. Grafton N. Collins, who insisted the company had given no authority for it.

For a time it was the hope of some of the directors that cottagers facing on the parks would pay something for them, and take them over. Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton wrote of this desire in a letter to Captain Collins, in August, 1882. He said:

> "I have done more towards helping sell the Park than any one of the Co. I have talked with more than one hundred men & explained to them that it was better for the cottage owners to buy all around on the front circle and have it for flowers . . . I have . . . said to those around me such as Tucker, Landers & Corbin that we have spent all we ever made here and hoped to sell out what rights we had here and make something at the last end . . . I have hired a lawyer & has cost me hundreds of dollars for what I do not know, but to make expense & trouble keeping me in a state of excitement. You know I ought to have been settled with years ago. But for the $4,000 bonds I took the Co. would have gone over the bay. Mr. C. told me if I did not take the bonds the Co. must fail & the Co. having property to sell today is due to me, and yet as soon as I took them and mortgaged my farm to do it, he, Mr. C., commenced a line of persecution & for three years I cannot get anything but from his attorneys . . . I do not care any more about the town having the Parks than you do; they do nothing for me & I do not intend to help them; if they want the parks, let the town buy them. I think now as I always have that it was an outrage for the O. B. Co. to spend $20,000 for concrete and give it to the town & they not so much as say thank you; you and I have been of one mind in this matter & now is the last chance; get what we can and close up. You are aware that only one man runs the O. B. Co., and has always done so, & what I get I must look after or it will be all gone, hook & line . . . if you should see Ripley prevail with him to make the most of it & hold on to the fag end with a tight grip and so end the chapter now and forever."

The idea of selling the parks, although it seemed natural to the directors, struck the summer cottagers as incongruous. How could anyone sell a public park? Yet there was no record anywhere that

the parks had ever passed from the ownership of the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company, hence they must belong to the company still, and could be sold whenever the company could find a customer. This argument was usually unanswerable except with indignation, and the attitude of the public became one of stubborn resentment.. Anyway, what good would it do anyone to buy a park? Parks in private hands seemed to be white elephants almost as much as avenues.

Sooner or later there was bound to be a further question, and in the squeezing of the fag end of the company's assets the directors came to it: could not the parks be sold, like any other land, for building purposes, to be cut up into cottage lots?

Capt. Collins was certain that they could. The captain knew that he, for one, had never voted to let the parks out of his hands. To be sure, the parks were shown and marked on plans filed at the registry of deeds, but were these anything more than illustrations? There was no mention of parks in any deed. If the parks were public, at just what point had they passed out of the possession of the company and into the domain of the public—which, it was plain, had paid nothing for them and taken no action to receive, accept, or maintain them? It was hard to say. Three new directors had come into the company: Henry Ripley, the contractor, and John B. Worth and Joseph W. Donaldson of Edgartown. They agreed with Captain Collins. The parks could be sold for a price, and they could be built upon.

The conscience of Captain Collins was not seared, for he had sold no lots on promises that the parks were forever to remain open. Captain Norton and some of the others had. In fact the parks had been one of the most important selling points, and lots facing on the parks had commanded substantial premiums. All the surviving original directors agreed now that the parks had been promised to the public and could not be closed—except Captain Collins. But whether parks or house lots, the feeling of the company was that someone ought to pay something for them.

Lawyers were consulted. The Oak Bluffs Company communicated formally with its general counsel, George A. Torrey, a distinguished trial lawyer of the day. Mr. Torrey went into the metaphysics of the

situation, pointing out many loose ends and unanswered questions. If the parks were to be forever parks, could they be left as waste lands? Or if they must be beautified, who was responsible for beautifying them and deciding their proper condition? Suppose the company had shown pictures of fountains and shrubbery on its plans, would it be obligated to erect and maintain fountains and shrubbery forever? Mr. Torrey thought it likely that all such things as parks, statues and decorative effects could be considered as simply showing what the property would admit of, in case the interested parties should later care to provide for their execution. On the whole he made the situation, which had seemed clear cut to the lay public, as confusing and doubtful as principles of mediaeval theology. And he concluded by informing the company that he believed the case for outright sale of the parks was strong.

In September, 1884, the company offered the parks and avenues to the town of Cottage City for the sum of $7,500, payable in twenty-five years, without interest. This was intended to be the equivalent of a price of $5,000 payable at once. Captain Collins believed the figure much too low.

The town moved slowly. Public opinion was against paying anything for the parks, but some disinterested individuals thought it well worth while to spend $7,500 for them and have the matter settled for all time. Eventually a committee was appointed, and the committee wrote to the firm of Stetson and Knowlton for a legal opinion. The reply was far more direct than the advice Mr. Torrey had given to the company.

> "Replying to your questions so far as they relate to parks, we say first, the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company has full and unrestricted right of control and use of the parks in its proposition, as against all persons. Second, the town purchasing as proposed would acquire the control and title which the Company now has in the parks; and at present the town has no title in them whatever. Third. None of the grantees of the Oak Bluffs Land & Wharf Company have, so far as we have been able to discover, any right or interest in the parks . . . We find upon examination of the title of the Oak Bluffs Land & Wharf Company to the parks that it is good, and that they have good right to sell and convey the same."

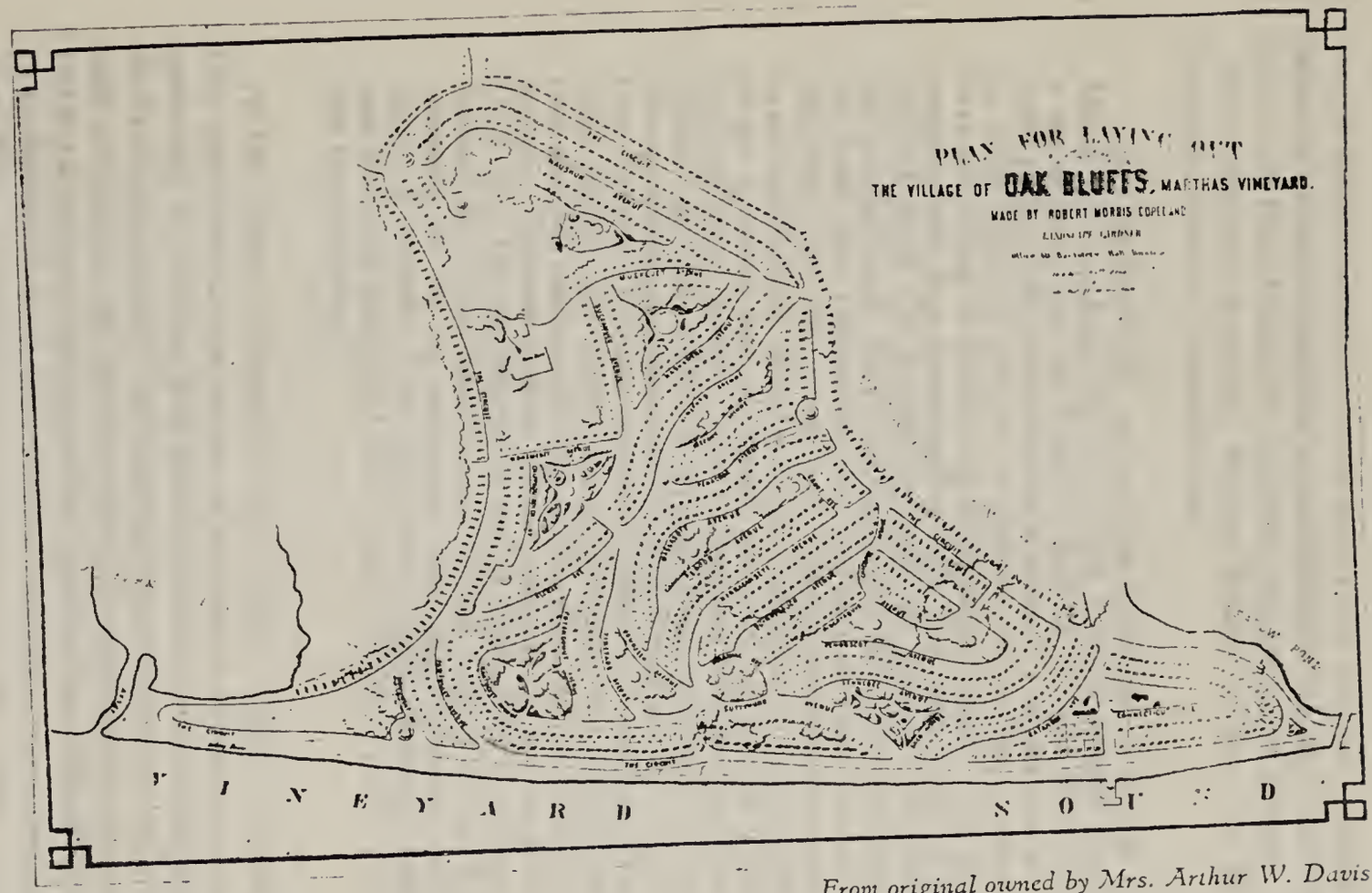
If there was ever an antithesis to a bill of rights or a charter of liberties, this considered opinion was exactly that. The law, apparently, recognized none of the circumstances which seemed to the lay eye as clear as day. All the parks of Oak Bluffs could be taken away without so much as a by-your-leave, after the public had enjoyed them freely for considerably more than a decade. Yes, and the implications were broader even than that: other parks in other places, similarly set apart, could be alienated by private owners and exploited for profit.

As it happened, the opinion did not become public for some time. There was a desire on the part of the town committee to keep it as ammunition, or to safeguard the strategy of the situation; and while it was suppressed, the time slipped by and the offer of the Oak Bluffs Company was about to expire. The committee made a frantic effort to obtain an extension, but there was no hope of this, for some directors of the company were beginning to feel the strength of their position and to seek a better price. Shortly a better offer was made.

George C. Abbott of Boston, an attorney representing what he termed a syndicate, was willing to pay $7,500 in cash. The syndicate consisted of Mr. Alvin C. Neal of Portland, who had the $7,500, and Mr. Abbott himself, who had a passion for suits at law. The two were to undertake the purchase as a speculation and divide equally what they were able to make.

"Now I don't want the property to pass into the hands of the parties that have made this offer, and neither Mr. Hills nor myself will vote to sell them when the matter comes up," wrote Mr. Carpenter to Captain Norton, ". . . but there is a majority of the board that will do so."

The directors met, and Mr. Abbott's offer was accepted. On March 3, 1885, the Boston attorney visited the courthouse at Edgartown, paid $7,500 to the representatives of the Oak Bluffs Company, and received a deed which he recorded promptly. It was a quitclaim deed, no more. Mr. Abbott did not look like a feudist. His attire was punctilious, from a cutaway coat which he wore by habit, to well polished shoes. He was tall, and made an effective courtroom appearance. His hair was sandy, and his whiskers reddish. He was, as events proved, a foeman worthy of the best traditions of combat,



From original owned by Mrs. Arthur W. Davis

Study for town planners: the first plan of Oak Bluffs, dated Oct. 25, 1866. There was no Ocean Park. This map was an important exhibit in the great Cottage City park case. It is now a rare item.

and his favorite weapon was the law. Upon occasion he sued his father for a sum less than a dollar, and he was to bludgeon the bowed head of the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter with forthright strokes.

Five days after this visit, William Bradley, of the Oak Bluffs Company, wrote to Captain Collins:

> "The Oak Bluffs Co. has sold the Parks etc. to George C. Abbott for a syndicate for $7,500 cash. I do not suppose that it is any news to you, but I guess it will be to some when it is made public. Not only news but a stunner. I rejoice that it is so, most especially that the inhabitants of Cottage City will have something to discuss and something to regret. The non-residents will have something to fight and other parties than the Oak Bluffs Co. Should they fight the syndicate, they will find it uphill work. They have got the best advice to be obtained and from many eminent lawyers, and they decide all one way, that those parks can be built upon. They have bought the parks to make money out of and will make all they can. They propose to get a certain sum of money out of every cottage owner fronting Ocean Avenue, and a certain sum from Cottage City. Abbott said to me there is thirty-eight cottages, fronting Ocean Avenue and $1,000 from each will be $38,000 and then $7,500 from Cottage City. Ideas quite high, they will never get those sums. Abbott says if terms cannot be made, into building lots they go, then the fun will begin in earnest. I do not admire his position. The non-residents did not care for the interest of the O. B. Co., but got everything out of them possible and were fighting the Co. at every point. Cottage City never had any sympathy for the Co. and always done everything they could against it, therefore I am glad there is trouble brewing in the near future for them, and shall rejoice when they realize what they have neglected."

As Mr. Bradley predicted, the news was a "stunner" to Cottage City, particularly as the opinion of the town's attorneys was made public just at this time. The special committee was roundly abused for having suppressed it, and many stalwarts who had favored sitting tight and defying the company were now aggrieved that the town had lost a chance to buy the parks at a price far lower than any likely to be demanded in the future. Ocean Park alone, for building purposes, had an estimated value of $40,000; and Mr. Abbott soon let

it be known that, for a quick sale, he would take $60,000 for the entire property which had just cost him $7,500.

While the directors and former directors of the Oak Bluffs Company looked on with mingled malice, curiosity, relief and envy, Mr. Abbott, without waiting for a reply to his general offer of $60,000, proceeded with the details of his business enterprise. The owners of cottages around Hartford Park, that tree-shaded retreat, found an unwelcome circular letter in their mail. Ironically, one of the recipients was Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton, who owned a Hartford Park cottage, and he, who might have kept all this land for himself, was never let off anything. Since the circular letter was not only an unusual document but one of the most staggering bits of affrontery in summer resort history (no less so because it was so glitteringly legal), it is reproduced here in full:

> "I am the owner of a certain lot of land situated in Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, and lying between Massasoit and Pequote Avenues and in front of property owned by you and about forty-five others, each of whom is equally affected by the disposition of the property in question.
>
> "The lot is about 800 ft. long, and from 50 ft. to 120 ft. wide, and would probably make sixteen very large and comparatively valuable house lots which might sell for an average price of $300, a total of $4,800.
>
> "I am the owner of other property in Cottage City which would be benefited by having this lot conveyed to the owners of the surrounding property as a Park to be forever kept open; and for the purpose of such use I am willing to dispose of it for $4,000 on or before June 1, 1885, subject to such taxes as may be assessed.
>
> "The object of this circular is to inform you of the above facts, that I have concluded to dispose of the lot in question, and that I give the owners of adjacent lots the first opportunity to buy.
>
> "In order to prevent any possible misunderstanding of my views relating to this lot, permit me to say, that in the event of sale for building purposes I expect to restrict all purchasers to the erection of such buildings as shall be an ornament to the excellent neighborhood in which the land in question lies."

Hartford Park, with its trees, greensward and select atmosphere, was a "lot of land"! The cottagers fumed and fretted before Mr. Abbott's excruciating blandness.

In the fall of that same year, the Cottage City selectmen laid out Ocean Avenue for formal acceptance by the town, and in so doing they took from Ocean Park a strip of land varying in width from thirty-six to fifteen or twenty feet, and aggregating some 40,000 square feet. The town voted to accept the avenue, and Mr. Abbott at once demanded damages for the strip taken from his park. The selectmen held a hearing and voted to allow the sum of $200. But Mr. Abbott was in a position to show that these same officials, acting as assessors, had valued Ocean Park at a rate which would entitle him to $4,000 for the part of which he had been deprived.

Feeling ran high. The selectmen and assessors held their ground, and so began the celebrated case of Abbott vs. Inhabitants of Cottage City, the first major engagement in the great park case. Abbott's suit came to trial in the brick courthouse at Edgartown in May, 1886, before Judge Rockwell of the Massachusetts Superior Court. The courtroom was large, its pleasant rectangular shape suggesting integrity, its high ceilings and Venetian blinds adding scope and dignity. The judge's bench was massive and of shining oak, and behind the separating rail oak benches for the spectators were arranged in ascending ranks. The room was on the second floor, and one could look from the witness stand or from the oak benches upon Main Street and the Methodist church tower. Spring entered in trailing sunshine and drafts of fresh, seasoned air.

T. M. Stetson appeared for the Inhabitants of Cottage City with his partner, Hosea M. Knowlton, who, a few years later, was to figure in an even more challenging case, for he, as district attorney, was to assume the duty of prosecuting Miss Lizzie Borden of Fall River for the alleged murder of her parents.

Captain Collins testified for Mr. Abbott, maintaining stoutly that the parks had been sold for too little, and that he had been in favor of demanding $15,000 for Ocean Park. With the aid of other witnesses Mr. Abbott established readily that the park was of great attractiveness and value.

As soon as the town's case was opened, Mr. Stetson and Mr. Knowlton attempted to introduce evidence showing that Ocean Park rested under a burden of dedication to the public, and that this burden would reduce any damages which Mr. Abbott could right-

fully claim, even to the vanishing point. Abbott interposed a prompt objection, on the ground that there could be no dedication of a public park in Massachusetts except under specific statutes of 1846 and 1882, and no one even pretended that these had been complied with. The court sustained the objection, as Samuel Keniston later observed in the Vineyard Gazette, "knocking the stuffing out of the case at the very beginning."

The jury remained out only half an hour and returned to award Mr. Abbott a verdict of $2,545.83 which the town of Cottage City would have to pay. There was chagrin and bitterness, and, despite the adverse ruling of the court, some Cottage City men denounced the award as "an Edgartown verdict."

The town's attorneys had saved exceptions, and these were taken to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, although no one had much hope. The whole dead weight of the law—and what a weight that was!—seemed balanced against the side of the town and the people. On February 23, 1887, the supreme court's decision was handed down. It was written by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. (the "Jr." was convenient so long ago when the fame of the jurist had not yet added lustre to the name of the poet) who cited a number of cases and proceeded to say: "The court ruled that no such dedication was possible in Massachusetts. We are of the opinion that this ruling cannot be sustained."

Justice Holmes went no further than necessary to decide the immediate issue, but he remarked that if there had been a dedication by an owner, it was plain that acceptance by express vote of the town in which the park lay was not necessary. In fact, he declared, the necessity of acceptance had been over-insisted upon. The verdict for Abbott was thus set aside. First knock-down for the people after many months of defeat! The dead weight of the law was not so great that it could not be shifted by a few words from a clear sighted judge.

The full significance of this decision was in doubt. In general the reverse for Mr. Abbott did not seem at all final. However, the case could not be tried again for some months, and meantime Abbott began to train his guns on the witnesses who had taken the stand against him. He seemed to recognize as one of his chief foes the

Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter of Foxboro. Accordingly he negotiated with Captain Collins and purchased all the Collins stock in the Martha's Vineyard Railroad, soon putting himself in a position to oust the Carpenter management. The test came at the annual meeting of the road held at the old United States Hotel in Boston. Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Hills and their allies retired to an upstairs room and locked the door; Mr. Abbott and his satellites stormed the fort, burst in the door, and achieved a victory with total casualties to the enemy of one bloody Adam's apple. A truce was arranged, and just before the call for the meeting expired at noon, the Carpenter group came tardily to the Abbott group, owning defeat.

When the case of Abbott vs. Cottage City came to its second trial, the town introduced a great volume of testimony as to dedication. Mr. Carpenter, Captain Norton, W. S. Hills, Joel Hills and William Bradley—all the original directors of the Oak Bluffs Company except Capt. Ira Darrow who had died, and Captain Collins who was of the Abbott side—declared that the parks had been dedicated to public use from the beginning, to remain open forever. Captain Collins said he never knew of any dedication, or of any authority under which dedication could have taken place.

Addressing the jury, Mr. Stetson, for the town, invoked the spirit of the multitudes in the great cities.

"Mr. Abbott asks you to give him all the ten beautiful parks and twenty-seven avenues of Cottage City, which he says belong to him. If it does, then God save the Commonwealth, for our cities will be ruined . . . I speak not simply for the town of Cottage City but for every baby carriage and the little occupant that goes out to the park . . . I care not for rich people, they can buy their own, but for the poor, the poor use the parks, the slums of Boston get their breathing space on Boston Common . . . The public will use that land. That is all the poor public can do to assert their rights and that they have done for fourteen years on Ocean Park without an objection until Abbott hove in sight and delighted the Island with his presence."

Lewis W. Howes, associate counsel for Mr. Abbott, used a "peculiar power of sarcasm" and charged that the whole aim of the town was to win a case for rich men. Ocean Avenue was widened, he

declared, "to steal this land from Mr. Abbott." As to dedication, he reminded the jury that it did not see the words "Public Park" in any deed.

The jury retired, and the courtroom fell into untidy somnolence. The sky far beyond the Methodist church tower turned red and then dark, the jury went to supper and returned, twilight ebbed. Spectators dispersed to their homes. At four o'clock the following morning, the twelve weary men declared that they could not agree, and they were discharged. The case of Abbott vs. Inhabitants of Cottage City was once more just about where it had started.

All this time Mr. Abbott had been enjoying the offensive, but now, emboldened by the decision of Mr. Justice Holmes, the town undertook an action of its own. The case of Attorney General, by information, vs. George C. Abbott began with a jockeying for position in which Mr. Abbott showed himself quick of thought and action. The case was marked for trial in New Bedford in November, but Abbott hastened to the city and asked the court to refer the matter to a master. This was resisted and argued by Stetson and Knowlton, but Abbott prevailed.

The master appointed was Henry King Braley of Fall River, destined to be not only a judge of the Superior Court but of the Supreme Judicial Court of the state, and near the end of his life to be concerned with the fate of two foreigners named Sacco and Vanzetti. The purpose of this new suit at law was to establish that the Cottage City parks were parks, and not private property. Mr. Abbott came into court with what was, perhaps, a unique advantage —an opinion from the opposing counsel to the effect that he was unquestionably right. But this was the opinion rendered by Stetson and Knowlton to the town long before the state supreme court, through Mr. Justice Holmes, had declared itself; and these attorneys now were pinning their hopes upon a broader judgment than their own. As the new case proceeded, the old case of Abbott vs. Cottage City continued on the docket, and Mr. Abbott, as a lover of litigation, found himself happy in being a plaintiff before the Superior Court in an effort to obtain damages from the town, and at the same time a defendant in an action before the Supreme Judicial Court charging him with an invasion of the public domain.

The testimony taken by Mr. Braley and reported by him to the court was eventually to fill a bound volume of 1,070 pages. Unlike many extended court records, however, this anatomy of Attorney General vs. Abbott was monumental enough to deserve its thousand odd pages and its canvas and leather covers. The question "when may a park be sold for house lots"? could not be answered in a paragraph. Mr. Braley heard all the testimony which had been adduced in the two trials of Abbott vs. Cottage City, and a great deal more besides. He had put before him the books and records of the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company, a number of confidential letters written to Capt. Grafton N. Collins, photographs and plans of Oak Bluffs and the parks, and he heard, not once but several times, the questioning and cross questioning of the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter and the associates of the Oak Bluffs Co.

Among the new material presented was testimony by which Mr. Abbott hoped to show that Mr. Carpenter, Joel Hills and William Bradley had, independently, uttered the vulgar threat that they would "fix him." With the aid of Captain Collins and others, Abbott had obtained claims for prosecution against these three, and had forced them into insolvency. Mr. Carpenter was now fresh from having taken the poor debtor's oath, and Abbott referred to him and his friends as "out on bail." He sought to establish that their testimony was influenced by a desire for revenge against him. But the records showed that Abbott had brought his suits against Carpenter, Hills and Bradley only after they had given their testimony against him in the trial of Abbott vs. Cottage City. The revenge motive, therefore, seemed to be on the other side.

Another minor offensive was launched by Mr. Abbott against Hosea M. Knowlton who had, he testified, attempted to purchase from him a cottage lot on Ocean Park. Mr. Knowlton, in his brief to the court, delivered a counter stroke.

"It is difficult to characterize temperately," he wrote, "the spirit that prompted Abbott to pursue these men after they had testified against him, and then spread details of their poverty upon the record, under the pretence that his revengeful persecution of them was the cause of their being witnesses against him, when the converse was the fact."

Summer residents of Cottage City played an important part in the accumulation of the big book of evidence, all of them staunchly in behalf of the town and the public. Among those who gave testimony were George M. Landers, Dr. Harrison A. Tucker, Philip Corbin and Col. Nicholas Van Slyck.

In the final arguments, Mr. Knowlton hammered away at weaknesses in Abbott's case which nice technicalities of the law could not protect. Had not Abbott bought for the sum of $7,500 property which, if free of the burden of dedication, was easily worth $60,000? Himself not a cent out of pocket—since Neal had advanced the money—he stood to pocket half the proceeds and emerge from the transaction comfortably rich.

"Such a transaction is noteworthy," declared Mr. Knowlton. "This trade by quitclaim deed and without any covenants at all and a trifling consideration, shows the conviction of the vendors as clearly as if their vote had read: 'Whereas, we have no title in the parks and avenues, but can get ten per cent of their value from a speculator in law suits, we release, etc.' "

Against this, Mr. Abbott marshaled his ambiguities and contradictions: the parks had been taxed by the town, and the town had allowed him damages for the strip taken from Ocean Park. Moreover, Cottage City had refused to accept the parks when it could have had them for nothing. Unless he, Abbott, owned the parks, were they not orphans, for which no one was responsible? Who would or could keep them up, prevent nuisances, and see that they fulfilled the function of parks?

The final decision in the case was handed down by the state supreme court on Sept. 21, 1891, and Abbott was routed, hopelessly and forever. Moreover, a host of other Abbotts with their speculative eyes on park lands elsewhere were routed as well. There had plainly been an intention to dedicate the Cottage City parks to the public, said the court, for "if the corporation had an intention to reserve this right (to cut up and sell the parks for building), the course pursued was inconsistent with common honesty."

As to acceptance of the parks, the court went on, no assent of the town was necessary because no burden was placed upon the town. The acceptance of such a dedication at common law—already

recognized by the decision of Mr. Justice Holmes—need not appear of record, nor need it be by the town. In fact, the acceptance was by the public at large, and the principal thing needed to show it was use by the public. So simply were the legal intricacies invoked by Mr. Abbott now scattered to the winds.

Replying to Mr. Abbott's question, the court said that, technically, if a nuisance existed on one of the parks, the original owner would have the right to abate it. For the fee remained in the owner, the dedication carrying only an easement to the public at large. This, then, was what Mr. Abbott had gained for his expenditure of time and Mr. Neal's $7,500—the fee of the parks, and the presumptive right to stop a nuisance if one should occur.

The parks have been won these many years, and time has discounted the victory. Generations enjoying liberties won for them in the past are slow to understand how easily the balance might have been turned in the other direction. In this instance, the public right to the parks hung by a hair for years, with able lawyers and the lower courts adding to the weight of opposition. At the end the issue turned upon that slender and intangible quality of the human mind, liberal construction, the will and the ability to look beyond small logic and adherence to technicality.

The news of the victory reached the Island on a day of threatening weather. Bells were rung, bonfires burned, fireworks were detonated, and a parade of citizens was led by the Cottage City Drum Corps in a triumphal march. A man's figure, bearing no resemblance to the sartorially impressive Mr. Abbott, was borne around the avenues and parks on the shoulders of a celebrant, and afterward burned and dragged smouldering around Ocean Park, leaving a trail of fire which was quickly drenched by a fall of rain. A pyramid of tar barrels was set on fire in the center of the park, and burned with a brilliancy which defied the storm until the staves fell in. Standing over the burning mass as a solemn warning was an illuminated transparency upon which were the words, "We are the People." This was regarded as a boast, but it could as easily have been taken as an admission. After all, the people had figured in the great park case only as something for the lawyers to talk about, as guardians discuss their pathetic or feeble minded wards. The cottagers burned colored

lights and red fire; but soon the rain dispersed the crowd, the streets emptied, and all the parks and avenues lay soaked and dripping in the thick night.

Mr. Abbott did not accept defeat without several rearguard actions. He brought suit, asking damages of $225,000, against the directors of the Oak Bluffs Company, based on the fact that before the incorporation of the concern, the directors had transferred the property to two of their number as trustees. The trustees had later reconveyed the property to the company. The original warranty of title, Mr. Abbott declared, should have been passed along to him. This case also was carried to the state supreme court, and Abbott's contention was briefly denied. Yet once again he sued, this time the heirs of Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton just after the turn of the century, still harping on the old string. But this case he did not pursue.

As for the Martha's Vineyard Railroad, over which Abbott had acquired control in his feud with Carpenter and Hills, it did not long remain under his management. There had been chronic defaults of interest payments, and the Old Colony stepped in, took the road from Abbott, and gave it into the hands of Joseph M. Wardwell. That was the last, on Martha's Vineyard, of the saturnine Mr. Abbott, his sandy hair, his cutaway coats, and his love for the sharp, prickly points of the law.

XXVI

Liquor Is a Problem

One of the problems of the camp meeting in early years had been to suppress the sale and, indeed, the use of intoxicants. Now and then a cache of liquor would be found in some grove or woodland glade, and destroyed with exultation. But when a town replaced the old camp, and the resort of Cottage City rose to popularity with an avowed round of summer gaiety, the nature of the problem changed. No one, apparently, cared to see open sale of liquor; but, on the other hand, there was some fear that suppression of liquor

entirely might injure the material interests of the resort. "Let sleeping dogs lie," said many upright citizens.

Yet there was an increasing tension which was bound to result in some kind of lightning. The growth of a camp meeting into a summer resort was not to be accomplished without an open combat between this form of worldliness and the old ideals of strict control —control even of private conduct in matters such as these. Among those who had no idea of allowing sleeping dogs to lie was the Rev. E. H. Hatfield, first a camp meeting preacher, then a firebrand of the division struggle, and later a permanent resident of the town. There had been arrests for selling liquor, and seizures of contraband supplies; these took their course without stirring the resort. Mr. Hatfield, however, conceived a law enforcement effort on a grand scale, and carried law enforcement into places where the arm of the law had not yet reached.

In the summer of 1887, Mr. Hatfield and his committee engaged spotters to explore the possibilities of Cottage City hotels, drug stores and doctors' offices. The spotters had no difficulty in buying liquor, and when the trap was sprung the resort found, to its dismay, that the trail ran not only into common places but into the Sea View. Holder M. Brownell himself was a defendant in the district court on a charge of unlawful sale of liquor. And Mr. Brownell was not only one of the most important men of Cottage City in summer, but he was the intimate of the leaders of the Oak Bluffs side, and a trustee of the Episcopal Church which had been established a short time before.

The embarrassment of the situation was felt keenly: no one could pretend to believe that Mr. Brownell was innocent, although there was a tendency to dissociate liquor selling from the Sea View host himself; but, on the other hand, it was unthinkable that he should be found guilty, like an ordinary person. For to find him guilty would be to suffer an unpleasant cloud to fall over a major part of Oak Bluffs summer life, a part important not only in a material sense, but in the pride and prestige which everyone felt. The case was passed along to the Superior Court, and there, in September, Mr. Brownell faced a jury.

As the case was about to be called, a remarkable document was

presented to the judge, who scanned it with a curious expression on his face. It was a memorial signed by Dr. Harrison A. Tucker, Dr. John Crane and the Rev. J. B. Shackleford, acting rector of Trinity Episcopal Chapel, Cottage City, representing that "the best interests of the town do not require this proceeding, that the best public sentiment has not demanded it," and protesting against further prosecution of the complaint.

Expressing some surprise that the paper should have been handed to him, the judge declared that the only question before the court was whether the defendant was guilty. The trial therewith began; and the atmosphere of the courtroom wrapped Holder M. Brownell and detached him from the events and relationships of Cottage City society and summer life.

Two detectives—Hugh Montgomery, said to be a clergyman of Norwalk, Conn., and one VanBuren Kinney—gave evidence for the state. They had entered the Sea View, passed the office where Mr. Brownell was busy, and had proceeded to buy liquor. Seven men were produced to testify that the reputation of Montgomery and Kinney in their home community was bad, and that their veracity was held in low esteem; four others were produced to testify that their reputation was of the best. The prosecution intimated that the slurs against the detectives originated because of warfare which the two had carried on against rum.

Mr. Brownell did not take the witness stand. There seemed to be little hope for an acquittal; but his attorney, Mr. Brown, swept into a bit of oratory in which he said to the jury: "But, gentlemen, if you acquit Mr. Brownell of this charge, how will you answer the questions of your neighbors and friends as to why you did it? You will answer it as your own consciences must feel here. It was not proven. The government failed to convict him."

Here Judge Hammond interposed, saying that such a line of argument was improper. Mr. Brown inquired whether the court would put this ruling in writing, to which the judge assented, framing it in this form:

"Insofar as counsel for the defendant desires to instruct the jury what reasons they may hereafter give to anybody who chooses to talk with them about their verdict, for giving their verdict, the counsel for defendant is stopped by the court."

Photograph courtesy of Miss Emily Worth

Gay Head excursion, old style. The Monohansett at Gay Head wharf. Visitors were driven to the top of the cliffs in an ox cart.

Mr. Brown thereupon saved an exception. He excepted also to the charge which the court made, alluding to the fact that Mr. Brownell had not taken the stand. The jury, which had tasted Sea View liquor, returned a verdict of guilty.

This was a further blow at the reasonable compromise by which Cottage City existed and held its summer satisfaction; but Mr. Hatfield did not see it that way. He proceeded to denounce the gentlemen who had signed the memorial to the court.

"Are you aiming to fasten on it (Cottage City) the vices of the criminal classes that are inseparable from liquor selling"? he demanded. "Liquor selling in Cottage City is the same evil, ruinous and devilish business that it is everywhere it is allowed to exist." And he pointed out that the town had voted by odds of twelve to one against licensing the sale of liquor.

There was no reply. But when the exceptions saved by Mr. Brownell's attorney were considered by the Supreme Court and a decision handed down, there was a great sigh of relief. The conviction had been overturned. For an attorney to anticipate the social pressure which might be brought against a jury in a case of this sort was proper; and for the court to deny this reasonable argument deprived the defendant of his rights. The secrets of the jury room were not involved, the decision declared, since the whole purport was one of the jury's backbone. The second exception, however, was not sustained, and it was held proper for the court to comment on the defendant's failure to take the stand.

One consequence of Mr. Hatfield's purge he surely had not foreseen: at the next annual town meeting, the town of Cottage City voted in favor of the licensed sale of intoxicating beverages. The sleeping dog had been aroused. The resort was legally wet, and although it was to seesaw through the years on the liquor issue, in common with most communities, it was never to be really dry in the old sense again.

XXVII

Dr. Harrison A. Tucker

One could hardly have been a visitor to Martha's Vineyard this long without having made the acquainance of a figure in whom the golden age of Cottage City breathed and had joyous life. It was said of Dr. Harrison A. Tucker that he was to Cottage City what James Gordon Bennett had been to Newport. This allusion is vague and distant today, yet it retains a flavor of meaning. Dr. Tucker was the resort's most noted host: not only that, but its favorite host. To his cottage came many notables, and he, a lover of good living, dispensed, in the old phrase which can hardly be improved, a gracious hospitality. No committee was complete without Dr. Tucker; he sat on boards for the division of the town, he was prominent on the platform at meetings, lectures, services; he presided over celebrations indoors and outdoors. His name headed almost every subscription paper, provided the cause was for Cottage City. He opened and closed the season, he helped underwrite programs of fireworks and the wages of brass bands. He knew everyone worth while, and everyone at Cottage City knew him and knew his cottage, which was a showplace of the resort for decades. He believed that Cottage City was the most beautiful and most desirable watering place in America, and he carried his pride and pleasure into every channel which an active mind, a genial and vigorous personality, and a love of living well with and among other people could open.

The phrase "the gay Nineties" is a glib, tripping phrase, but it was not only the nineties that were gay: Dr. Tucker came to the camp meeting just after the war of the states, he was one of the earliest cottagers, and he built his second cottage—from which Grant witnessed the fireworks—in 1872; he continued on through the years, and all that quarter of a century was gay. It is possible to see Dr. Tucker still, a solidly built man with a dark beard turning gray, rounded cheeks not lacking color, eyes accented by genial lines at the corners, a dignified bearing. He stands on the Oak Bluffs wharf waiting for the boat to arrive with a new delegation of guests and "he looks like a man whom an earthquake would hardly incommode, and there is not a hard line in his face, either. He is the

incarnation of passive strength, with the ability to know what he wants, the patience to work for it, and a splendid audacity with regard to results."

To a vast number of people who had never seen him face to face, Dr. Tucker was known as the discoverer and compounder of medicines of which No. 59 Diaphoretic Compound was the most famous. No. 59 was "adapted to a wider range of disease than any preparation heretofore offered to the public (this was in 1870). It is particularly adapted to nervous and convulsive diseases, rheumatism, lameness of the joints, back, sick and nervous headache, toothache, cholera, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, dysentery and summer complaints; a certain cure for diseases of the liver, stomach and bowels."

Although this catalog seems fairly complete, it was lengthened considerably as the years passed. In 1895—the year after Dr. Tucker's death—No. 59 was being recommended also for "burns, frostbites, spinal affections, boils, ringworms, old sores, poison ivy and dogwood, stings of bees, bites of poisonous insects, chilblains, corns, asthma, heartburn, sprains and wounds of all kinds, and cold feet."

In the broadest sense, No. 59 was good for what ailed you. But Dr. Tucker had other preparations, also: No. 64 was fever drops; No. 46, hair nutrifier; No. 53, styptic compound; and there were many more, all numbered, including nerve food, viburnum compound, magnetic alterative, helonias compound, resolvent liniment, expectorant and buchu compound.

Dr. Tucker quoted a standard rate of $2.00 for first consultation, subsequent consultation if no medicines were purchased, $2.00, and subsequent consultation if medicines were purchased, $1.00. No. 59 came in dollar and fifty cent sizes. Most of the other medicines cost from $1.00 to $1.50, but liver pills were fifty cents, and purifier was $2.00.

These details should be delivered in the modern style, with irony, sophistication and wit; but those who mock are too likely to be mocked themselves before they are done. As we look back over a period of years, we forget that time, after all, is not distance, and the things we see characterize us hardly less than they characterize the persons and circumstances we presume to study. These retrospects

show us no strangers, but ourselves. We see, even, our own footprints in moist ground which has not yet dried and baked in the sun. Today or tomorrow our new tracks may recross the old, and we shall not recognize the path because of a changed light, an approach from a different angle, an altered bush or tree.

Dr. Tucker was born in the town of Norton, Mass., on March 18, 1832, of what is characterized as sturdy old New England stock. He studied at the Harvard Medical School and at the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania where he was graduated. He practised in Foxboro, the home of the Hon. E. P. Carpenter, then in Brooklyn, and later maintained offices simultaneously in Boston, Providence, Brooklyn and, in summer, on Martha's Vineyard. In his medical profession he believed he had a peculiar gift which he was content to call a "supersense" which enabled him to withdraw himself from all outside surroundings and look directly into the case at hand. This power he used for the benefit of all who suffered, and he turned no one away.

When he was a witness in the Cottage City park case, Dr. Tucker was asked what school of medicine he belonged to, and he replied, "Eclectic." In this case, too, he testified that he must have explained to different persons some two thousand times that the parks were ever to remain open, seeking to interest his New York friends in property at the resort.

Webb's Cottage City Directory, published in the summer of 1885, gave this description of the Tucker cottage "located in a commanding position on Ocean Avenue, facing the park, with attractively laid out grounds, ornamented with the flora of this and other climes:"

> "The architecture of the villa is a combination of several different designs, so blended as to make a more attractive whole than had a single style been followed. Broad piazzas, of elaborate design, with spacious balconies above them; bay windows, affording a resting place for rare and beautiful plants; panels in patchwork of cathedral glass in the outer hall doors; griffins in terra cotta on the pediments that cover the steps leading to the piazza in front of the halls, and grotesque heads of the same material inserted in the sides of the brackets and spandrils of the piazzas and balconies; the apex of the roof to

the bay window over the park is crowned with a griffin in a sitting position facing the park.

"The entire outside surface of the villa is covered with clapboards, alternating with fancy cut shingles, and the painting throughout the building is striking and elegant. The shingles of the roof are dark green, on the second story Indian red; the clapboards of the first story are of Quaker drab, the trimmings bronze green, and the chimneys in terra cotta. The rooms are painted in shades of drab and green, except in the parlor, the ceiling of which is of robin's egg blue; the panels in the wall are of terra cotta and light olive; the frame work in Indian red, with a border of salmon shade surrounding the ceiling, with cornice of Pompeiian red bordered with gilt. The ceiling is ornamented with gilt moulding, radiating from the two gas chandeliers, the outer members forming a chain extending around the entire outside and across the center. A mantelpiece of cherry, of elaborate design; brass chandeliers of the latest pattern; curtain rods to match, with numerous other handsome ornaments complete the harmony of the most attractive parlor in this vicinity."

Here Grant and Joe Hooker and countless notables were guests. Here the cultivated life of Cottage City had its perfect flowering. Here Dr. Tucker drew about him with a sure instinct all that was consonant with the ideals of his people and his time, and radiated the atmosphere which was the essence, as pure as it ever came to be distilled, of the resort.

In the cottage parlor Dr. Tucker's daughter, Cornelia Deans, was married at high noon on a September day in 1893. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, a visitor whose name must be associated always with that of Dr. Tucker in the summer resort history of Martha's Vineyard. Dr. Talmage was assisted by W. C. VanDerlip, a magistrate, and also a member of the summer colony. The bridal couple stood under a canopy of smilax, ivies and goldenrod, from which graceful festoons extended. Sullivan's orchestra played "O Promise Me," and Dr. Talmage stood erect and said in his gravest tone:

"In Paradise, with God's own voice and hand, marriage was instituted, and the fiery sword which afterward stood at the portals of the garden did not hinder this ordinance from coming forth for the blessing and joy of the race."

Then followed the ceremony; and then the wedding breakfast which offered this selection of viands: consomme en tasse, oysters a la Maryland, chicken croquettes, salmon, sweetbread patties, boned turkey, aspic of foies gras en Bellevue, aspic of tongue, ice cream in fancy forms, biscuit glace a la Tortoni, fancy cakes gateaux, bon bons, mottoes, maroons glaces, coffee, lemonade and claret punch. The happy bride and bridegroom were showered with rice as they left by carriage for the New York wharf at Eastville to board the steam yacht Nashawena, owned by Commodore E. P. Boggs and borrowed for the occasion.

Dr. Talmage was one of Dr. Tucker's distinguished guests, and in at least one season he occupied a cottage of his own. The clergyman was born in the same year as the physician, in Bound Brook, N. J. He attended the University of the City of New York, but was not graduated, although in 1862 the degree of A.M. was conferred upon him. He was graduated, however, from the Brunswick Theological Seminary in New Jersey in 1856, and in that year he was ordained. His early career passed quietly, in Belleville, N. J., in Syracuse, N. Y., in Philadelphia. Then, from 1869 to 1894, he occupied the pulpit of the Central Church of Brooklyn, and won fame.

His congregation erected the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and Dr. Tucker was one of the trustees. The tabernacle burned in 1872, was rebuilt larger than before, and twice burned again, the last time in 1894. Then Dr. Talmage went to Washington. But while the tabernacle, in one or more of its incarnations, was still standing, Dr. Tucker was pleased to entertain Dr. Talmage and the entire board of trustees at his Oak Bluffs cottage.

Dr. Talmage's sermons were published for twenty-nine years without the omission of a single week, and at the turn of the century appeared in 3,600 different newspapers, reaching an audience estimated at thirty millions of people. The sermons, too, were translated into most European and many Asiatic languages. Not even in the age of radio was a congregation more imposing than this to be assembled regularly by any divine. In later years Dr. Talmage was an editor also, occupying chairs for the Christian At Work, Advance, Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine, and the Christian Herald.

Concerning Dr. Tucker's valuable remedies, Dr. Talmage wrote as follows:

> "To the People: I know by personal observation that Dr. H. A. Tucker's medicine, popularly called No. 59, is potent and safe. It ought to be on the shelf in every nursery and in the satchel on every journey. Going from home I always carry some of it with me, and have administered it to many in car and steamer who have been taken sick. Better smash your brandy flask and the various styles of Bitters which are Rum put up with enticing nomenclature, and take with you a bottle of Dr. Tucker's 59 as a pocket pistol with which to shoot down physical disorders."

In the seventies there was a movement to censure Dr. Talmage for his bouffe treatment of religious subjects; but his march to fame was not inpeded. One of his sermons in 1888 was on the text, "Till a dart strike through his liver." In this discourse the clergyman suggested that physical ill health was sometimes mistaken for sin.

"My brother," he said, "your trouble is not with the heart. It is a gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. It is not sin that blots out your hope of Heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeballs and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings."

This extract, with some added detail, was widely circulated to the world by the makers of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Dr. Talmage preached on watering places, taking his text from Mark vi, 31: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." Here, the minister said, Christ advises his apostles to take a vacation.

> "The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The crystalline surface of Winnipiseogee is shattered with the stroke of steamer, laden with excursionists. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snaps at the hook of adroit sportsmen and toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. Already the baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life puts on festal array, and the rumbling of the tenpin alley, and the crack

> of the ivory balls on the green baize billiard tables, and the jolting of the barroom goblets, and the explosive uncorking of champagne bottles, and the whirl and rustle of the ballroom dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race course attest that the season for the great American watering place is fairly inaugurated.
>
> "I have to declare this truth today (he went on), that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of a 'multitude that no man can number.' "

Among the temptations of summer resorts he listed, each by number: (1) to leave piety at home; (2) "I never knew anyone to grow very rapidly in grace at the fashionable summer resort"; (3) horse racing (but here he paused for a eulogy of the horse which, he said, ought to be called the king of beasts); (4) hasty lifelong alliances—and here he condemned the "soft handed, soft headed fop"—"it would take five hundred of them stewed down to make a teaspoonful of calfsfoot jelly"; baneful literatute—"would it not be an awful thing for you to be struck with lightning some day when you have in your hand one of those paper covered romances"?; and, (6), the temptation of alcoholic beverages, the temptation to tipple.

Although Cottage City was not specifically exempted from these strictures, apparently Dr. Talmage approved of the Island resort, for he was often there. In 1887 he visited Dr. Tucker and was one of the Fourth of July orators at a memorable celebration. The report in the Vineyard Gazette was in the frank, illuminating style of the editor, Samuel Keniston—franker, in all likelihood, because of the recent division of the town.

> "Dr. Talmage had no sooner risen to his feet than he was greeted with loud and prolonged applause, which was repeated at nearly every one of his opening statements—about the only exception being when he remarked that he was an' optimist,' at which unfamiliar word, though emphasized in the speaker's best manner, and irradiated by a most beaming expression of countenance, the audience appeared somewhat bewildered, and to which they declined to tumble. The Doctor's way of slinging his words at his hearers may be imagined when it is known that he says 'yuh' for 'you' and 'tuh' for 'to,' and the secret of his success may be inferred further from the fact that the applause seemed oftener to be incited by a peculiar twist of the

countenance than by the verbal statement. The burden of the speaker's lay was that the world was growing better at a very rapid rate of progress—which he illustrated by numerous citations from ancient, mediaeval, modern and recent history—and barring the studied mannerisms which characterized its delivery, the address was a highly satisfactory one from all points of view.

"Mr. St. Clair McKelway of the Brooklyn Eagle . . . next took the stand and in a half hour's speech gave his hearers pessimism enough to cast a gloom over the whole glorious panorama which had been made to pass in review by the distinguished divine who preceded him. Mr. McKelway, being the editor of the chief Democratic paper of Brooklyn, but realizing that he was addressing an assemblage largely made up of New Englanders and therefore presumptively Republicans, naturally chose the course usually adopted by Democrats under those circumstances, and went in on the mugwump principle. He despaired of the Republic . . ."

General King and Will Carleton, the poet, who were to have spoken, were detained at home by indisposition.

Dr. Tucker's greatest contribution to Cottage City—the Oak Bluffs Club—must remain to be separately described. His final visit to the resort was in May, 1894. He had not been well, and for weeks his dearest wish had been to get down to the cottage. At last the weary period of waiting ended, it was May, and he could make the trip from Brooklyn. As he walked off the boat at the wharf, his pace somewhat slower than of old, the deckhands and officers of the steamer raised their hands in salute which he acknowledged with a smile. He breathed deeply of the Island air, he looked about him with shining eyes.

"Isn't it beautiful"! he exclaimed, as if he were seeing it for the first time. "I am glad I am here."

He went for a drive, gladdened and brightened by the beloved surroundings; and he sat at the cottage window and looked out over Ocean Park, already green. But two weeks after his arrival his life slipped away. All the flags of the resort were at half staff. It did not seem possible that Dr. Tucker was dead, and that something important of Cottage City had died with him. No mourning and no honor were spared at the services for his funeral.

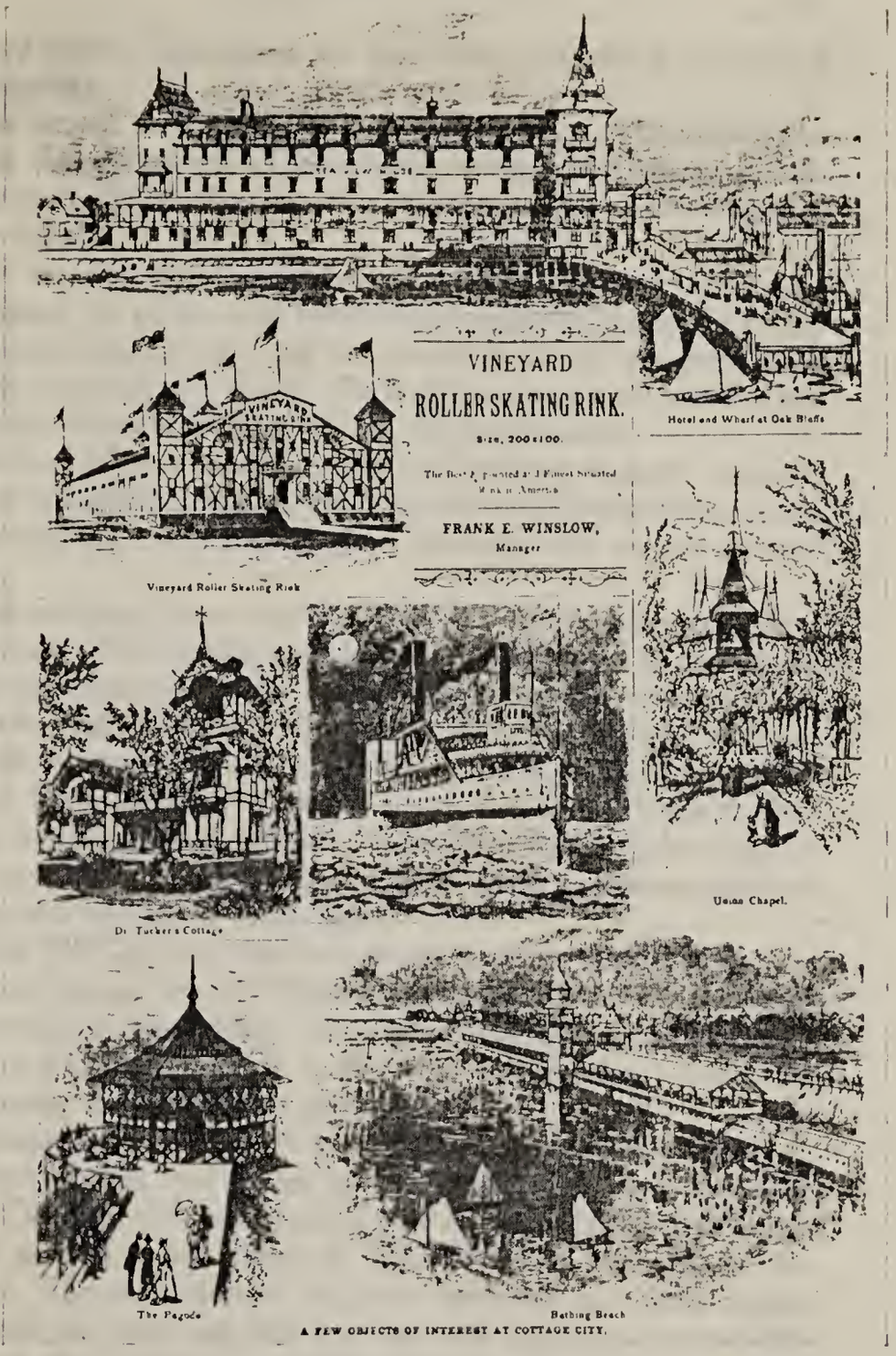
XXVIII

The Oak Bluffs Club

In the season of 1886 Dr. Tucker called together a group of prominent summer residents and imbued them with his ideas for a summer club, to enlarge the circle of hospitality and to make possible entertainment and companionship beyond the capabilities of a single cottager and the resources of a single summer home. The Oak Bluffs Club was founded, and Col. Nicholas Van Slyck of Providence —for years the city solicitor—became president. He had been a cottager since 1868. Dr. Tucker was treasurer. The vice presidents were T. K. Boggs and Dr. J. M. Crane of New York, W. C. VanDerlip of Boston, and Edward Wyman of Illinois.

Upon the roll of members there soon appeared the names of many members of the New York Yacht Club, including Commodore Gerry—who was later to serve as president—and the names of all the summer cottagers who were in the gay and expansive set. Holder M. Brownell was, naturally, among the number. At one of the most sightly and prominent sites in Oak Bluffs, the corner of Ocean and Sea View Avenues, two large cottages were joined together to form the clubhouse.

A spacious piazza extended around the two fronts, commanding fine vistas over Vineyard Sound. The parlor, on the east side of the building, was painted in green, turquoise, blue, cherry, maroon and terra cotta. Adjoining this apartment was the main hall with office and checkroom, and in the rear a staircase of ash with, on the opposite side, a large fireplace of Moorish design, embellished with terra cotta tile and medallions. Above the fireplace a breastwork of Somerville brick extended to the ceiling, and displayed in the center a large terra cotta panel portraying in relief a dolphin turned around Neptune's trident and a background of bulrushes, flanked on each side by grotesque faces. The room was painted in blue-gray, light blue, brown and scarlet.

The banquet hall was painted in four shades of yellow green. Adjoining it was the ladies' parlor, decorated in shades of gray and scarlet. In the rear of the main hall was a card or smoking room, adjoining a billiard room, both being tinted in light pink, Indian

From an advertisement of the 1883 illumination, in the collection of Mrs. Arthur W. Davis

red and scarlet. Throughout the first floor were rich decorations of gilt molding.

The second floor held twenty sleeping rooms, furnished luxuriously. Electric bells in all the rooms communicated with an annunciator in the office. The house was piped for gas and had its own water supply.

The exterior was elaborately painted, the roof dark green; the part above the piazza roof Indian red; below the line of the piazza roof, green Quaker drab; and the trimmings bronze and green, with brown for the piazza floors. The clubhouse was built and finished under the direction of Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton.

The cost of this clubhouse was not far from $30,000, financed in part by an issue of bonds. Initiation fees of $50 were assessed, and the annual dues were fixed at $25, although there was an increase later.

Each summer, plans were made for the welcoming of the New York Yacht Club which regarded Vineyard Haven as one of the important objectives of its cruises. Whenever the yachts were in, the Oak Bluffs Club kept open house. Between Cottage City and Eastville there was a steady flow of traffic, carriages taking yachtsmen to and from the New York Wharf, in Vineyard Haven harbor. There were receptions, banquets, dances and friendly gatherings by the score, and summer life was more brilliant and more inclusive than it had been in the earlier years.

When Elbridge Gerry became president of the club in 1889, the cordiality between the Oak Bluffs group and the New York yachtsmen was cemented more closely. Three years later the yacht club established a permanent station at Eastville, maintaining a boathouse and landing stage for a long period.

Unfortunately, forces were at work underneath the surface which, in course of time, put an end to the lavish hospitality of the Oak Bluffs Club. All was as brilliant as ever on the surface, but an involuntary petition in bankruptcy in January, 1896, made painful disclosures. The establishment had been operating on a scale beyond its means; its larder had been kept too well supplied; elaborate dinners had been prepared in anticipation of orders from yachtsmen, to be eaten by the servants when the yachtsmen failed to appear.

A steward had been employed at a wage of $100 a month, and there had been a corps of other retainers. Everything had been run both fast and loose, and a day of reckoning could not be postponed. There was a floating debt of $15,000, and bonds outstanding amounted to $19,000. And, despite the large cost of the clubhouse, it could not be disposed of at a forced sale for much more than $10,000.

There was nothing to do but to arrange a compromise and a reorganization. The creditors and bondholders—most of whom were not members of the Club—bowed to the inevitable, and the New Oak Bluffs Club started its career in the summer of 1897. But something had gone from the spirit, the enthusiasm of the previous seasons. Was it that Dr. Tucker was dead? Or was it that such a club cannot be operated successfully on a sound business basis, with continually balanced books and cash payments? Undoubtedly both factors had something to do with the situation, and the New Oak Bluffs Club tapered off and passed from the scene.

In the same year which saw the founding of the Oak Bluffs Club, the Martha's Vineyard Club was organized—later to be known as the Martha's Vineyard Carnival Club. This was an institution of a different sort. It was suggested by Charles Strahan, who had taken over the Cottage City Star, campaign organ of the division days, and turned it into a real newspaper, the Martha's Vineyard Herald. The object was to provide an agency to take the place of the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company, the patronage and parental care of which were now withdrawn. Band funds must be collected, fireworks and illuminations must be planned and paid for, celebrations and entertainments must be provided in their due times. The Martha's Vineyard Club was to be a means by which the resident and summer community could arrange these things, and, as well, promote harmony and social intercourse. Dr. Tucker was, of course, the one choice for president when the club was launched, and meetings were usually held at his cottage. Some five hundred members paid dues. In 1888 the club engaged the Fitchburg Band of twenty-five pieces, and on its invitation the Washington Rifles, comprising "the elite of the national capital," spent two weeks in Cottage City in July.

The next year the club offered a cup, of the value of $250, for the races of the New York Yacht Club off Martha's Vineyard. For

some years this sort of promotional activity went on, and there was behind it an unmistakable desire to boom Cottage City. Summer residents and residents alike took part, and the collaboration was a pleasant one. This was the ancestor of many boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and improvement associations; but in the course of time the partnership of the summer people began to lapse, and the booming was left to the business men of the resort.

But the town, too, was to go into the promotional business on a fairly large scale. In 1889 a special act of the legislature was obtained, authorizing Cottage City to spend as much as five hundred dollars a year for amusements. The appropriation was duly made, and part of the sum for that year was spent to obtain the services of the Fitchburg Band. By the year 1910, modern civilization had developed to that place at which advertising could be —nay, must be—conceived as a force for the public good, and an activity for which taxpayers could be assessed without violence to old ideals of government. The town of Oak Bluffs (as Cottage City had now become) and Tisbury petitioned the legislature for the right to expend some of their funds in advertising their attractions, and the authority was granted. Not long afterward Edgartown followed suit.

A long transition was then complete. From the time of happy holiday celebrated in the seventies and eighties, when the sheer enthusiasm of summer visitors spilled over into efforts to make resort life gay and to win new converts to share their pleasures, the general point of view had altered by degrees until, at length, enthusiasm was delegated to advertising copywriters and they were paid to spread the infection in sound business ways, more or less coldly calculated. In a sense, however, this was the completion of a circle; affairs were back where they had started when the Oak Bluffs Land & Wharf Company was launched to promote a land development and build a new resort.

XXIX

Summer Entertainment

Almost every recreation or amusement which the ingenuity of mankind could devise, or the swelling trend of fashion could bring into popularity for a year, was played or offered to the public at Cottage City. The beginning was entirely spontaneous; then came deliberate efforts to exploit amusements, some of them accompanied by queer expressions of the American craft of ballyhoo. In every instance it is history that the spontaneous waves of this recreation or that proved more exciting, more fruitful in pleasure and in dollar and cent value to the resort, than the calculated efforts to entertain and attract. Thus, at the height of all the summer amusements on Martha's Vineyard must still stand the game of croquet, which came from nowhere even before there was a real resort, never to disappear; and at the bottom may be found the great Katama fox hunt and the swimming pig race of Cottage City. In between there are many summer entertainments, the bicycle and the roller skate looming prominently; but they flourished not in proportion to the financial backing, but as a mysterious breeze of public interest rose into gusts or lapsed fitfully into a calm which no promoter could stir again, whistle as he might.

This narrative is to treat here primarily of the amusements which flourished in the later seventies and eighties, and in the early nineties. But croquet has covered the whole span of the summer history of Martha's Vineyard since the Island's first boom. It has a grand sweep which is somewhat startling for a game now esteemed to be so slight.

The game itself was old when it first came to the camp meetings in the early sixties of the last century; it had emerged by evolution from the pall mall of England and the royal diversions of France. For some reason as hard to trace as the origin of any contagion, there was an American craze which came in and grew as the war between the states was drawing to a close.

The Vineyard Gazette was moved to say, in August of 1866, after a survey of the camp ground: "Instead of giving attention to the earnest words and practical zeal that so successfully wrought

out the work of grace and goodness, we hear the merry jest and see the rallying around the croquet ground . . . a game, we are told, that tends to the softening of the brain, but which, at least, we shall pronounce absurd. The radical difference between this game and billiards—a game which the prejudice of the people leads them to denounce as demoralizing—is that one is played upon the ground and the other upon a well finished and convenient table."

This was an idle voice, forgotten as soon as it was heard. The camp meeting association was constrained to make a rule that croquet could not be played on the greensward immediately around the preachers' stand, even in the periods before and after camp meeting week. But it was played everywhere else, and not alone by the laity but by the clergy. One must walk carefully in the open places of Wesleyan Grove or his foot would be caught in a wicket, and he would be stretched on the ground.

A serious critic in 1869 uttered these damning words: "The only development liable to lower the moral standard of the camp is croquet. This is played incessantly for weeks before the meeting, and we have yet to witness a game in which cheating and lying are not common occurrences, especially among the fair sex, we deeply regret to say. It is the general practice of the ladies to push balls into more favorable positions when unobserved, and if detected to deny it. We have seen ministers' daughters do it time and again."

If this was the case, there was no proof of greater turpitude on the part of the ministers' daughters and other girls: theirs was the greater opportunity, since the long and ample dresses of the day made it a simple matter to do things with croquet balls which no proper male eye could see. Fathers and brothers were as much wrapped up in the game, and as intent upon winning. Sometimes clergymen were late for services because of croquet, and had to be severely reprimanded. But croquet went on.

It was a rule that the first person to put out the wickets in the morning had the right to use the croquet grounds. A minister now living recalls distinctly how he hurried from his tent at one in the morning, only to find that another minister was before him, prepared to hold the ground against all comers.

When the Oak Bluffs Company opened its grounds, the new parks

were admirably suited to croquet, and there were more wickets to trap an unwary walker, and more mallets clicking in the August air. Clerical croquet players continued to be denounced—Mrs. Amanda Smith, a colored revivalist, flayed them from the stand at the camp meeting of 1877—but the ministers saw no inconsistency between croquet and their Master's business.

Croquet sets could be bought for a dollar, and all that was then needed was a bit of turf, an eager eye and a light heart. They did wrong who denounced croquet; it contributed to the well being of the race.

Instead of disappearing, like a fad, as the years passed, croquet persisted. In 1882 a National Croquet Association was formed, and the players of Cottage City became affiliated with it. Then, in 1899, a group of thirty men, among them several summer residents of Cottage City, gathered at Norwich, Conn., to discuss ways and means of making croquet a more scientific game. The result was the birth of roque, in which the wickets were narrowed, the courts made hard and smooth, and borders provided against which balls could be caused to carom. Croquet did not disappear even now, but roque grew and flourished. The game was standardized; and there were national champions and tournaments.

Indeed, in a secluded part of the town of Oak Bluffs, cool under the shade of oaks which have now grown tall, the Martha's Vineyard Roque Club in 1935 held its fifty-fourth annual tournament. And among the players were ministers who first came to Martha's Vineyard many years ago to preach at the camp meeting.

In 1897, when golf was becoming a new rage, and a golf course was in play at Oak Bluffs, observers remarked that croquet was at a discount. This may have been true; indeed, croquet seemed to fail in interest. But when one thought it was gone, he heard a familiar sound, saw a reminiscent sparkle of sunshine on a striped and varnished ball. Croquet again.

Roller skating reached Martha's Vineyard on the crest of just such a wave as had brought croquet. The roller skate had been invented in France in 1819, but not until 1874 was it improved to anything like its present finished state. In 1876 Samuel Winslow, a man of considerable wealth, got up a new and advanced roller skate and,

together with his son Frank and a young man named Aline, built the first roller rink in the United States at Worcester. It proved successful, and there was a wave of "rink fever" in the country similar to one which had just been sweeping England.

Then, in 1878, Mr. Winslow built the celebrated rink on Martha's Vineyard. He called it the Vineyard rink, and gave his skates the same name. Other promoters followed his lead, and soon there were rinks in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Saratoga, and Newport. Active on the Vineyard was Mr. Winslow's younger son, Samuel E., in later years chairman of the United States Board of Mediation.

The rink at Cottage City involved an investment of thirteen thousand dollars. A site was chosen on the waterfront, just across the street from the Sea View. The building was something like an armory in design, but a close view disclosed that its tremendous bulk was shingled only, although its curving roof was of iron. Over the roof, at intervals, were placed small towers, each with a staff and a flag gaily blowing in the wind. There were square towers at either side of the front, also.

The rink was dedicated in July, 1879. The Hon. E. P. Carpenter could not be present, and the enterprise was welcomed to Oak Bluffs by Joel Hills in his place. Seven hundred invitations had been issued, and after an inspection of the structure and an appreciation of its elaborate decorations, there were addresses of mutual congratulation. Then followed a graceful exposition of "parlor skating" by Mr. W. H. Purdy, one of the staff of instructors, after which the gathering which almost filled the great shell turned to and tried out the new skates and the new floor.

In the rink the summer dwellers of Cottage City discovered anew the swift joy of motion, the sweep and dash of rollers which gave them a sensation of being disembodied. This was, to say the least, the next thing to flying. And it was a convenient adjunct of the simpler and more natural recreation of bluffing. Young people of the best families met freely and went to the rink together, and the rage flourished and was good in the eyes of everyone.

In that same summer, Pinafore was presented at Cottage City, with Lake Anthony for a background; another year or two and the

Kearsarge anchored offshore and added dignity and importance to the season; the rink was illuminated when the days of celebration came; the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute was launched, and the Highlands had come to new life.

There was no doubting the success and pleasure of the summers, but the resort seemed to need still more material to feed upon. Accordingly, in July, 1881, the swimming pig race was arranged to supply an early attraction and bring new conviviality and business. The event was held in the name of a committee of summer residents with the Sea View as a background. A pig was taken to the shore, thoroughly greased, and then launched into Vineyard Sound at a distance from shore, while crowds along the bluff and on the Sea View verandas craned and peered to be sure of a good view. The idea was that the pig, which was named Ben, would swim for the shore, several swimmers hard after him, and that the first swimmer to catch Ben would receive a prize of twenty dollars.

It happened, however, that the pig turned the surprise on the sponsors of the race; instead of making for the shore, he started paddling for deep water, in the general direction of Cape Cod. The swimmers started after him, and the race was turned into a rescue with the action receding rapidly from the vision of the onlookers on the shore. The pig named Ben was rescued, unhurt, but the attempt to inject new excitement into Cottage City summer life was abandoned abruptly.

In the eighties, the occasional excursions to Gay Head became institutions. At intervals, increasing in frequency during August, Cottage City was spattered with colored handbills announcing trips by steamboat to the clay cliffs and the light.

"Three hours to explore this world renowned headland of Martha's Vineyard, and inspect the magnificent light with its wonderful mechanism," the broadsides proclaimed, invitingly. "Take your knife and paper box along and cut out some of the variegated clay."

Sometimes, in addition, the public was exhorted to "take a ride in a Gay Head omnibus, driven by a Native Indian." The Gay Head omnibus was the ox cart, for oxen were used alike by farmers for the tilling of the fields, and by the fishermen for the hauling out of boats and net.

Sometimes, too, it was hinted that the sightseers could see savage red men in their native surroundings—an exaggeration which was too palpably a showman's invention to occasion any feeling either on the part of the Indians, who were urbane and intelligent, or on the part of the visitors, who found plenty of novelty without this added attraction.

A wharf was built on the Vineyard Sound side of Gay Head, at which steamboats docked after their run through the strait, between the Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands opposite. The boat trip was one of the fascinations; for the water lay calm and stratified in many shadings of blue on a gentle summer day, and the islands on either hand were fresh and varied with bluffs, great rocks, steep ascents and rounded woods—green, yellow, and white. The excursionist entered a world of sky and sea; and then, at Gay Head, he was eager to rush off, clamber over the cliffs, visit the light, and spend his energies in an untamed region of sea winds and sunshine. He saw small Indian children, with their bright eyes and straight dark hair; he saw Indian fishermen with their boats, tall and as straight limbed as any proverb, he saw the broken uplands and the long curving shoreline, eternally washed with white in rhythmic advance and recession. Beyond the first reaches of the sea he saw No mans Land, also, and in the unaccustomed spaciousness of the world about him—spiced with the scent of sweet pepperbush, colored with lavish pigments of clay and bayberry and butterfly bush, salted even in this August interlude by a challenging and cool breeze from the water—he was called out of himself and out of his past. Then the steamer carried him back, tired and impressed, to the cozy delights of Cottage City.

Sometimes there were excursions by moonlight, sometimes a brass band was on the steamer, sometimes among the passengers there was a teacher from the Summer Institute to discourse on the geologic wonders of the region, and to hold the passengers spellbound.

Gay Head excursions in the eighties cost fifty cents a passenger, and they consumed the whole day, from nine-thirty in the morning until late afternoon. There were also occasional excursions to Nantucket, Newport, and small ports on Cape Cod.

It was many decades before the roads of the Island were sufficiently

improved, and overland transportation became fast and pleasant enough for the steamboat excursions to fail in the new competition. Long after the shift of centuries, the excursions continued to run; but then came the state highway and the automobile.

The Flying Horses were early on the ground at Oak Bluffs. As the horse's neck is an innocent drink under a gallant name, so the Flying Horses were an amusement celebrated out of all proportion in the title: they were, in brief, an ordinary merry-go-round or carrousel, upon which children of the resort whirled about in some peril of dizziness and vied to see which would catch the brass ring. Except for this institution, there was only one commercial amusement enterprise of the carnival variety. It was a summer roller toboggan slide erected immediately in the rear of the rink in 1887. From a tall tower the slide led not far from the side of the building, in swift descent, then turning and completing a single ellipse. There were none of the terrors of the roller coaster; indeed, the contrivance was a naive translation of the winter toboggan coast, and the first of the sort to be built in New England. It was the hope of the promoters that clubs would be formed, not unlike the toboggan and ski clubs of the snow countries and winter resorts. From top to bottom the chute measured eight hundred and fifty feet, but its thrills were not sufficiently varied to sustain popularity.

Once, in 1895, an itinerant carrousel concern set up its apparatus in Edgartown, and still later there was a carrousel at the bathing beach on Chappaquiddick. But anything suggestive of a carnival was frowned upon, and commercial amusement enterprises were never licensed by the selectmen. The tradition was established early that Cottage City should be the place of merrymaking, and that the other Island towns should maintain a greater reserve.

In the year of the Centennial Exposition, Col. Albert A. Pope of Boston saw bicycles on display, and one of those curious impulses occurred in his imagination which, out of all chance impulses of the world, lead to great results. He went at once to England, imported a number of English wheels, and, in 1878, began to manufacture at Hartford the famous "Columbias"—the first bicycles in the modern sense in America. There had already been an uprush of bicycle invention in the United States in the late sixties, and the

public had seen no end of fancy riding. But this had been the province of a few daredevils who stood in the same relationship, almost, that the pioneer aviators did later; and the phenomenon had reached a sudden peak and then disappeared. Now there was a great deal more than trick riding, and a broader and greater wave arose. Among the first places reached by its rising waters was Martha's Vineyard.

Cottage City was marked as the wheelman's summer paradise. There were many acres of almost level land, and some thirty miles of smooth roads of hard tar surface over which bicycles hummed and sizzled, yielding sounds and sensations of the utmost pleasure to the riders. One of the first formal expeditions to the resort was made by the Capital Bicycle Club of Washington in 1885. The pneumatic tire was still four years in the future, and the old high wheels were just yielding to the so-called safeties, which were considered by some critics to be effeminate. The Rover wheel had appeared in 1884, and for a long time all safeties were to be known as Rovers.

In 1887 the Massachusetts Division of the League of American Wheelmen—which had been founded in 1880—appointed Cottage City for its summer rendezvous. A reception and hop were held in honor of the wheelmen at the Sea View, there was sailing, and a baseball game was played.

After this the visit of the wheelmen was a recognized part of the summer program at the resort; Cottage City had become a bicycle capital. The steamboats transported wheels free; striped blazers, caps and tight trousers became conspicuous and dashing in the summer crowds; and after dark the red and green lights skimmed along the streets, astonishing and pleasing the eye of the generation with a new wonder.

Representative of the functions of the wheelmen—although rather more elaborate than most—was that marking the summer of 1888. There was a grand costume ball at the casino, and a parade of wheels wound all about the town, led by a committee of the Martha's Vineyard Club and the Fitchburg Band. The line of march was made up, precisely, as follows: the marshal and his staff, 17 in number; Cambridge, 22 men; Somerville, 25 men and 7 ladies; Fall River, 8 men; Suffolk, 3 men; Massachusetts Club, 2 men; Jamaica, 16 men; New Bedford, 24 men; Hyde Park Ramblers, 7 men; unattached

wheelmen, a smattering; Secretary Bassett; Rhode Island wheelmen, 27 men and 10 ladies; unattached wheelmen, several; Portland, 4 men; unattached wheelmen, assorted.

Some of the riders carried Japanese umbrellas, and some had decorated their machines with sunflowers and ribbons. The Jamaica contingent wore humorous placards with inscriptions such as: "Jamaica Ginger," "Jamaica Plain," "Jamaica Straight," and "Plain Jamaica."

The races included one mile for the Rover type of wheel, the first race of the kind in America; and other events were one mile novice, one mile open, one mile tricycle, and one mile handicap.

The visits of the wheelmen were gay, and each year they attracted more spectators and more riders. No one had managed this addition to resort life: it had come without advertising and without investment, as spontaneously as croquet. Fifteen summers; at least, were preoccupied and characterized with and by the wheel in this free play of the folk spirit, as the young men of the land, particularly, snatched eagerly at the gift progress had made to their generation. Wheels were decked with ribbons, parasols and Chinese lanterns; wheels on parade carried arches of lighted Chinese lanterns spanning the road between them; one paused of an afternoon stroll to watch the easy grace of a trick rider demonstrating his accomplishments on the pavement. It was incredible that the bicycle should ever become an old story, anything less, indeed, than a recurring extension of the human personality by means of easily mastered mechanical devices and principles.

The wheelmen, being young for the most part, and gay from first to last, sometimes deserved the anger of cottagers and police. But then: "Every crowd of men has a few among the number who do not know how to behave, and the others suffer for the few . . ." So it was explained then, in regard to the wheelmen, and so it has been explained ever since and doubtless ever will be, in regard to the excesses of all human groups on holiday bent.

In the year 1896 there was enough unseemly behavior among the wheelmen to invite retaliation. Property had been destroyed and residents had been insulted by men wearing the bicycle emblems; hence the use of the band for the parade was refused peremptorily.

Wheelmen gathered in the street in front of the official headquarters and stirred up one another's wrath, until they were in a frame of mind to cancel the parade, the races, and the rest of the meet entirely. Happily a better suggestion was offered. The wheelmen could leave Cottage City flat and scorch over the Beach Road to Vineyard Haven, under their own power. So they did, and the races were held with the added spice of defiance. Banners of welcome were stretched across Vineyard Haven streets, red fire was burned, and the town gave an unstinting reception, troubled not at all by any neighborly compunction.

This upset, however, did not interrupt the annual custom of visiting Cottage City. The Nantucket Inquirer & Mirror said to the Martha's Vineyard Herald, in an exchange of compliments in 1890, "That Cottage City cannot offer the natural attractions of Nantucket is no fault of the dear little doll house town with a camp meeting annex. But then, it should make the most of its bicycle opportunities and brace up."

That was a decade when bicycle opportunities were to be envied, and at Cottage City they bore fruit; as to the strictures concerning the houses of Cottage City, they were hardly justified—for the town had grown and stretched out, and many stately homes had arisen at Oak Bluffs and on the Highlands.

The day of the wheelmen flourished, until at last it turned, as all periods must, into a rosy twilight, dimmed steadily by a rising haze in which the Cottage City outings are obscured into phantom shapes, with ghosts of bicycle riders scarcely seen, mauve shadows, pedaling silently and vainly to keep in sight the more rapidly receding horizons of years to come.

Among the summer entertainments there was always the surf on the South Beach. When the breakers were high, a bulletin stood in front of the Sea View, and the trains carried crowds to the ocean shore beyond Edgartown and Katama. Often the bulletin was not needed, for the visitor awoke in the silent hours just before morning and heard the distant repeated rumble. The wonder was not that the resort could remember and flock to the sea when it was grand, but that it could forget the sea.

Then there were the clambakes at Mattakeeset Lodge; the smell

of hot rockweed, the hiss of scalding rocks, the approaching succulence of clams, corn, fish, lobsters, and a multitude of edible things cooked in that salty smother. In August the rite of the clambake was wont to end with watermelon; and the visitors left the heaped clamshells, the desecrated corn cobs and a preposterous amount of litter, to return again to Cottage City.

Inland there were drives, either behind livery stable horses, in party rigs, or with one's own outfit; short drives through towns or partly open, partly wooded countryside; or long drives to Indian Hill or even farther. There was seldom such a thing as trespass, for every comer was welcome almost everywhere. True, there were numberless gates to be opened and closed; but there was no past experience of picnic litter, broken shrubs, downtrodden grounds and the like to rise up as a less tangible but far more effective barrier.

On the salt water one of the memorable institutions of the period was the whaleboat race. The first one, as a part of the entertainment of the resort, seems to have been held in August, 1875. Five whaleboats from New Bedford, one from Edgartown and one from Fairhaven were advertised to contend; and they did contend, but instead of racing along shore, in view of the great crowds on the bluffs, they started almost half a mile from the beach and rowed straight out to sea. Due to some inadvertence, the Edgartown crew was late, and only after a pull at top speed from the Highland wharf, about half a mile distant, did they reach the starting line, late for the signal. As it was, the Islanders overcame the gaps between their boat and all the others save one: the Vineyard was second at the finish, to the first of New Bedford's Sixth Ward. Isaac Norton, who rowed for Edgartown, became famous in whaleboat racing; and, in fact, the sport died years later because he and his crew could not be beaten.

A regatta was held in that same August, and among the more famous yachts and yachtsmen present were the schooner America, General Benjamin F. Butler; and Charles S. Stratton—better known as General Tom Thumb—in his sloop Maggie B. Yacht races were held in succeeding seasons, but they did not attain any great place in the scale of values and were not the centers of fascination for participants and onlookers that they are at Martha's Vineyard today.

Yet yachting as a decorative and convivial pastime left its imprint, and the record of the years is brightened by sparkling white sails, by the anchor lights of the New York Yacht Club fleet in Vineyard Haven harbor, and by the laughter of yachtsmen fraternizing ashore on summer nights.

XXX

The Katama Anti-climax

The Katama Land Company suffered the common fate when the boom went, despite the continued operation of the Mattakeeset Lodge and the popularity of the clambakes. Everyone who had purchased lots had been guided by one desire—to sell again at an advance. When everyone buys only to sell, there can be only one result. As for the hotel, there were taxes, interest, depreciation and maintenance expenses to be carried out of the earnings of a month or two—a few brief weeks which, it seemed, could be condensed almost into a few unreasonably crowded and abrupt weekends.

Ten years after the property was opened, it lay bare as before beneath the lofty sky, and the rote of the South Beach surf held its old domain. As early as March, 1879, the entire property of the land company was offered for sale to meet the taxes of the years 1876 and 1877. Samuel Keniston suggested in the Vineyard Gazette that the tract would make a good poor farm.

"To be sure," he wrote, "the climate possesses the attributes essential to longevity, and this might be considered an objection in the eyes of some. But on the other hand, the healthfulness of the locality will tend to reduce doctors' bills, and it is possible that after having lived a hundred or two years in so salubrious an atmosphere, some of the individuals in question might develop intellect and energy enough to be trusted with a hoe. Then might the wilderness be made to blossom like the rose, and the wilds of Katama become the garden spot of the Vineyard."

Katama, untamed, and more magnificent in its solitude than it could have been as a second Wesleyan Grove, went under the hammer for $16,250.

The major attempt to overcome the indifference of the public and to provide an entertainment which should attract great crowds to the empty plains, took place in August, 1881. Upon a clear atmosphere burst the news that fox hunting was to be transplanted to Katama, and that it would become a vogue. The novel departure was launched in the name of J. C. Cary of New York and Cottage City, known (to his considerable pleasure) as "the Governor," and a committee which included Nicholas Van Slyck and several other summer residents of Cottage City. Preliminary plans were announced, and in an atmosphere of swelling expectancy, a date was set for the first hunt.

The Martha's Vineyard Railroad ran special trains; residents and summer visitors came in carriages and on foot; the plain became more populated than any inhabitant could recall. No horse race, no ball, no exhibition of fireworks had attracted such a vast convocation. Katama was not only on the map again, but it was an immediate goal of all humanity. A band discoursed music, and the crowds milled about and hoped that the hunt would start soon.

But it was noised through the gathering that humane objections had prevailed, and that the foxes imported for the occasion could not be liberated. Instead, a fox had been humanely killed and the carcass was to be dragged about the countryside for a scent.

"The announcement cast a temporary gloom over the crowd," Samuel Keniston reported, "for, although it might be the way the thing was conducted at Newport and other places, it seemed to the average man a good deal like Hamlet with Hamlet left out." Yet the crowd remained, and still hoped.

At length, a pack of twenty-six straining hounds was led out by a man in white tights and red stockings. The hounds yelped, the ocean boomed, the sea wind blew over the plain. Three horsemen and one horsewoman, in garb such as Katama had never seen, rode forth in readiness, and the dogs were unleashed. The pack was off in full cry, followed by the riders. A cheer went up, and the crowds rushed forward to get a better view. But almost immediately the dogs began to lag and presently came trotting back to the hotel, in twos and threes, full of good nature. A few, however, went off into the bushes and scrub oak. Some of the more spirited hounds,

Photograph by Augustus Bradford Merry

Stone walls and boulders against the sky on the Chilmark hills. This scene is near the North Road.

perhaps aware that they had been badly sold, found the nearest sheep pastures and began to chase sheep. They were dissuaded with difficulty after one sheep belonging to Cyrus Vincent and another belonging to E. B. Vincent had been killed, and several others bitten.

The morale of the fox hunt was now reduced to zero, and when a single dog and a single horseman came trotting back to the lodge at a leisurely gait after a run of a mile and a half, the crowds expressed feelings of disappointment and returned to their homes. Those who were on the plain at Katama that day often remarked in later years that they had known of great happenings with few persons or no persons present, but this was the first time they had known nothing to happen with everyone present.

On the following day a couple of live foxes were led around the plain, and a better run was made by the hounds—but the spectators were few. After the prearranged hunt there was an episode which had possibilities of interest: a fox escaped from duress and, being pursued, made for a small pond into which he plunged. The hounds refused to follow, and attendants arrived and scooped the fox out with a net.

Not only was the promotional idea of the fox hunt a failure, but it cast discredit upon its sponsors. There was thereafter an added emphasis in the loneliness of Katama, in the warning of the ocean surf, in the accumulated spaces of the tall sky; and that fall the plain was received gratefully into the clean propriety of frosty nights.

XXXI

Flames in the Sky

The sale of the Sea View hotel to Holder M. Brownell was a temporary solution of problems not easily disposed of. The Oak Bluffs Company was relieved, but the bondholders were less fortunate. In May, 1885, the trustees were moved to sell the property at auction for $32,000 to the Sea View Hotel and Wharf Company, a corporation formed among the bondholders. Mr. Brownell continued as manager until 1888, when he retired after seventeen con-

secutive and eventful years. He was succeeded by his steward, Louis Frenkel, who remained as manager for a season. Then a newcomer, Capt. Fred J. Hart, purchased the establishment from the bondholders, and spent some $21,000 on improvements. The bondholders continued to hold a mortgage. Meantime the property was assessed for about $30,000, and there was insurance of about $40,000.

Shortly before midnight on September 24, 1892, Captain LaRoy S. Lewis, a former master mariner, but now night watchman of Cottage City, rushed up to a fire alarm box at the Arcade building and pulled the alarm. The air of the tranquil autumn night, which had been damp and sweet, with an intermittent drizzle, was jangling in an instant with the sound of bells, windows thrown up in haste, doors banging, excited yells, and the beat of hasty footprints on the concrete. The sky over Vineyard Sound lighted up swiftly, as if one red torch after another were being kindled and raised high. The clamor and the gleam increased, soaring into an ascendancy which altered the familiar scale of values and mingled with the sheer excitement of emergency the grandest of all the emotions, awe.

"Fire! Fire"! sounded the cries, louder and more numerous. "Fire! The Sea View"!

Only those who rushed to the open spaces near the great hotel among the very first were in time to look upon it once more as a building. Almost every window was lighted from within, and quickly the bright candles of an onrushing conflagration were lit behind the sashes still dark. Of all the illuminations Cottage City had ever seen, there was none to approach this wonder, this awful glory of the Sea View preceding the end. The hotel gleamed and flickered, the night was turned into a strident exaggeration of day: and then the entire north end fell in. The tall north tower sank slowly, lacking any support but burning timbers and bright flame. It sank as a vessel sinks at sea, and the flames rose about it, shot in new freedom into the sky.

There was not much wind, and what there was blew in fitful fashion offshore. But the fire made its own breeze, and the pennons of flame and sparks with the half-seen billows of smoke streamed out over the water. The lapping of the waves against the sand was hidden in the roar of the fire and the clatter of the firefighters; even

the sound of cracking timbers and falling roof was softened, concealed and merged in the more urgent sound of released flame sucking and roaring.

The crowds gathered: women with hair in braids down their backs, wrapped hastily in coats over their nightgowns; old men, chattering with excitement; children, eyes radiant with a pleasant terror. Soon the numbers were swelled by arrivals from Vineyard Haven, two miles away. Against these crowds beat the hot waves of the fire, driving them back, holding them in check. In the front ranks firemen worked vainly, unable to reach any vital spot.

More than a hotel was burning that September night, and at least two members of the audience had reason to see more than a mighty fire. Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton stood gazing in silence; with what feelings did he watch the flames rise and the pride of Oak Bluffs recede? His eyes, at least, looked through the living red screen and saw again the barrens of the Great Pasture. In his mind rose memories of the magnificent dreams which had reached their flower in the Sea View. Between those old dreams and this new nightmare lay a troubled period of hope, trouble, bickering, success and failure. This was not the end anyone had seen or desired; but this was an end! The Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter of Foxboro, as it happened, had come to Cottage City that afternoon. He, also, stood in the crowd, and he, also, saw a meaning in the imperious surge of flames.

The woodwork fell away from the tall chimney—the center of the building was a shell almost without substance—and for a few moments the stack stood incongruously alone. Then it began to tremble, it swayed, and with a fateful deliberation settled down into nothing which could be seen. Through the flames the bystanders saw strange glimpses of familiar objects, pieces of furniture, blackened doors, staircases—fragmentary scenes from what had been—smouldering or flashing into yellow and red extinction.

Now the flames were in the south tower; the fire showed itself in little jets, and ran along the fancy woodwork, fondly, gracefully, tripping and flickering as it went. This prelude was soon over, and balconies and ornamented windows began to disappear behind formless fire which sprang from below. The whole tower burst into

flames, and soon it fell, settling into embers. The Sea View of the great days was gone, gone to keep the company of the great days themselves, gone gloriously in fire in the night, streaking into a wind over the sea or falling back into dross.

The wharf and the buildings on it had caught fire at the beginning. The ticket agent, in fact, had run down on the wharf to get some valuable papers, and he had been forced to leap overboard and swim back through strangely dappled water. The tracks of the Martha's Vineyard Railroad reached to a destination from which onlookers shrank. Across the street from the Sea View, the casino caught fire, and the towers with waving flags disappeared. On the interior only two Japanese lanterns remained of many hundreds, and the arches and woodwork were blackened, so that the view opened to those who stood outside was grotesque and ashamed. The iron roof did not burn, but no woodwork was left fit for anything but—ironically—kindling.

During the next few days the blackened ruins of hotel, wharf and casino were visited by thousands. Smoke still rose, and the fire smouldered out. The Sea View, substantial and permanent as it had seemed, had taken flight. As for the railroad, it had been hurt in a vulnerable place: the old "Y" which was used to turn the locomotive around had been destroyed, and from that time forth the Active, as long as it ran, steamed to Cottage City head first, and steamed backward to Edgartown. When Edgartown watched for an incoming train, she had to watch for the hind end first, but Cottage City, as was perhaps more proper, could see the engine coming ahead of the cars.

For a time after the fire there was talk of a new Sea View. Captain Hart asked for bids, and the town voted to exempt a new hotel from taxation for ten years; but nothing came of all the talk and all the plans. There was an end.

A little more than six months after the fire, Holder M. Brownell died of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-nine. The Oak Bluffs Club adopted resolutions in which it was set forth that "the history of Oak Bluffs was a part of his personal history, and he did much to help the town in its infancy, and was largely instrumental in its prosperity." He was, the resolutions continued, "a gentleman of

sterling worth, unflinching integrity, unassuming bearing, genial and kindly presence, and all the essential traits of perfect manhood."

A year and a month after the Sea View fire, a group of Cottage City young people returning home from a dance in Vineyard Haven saw once more the flickering signal of a fire. The Highland House, second of the hotels of the resort in prestige and size, was being consumed. Before the firemen could arrive, the blaze had reached full headway. There were such showers of sparks that a general conflagration seemed imminent; Agassiz Hall of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute was saved only by a shift of wind, and slowly the peril passed from the town. Little was left of the Highland House.

This hotel carried small insurance—some six thousand dollars—which did not more than equal the expenditures made for improvements that season. No one knew how the Sea View fire started, although all the gas jets were found to have been opened but the Highland House fire was incendiary. A thief had plundered the empty hotel and attempted to conceal his depredations. He was later apprehended by Thomas A. Dexter, deputy sheriff of the county. At the time of its destruction, the hotel was owned by John D. Flint of Fall River, one of the original promoters of the Vineyard Grove Company, Clofus L. Gonyon, who ran the horse railroad, and Augustus G. Wesley, who operated another hotel under his own name.

Still another year passed, and there came a succession of fires which aroused a state of panic. In the season of 1894 not only the Cottage City schoolhouse burned, but also five cottages on Clinton Avenue. Householders looked about them suspiciously, and the first rumor of an alarm woke fear, suspicion and gossip. Where might the next blow fall?

On the evening of Tuesday, November 13, 1894, Augustus G. Wesley went as usual to prayer meeting in the chapel on the Tabernacle grounds. He was superintendent of the Sunday School, and he knelt in prayer with the congregation among which he held a respected place The meeting was over early, and Mr. Wesley walked through the paths of the camp ground in the chilly air. As he did so, he looked about him. His hotel, the Wesley House, stood near

the shore of Lake Anthony, a short distance from the great circle of the camp ground, but before he reached it, he saw over his shoulder that the pastor, Mr. Schub, was walking not far away. Mr. Wesley went past the hotel, presently turned, and came back; but now he saw the church janitor, and this time he hurried across the passage of Jordan and rounded a corner. Again he came back, and this time, seeing no one, he entered the hotel. Letting himself in with a key, he went rapidly to work.

Taking some kerosene, he saturated the stairs which led from the kitchen to the second story. Then he found a cigar box, wrapped the box with burlap soaked in kerosene, placed the whole in a closet under the stairs, and added a lighted candle. This done, he went out of the building, locked the door and returned to his home.

As it chanced, a friend of Mr. Wesley's, Captain Shubael Hawes Norton, watchful as all Cottage City residents were in those days of fire, thought he saw a suspicious character and took pains to go into the center of town to notify the police. As he did so he passed the hotel and saw smoke pouring out in dense volume. He gave the alarm, and again the bells clanged. This time the discovery of the fire was so prompt that certain probabilities could be, and were, reconstructed by Sheriff Jason L. Dexter, and his son, Thomas A. Dexter.

As Mr. Wesley had watched the fire, someone among the bystanders had asked him, "Have you any enemy who would try to burn you out"?

"I don't know of anyone who would do such a dastardly deed," Mr. Wesley had replied.

"Well, I hope they catch the fire bug."

"So do I."

Sheriff Dexter asked Mr. Wesley a series of questions, to which he returned denials of all guilty knowledge. He said that he had stopped at the hotel on his way home from prayer meeting to get a pail, and that he had spent about an hour looking for it before he finally found it in the kitchen.

"Did you light a match"? he was asked.

"No," he declared.

But he was told that there was evidence against him and that he would have to go to jail.

"I am a good Christian," he replied to this, "and like many another who has been wrongly accused I can go to prison."

More of the evidence against him was revealed, and again there was the question, "Are you sure you didn't light a match"?

"Yes, I did light a match," he said slowly. "This thing has gone far enough. I will confess."

His written confession, preserved in the records, is as follows:

> "I, Augustus G. Wesley, of Cottage City, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby make the following voluntary statement, of my own free will and accord, without hope or expectation of favor by reason of so doing, viz: Nov. 13, 1894, Tuesday evening, I went from the prayer meeting at the Methodist Church in Cottage City, to the Wesley Hotel owned by me. I entered the hotel about half past eight. I saturated some burlap in kerosene and wrapped it around a cigar box in which I placed a lighted candle. I did this for the purpose of setting fire to the building and its contents in order to collect the insurance on them."

Such was Mr. Wesley's high repute that, had it not been for his confession, Cottage City doubted whether any jury could have been found to convict him. But here was his own word, and the town turned against him with a thirst for vengeance. When he was released on bail, his bondsmen, Clofus L. Gonyon and Christopher Look, were moved to surrender him again, for, they said, public opinion held they were defeating the ends of justice, and all Cottage City wanted Wesley to have a taste of jail. He could not obtain other surety and he languished in the county jail at Edgartown, torn by remorse and shame.

As to the reason for his adventure in arson, the Sunday School superintendent gave an explanation with a touch of shrewdness. He said that if the old hotel was burned, he felt that he could build a better one, a real credit to Cottage City as well as to himself. The building of the new hotel would give work to many men, and arouse a spirit of progress. But it was generally believed that he had become too deeply involved in building himself a house; and his efforts to obtain additional insurance on the hotel dated back weeks into the summer. On the night of the prayer meeting and the fire he had accumulated policies of some fourteen thousand dollars.

Mr. Wesley bore the name of the founder of Methodism by no accident. He had chosen it for himself. He was baptized Augusten Goupee by French Canadian parents, and he came to Cottage City first in 1874 as a cook. From the Washburn boarding tent on the camp ground he went to the Central House; then he cooked one season at the Sea View, saved his money, and went into business for himself as Augustus Goupee Wesley.

Arraigned in Superior Court before Judge Henry King Braley, the broken man was found guilty by a jury and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. There was a popular clamor that the punishment was too light. Nevertheless, Wesley was pardoned eight months before the expiration of the sentence.

Harry Collins, who sold popcorn on the Martha's Vineyard Railroad, and figured prominently in summer life for many decades, has a scriptural quotation on his tongue for every individual and every circumstance. Of Wesley he always says: ". . . which destroy widows' homes or for pretense make long prayers, these shall receive the greater damnation." Whatever eternity may have had in store for him, on earth Wesley had received the greater damnation.

There is a postscript which must be added about the fires in Cottage City. They did not stop with Wesley's arrest. Six days later the alarm was rung again, this time for a small cottage on the Highlands. It was said that the fire must have been set by Wesley's sympathizers, in order to clear him of suspicion as the Cottage City firebug. There was a new reign of terror, and one householder took the tacks out of a valuable carpet in order to be able to remove it quickly in case the torch appeared at his door. But the mystery was solved by the Dexters, father and son, who traced the fires, all save that in the Wesley House, to Julia and Lulu Danzell, a pair of colored girls who were filled with a lust of incendiarism. While they awaited trial in Edgartown it is said that they spoke to Wesley.

"Damn you," they called out, "little did you think you would be in here with us."

Arson was a great leveler.

Some time later there was one more chapter in the series of Cottage City hotel fires: the Prospect House, which stood at Lagoon Heights, was burned to the ground. Its mansard roof and central

tower disappeared from the sky line. Since the Wesley House was repaired and restored to service, this made the third of a trinity of famous hotels built at the time of the boom to be expunged by fire.

XXXII

Episode of 1895

A portly man with a massive head and eyes described as searching and keen boarded the Martha's Vineyard Railroad at Cottage City. It was hard to recall later what one had noticed at the time, and what one was tempted to put in afterward, when one had learned that the large man was Collis P. Huntington, railroad builder and master of empire. The cars were crowded, and Mr. Huntington found his way into the baggage car where he sat upon a box. He was, at the time, seventy-four years old, and reputed to be worth seventy millions of dollars.

As the train went puffing backward to Edgartown, the great man bought popcorn bars from Harry Collins and fed them to Trip, the popular spaniel belonging to the baggage master.

"I like that young man. I like the way he sells his corn," said Mr. Huntington to Capt. Jethro Cottle.

Harry was then in his twenty-first year. Now it so happened that the popcorn vendor and the railroad builder, and Capt. Jethro Cottle as well, were of one blood, for the mother of Collis P. Huntington was Elizabeth Vincent, daughter of Abner Vincent, and she was born and raised in a house at Quenomica, near Edgartown Great Pond on the Great Plain; and the mother of Harry Collins, Mrs. Grafton Collins, was a daughter of an own cousin of Mr. Huntington. It was, therefore, a curious scene in the battered old baggage car: the mightiest of multimillionaires, and the boy selling popcorn, and paying twenty-five cents a day for the privilege, and both of the blood of the-great-plain people.

Mr. Huntington got off at the Edgartown station, and the train went on to the South Beach where Trip, the spaniel, accompanied the passengers to the shore where they viewed the surf, and ran at

full speed back again when the warning whistle blew for the return.

Mr. Huntington visited his sister, Mrs. Isaac Gates, and her husband, who was his secretary; they were spending the summer on the Island. News of the visit spread, and townspeople wondered what results might follow. Several times the great man went to Quenomica and visited his mother's birthplace, and he said that he meant to do something for her memory.

What would he do? Something for Edgartown! Anything lay within the power of this fabulously rich old man whose eyes were said to be searching and keen. Perhaps a great hotel, which the town so much needed; perhaps a memorial building; perhaps some monument which would attract and delight summer visitors. The visit ended, and Collis P. Huntington went away. For a long time there was occasional discussion of his plans—surely he would not forget! —and speculation as to what he might do for Edgartown.

Not until the great man died in 1900 was the question answered. Collis P. Huntington did nothing at all for the memory of Elizabeth Vincent of Quenomica, and nothing at all for Edgartown.

XXXIII

The Woman in Red

The bathing beach at Cottage City in the early nineties was the inspiration of many romances, and of these one was of a quality which has enshrined it forever in the annals of the resort. The Woman in Red is still mentioned in accents of wistful remembrance by those who saw her: she was a young girl of so striking a beauty that from the time she first showed herself in a red bathing suit—a shapeless, overlarge bathing suit, with skirt reaching to her knees—she was more admired and more discussed than any beauty of the summer seasons had ever been. The fact that the skirt of her bathing suit reached only to her knees, leaving her stockinged lower limbs exposed as a charm to onlookers, was significant; so, too, was the fact that the suit was of red, altogether a daring costume—one which not every girl could have worn if she would, and one which made the heart of the male beat faster.

Nellie Sands had hair of Titian red—she resembled Titian's Flora in dazzling beauty—eyes deep brown, features regular, and perfect skin lighted by exquisite coloring. Her figure, even in the slack bathing folds of the early nineties, was something to excite jealousy, admiration and unending gossip. Wherever she went at Cottage City she was known and followed by the gaze of a worshipping or envious resort. They called her the Woman in Red, though she was lacking some years of twenty. But for all this public attention and worship, Nellie Sands was unspoiled.

She had come to Cottage City as most visitors came, with a certain vagueness of background, for summer stood by itself, set aside out of life as a whole in a separate parcel with its own wrappings—hers being a suit of red. But the fact was that Nellie Sands was the daughter of a New York City drug store proprietor, and she lived in a third story back on Madison Avenue, a rooming house of no pretensions whatever. Indeed, she could hardly have aspired to Newport in summer, or Narragansett Pier; Cottage City was her own predestined Arcady, combining the pastoral ideals, the seashore, and the informal society into which she swept without challenge as a princess by right of her hair, eyes, skin and form.

In these seasons which found Nellie Sands an acknowledged rage of the resort, it happened that a modern Monte Cristo returned to Martha's Vineyard in his steam yacht. Monte Cristo was, by his own name, Captain Joseph Raphael De Lamar, and his history began many years before. He was born in Amsterdam in 1843, the son of Maximilian and Johanna Teune De Lamar. As a boy he left home and went to sea, presently turning up as mate and subsequently captain of a brig plying between Rotterdam and Java.

He was twenty-three when he came to Holmes Hole and set up as a diver and ship contractor. He fitted into the life of the port and showed that he was unafraid, able, and aggressive. Many of the vessels which came to grief on shoals and rocks around Martha's Vineyard he salvaged under difficult circumstances. He had helped raise the active when that engine was submerged at Woods Hole. At the Vineyard, too, he came to know the young Lillian Norton, she who was to become—some said with his help—the celebrated Nordica. Little is remembered of those events and relationships, for

at the time they were in no way singular and in no way different from the accustomed life of the port.

As Captain De Lamar prospered, he took contracts larger and more important, and at a distance from the Vineyard. At last, in December, 1875, a significant piece of news was printed in the Vineyard Gazette. It ran as follows:

> "It has at last got into the papers that Capt. J. R. De Lamar, for a few years past a well known resident of Vineyard Haven, and a prominent submarine diver and contractor, is among the missing. We have hitherto refrained from mentioning the fact, owing to the excellent character borne by the missing man. But his long unexplained absence, we fear, points to another of those unfortunate defalcations which are constantly occurring among men of heretofore unblemished reputation . . ."

The fact was that the captain had taken a contract to salvage a cargo of marble sunk in the ship Charlotte near Bermuda. He had fitted out an expedition at the Vineyard, started early in the spring, "set about saving the wrecked cargo with his well known energy, and before the summer was ended he had secured it all—some $40,000 in value—and shipped it to New York." But it is not clear that the marble was worth this much, for apparently it had been damaged by salt water and the cost of the expedition had been greater than anticipated.

At all events, he settled with the owners in New York and was said to have received fifteen thousand dollars in cash. He was now to sail to Bermuda and pay off his impatient crew, who had been kept waiting overlong. His steamer left New York on October 1, but the following day a friend met him, by chance encounter, still in New York. Captain De Lamar said that he had been left by the steamer, but intended to make the trip in an old sloop he had found at the Battery. She was a "very old sloop" and the captain "had no navigating instruments, but he guessed they would get there all right."

This was the last that the Vineyard knew of Captain De Lamar for some years; he had settled his affairs, collected all that was due him, and vanished. The sloop had, in fact, cleared at the New York custom house for Bermuda and some of the captain's friends were

"charitable enough to think he has been murdered for the money he must have had about him, or committed suicide on account of a known disappointment in a love affair with a young and fascinating Boston belle."

Despite the charitableness of his friends, however, the captain had, as it was learned later, set out for the west. Chicago was his first stopover, and there he worked as bartender, butcher and sausage salesman. He was working in a glue factory at the stock yards when he interested his employers in buying a gold mine in Idaho. A partnership was formed, but before the mine became productive Captain De Lamar acquired the whole property, giving his notes and a mortgage to his former employers in Chicago. A month after the deal was completed, it was said, the captain had mined enough gold to pay for the property in full. His methods of mining were unique, for he amazed the westerners by adapting the technic of submarine diving to subterranean digging. His rigs and hoists were in the true tradition of the sea, and they seemed to work smoothly.

And then a new figure came to the east, not the old Captain De Lamar, sea diver, any longer, but the Idaho Monte Cristo. His wealth seemed without limit. The Vineyarders heard of him again, and a young Vineyard Haven lawyer, Charles H. Brown, negotiated a complete settlement of the old Bermuda marble claims. The captain's steam yacht was anchored in the harbor at the bottom of which he had worked often in a diving suit, and at Cottage City he met the beautiful Nellie Sands. The captain was fifty, and the Woman in Red was in her teens, but a romance grew and flourished in the Island summer. Nellie's mother was a silent but shrewd figure in the background, and when Captain De Lamar took the drug store girl for his bride he settled upon her the sum of half a million dollars.

Then came chapters of a quest which took the Idaho Monte Cristo and his wife far from Cottage City. Mrs. De Lamar was hailed in newspapers as the most beautiful woman in America, but she was not received into the best homes of the land. The captain tried Washington society. He drove in a stylish carriage, with blooded horses. He tried New York society. He and his Titian beauty attended the Bagby musicales and drove in Central Park at the correct hours. They tried Newport, but Nellie Sands De Lamar had a reputation

for beauty which helped her out of doors rather than in the drawing rooms of substantial homes.

Then came Paris, and success undreamed of. The charming Mrs. De Lamar was the mistress of a mansion in the Avenue Niel and then of a grander home in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Her portrait was painted by Duran, Bounot, Chartran and Constant—all the painters fashionable and admired in that day. True, Captain De Lamar continued to pick his teeth with a pocket knife, and his stories were unsuited to parlor conversation; but in Paris such things were nothing in the light of the beauty of Nellie Sands. The chill of Newport was forgotten in the warmth of Paris. Once Mrs. De Lamar went to Egypt, and the Khedive took her for a drive.

A photograph of Nellie Sands De Lamar shows her in a pose with her right hand at her bosom, her left touching the folds of a long white cloak at her side; on her shoulder are clustered flowers, about her neck pearls, and in her hair a feathery ornament. She is not smiling, but her large eyes are gentle, and the repose of her face, slightly rounded, is suggestive of wistfulness. She has a loveliness which shines through the years.

The marriage of the De Lamars lasted five years, and then the captain found some letters and sued for divorce. Captain De Lamar said, "She is very young, very beautiful and was flattered beyond description. I am a very busy man and naturally thought that when she drove out with her mother she was safe." Nellie Sands said, "Time will vindicate me. Indiscretions are not evil deeds, but no thoughts of mine upon happenings between myself and husband shall ever break into speech." Mrs. Sands said, "We little thought when we lived in our quiet home at Parkersburg, West Virginia, that we should encounter such domestic difficulties as those which confront us now . . . The newspapers have exaggerated the present misunderstanding . . . In his jealousy he misconstrued these letters and would not listen to explanations."

Friends of Nellie Sands spread reports that the captain was a little gay himself, and that he had spent fifty thousand dollars on presents for his old love, Madame Nordica, who had been Lillian Norton. The divorce was granted, however, and some years later Nellie Sands was married to James R. Hatmaker, for many years secretary

to Cornelius Vanderbilt. As for Captain De Lamar, he bought a place on Madison Avenue in New York, and the stories were that he intended it for Nordica when she should become his bride. But the granddaughter of Camp Meeting John Allen, though much married, never surrendered to the impetuous Monte Cristo. In 1908, near the end of her career, she returned to Vineyard Haven and sang for her friends and cousins in the Methodist church, and the Island turned out in her honor. But Captain De Lamar and Nellie Sands had gone for good from the life of the resort which had brought them together.

Yellowed newspaper clippings still preserve tales of the "world's four most beautiful women" of the nineties: three of them are named as the Czarina of Russia, Vera Boardman and Princess Henry of Pless. The fourth, of course, is Nellie Sands De Lamar, drug store daughter and Woman in Red of Cottage City's dreams, who met on the walks and avenues under the Island moon a sea diver turned millionaire.

The will of Joseph Raphael De Lamar disposed of twenty million of dollars, half to the daughter Nellie Sands had born to him, and half to the medical schools of Columbia, Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities.

XXXIV

Innisfail

Among the litter of land developments which followed the great boom was Oklahoma, one time Chunk's Hill, on the west side of the Lagoon. The beginning has been recorded already. Sheriff Howes Norris, ship chandler of Eastville, purchased the tract of sightly and somewhat hilly land in 1872. From the pond a bluff rose, but a bluff largely turfed or bushy instead of sandy, and broken into declivities and rolling surfaces which stretched back from the pond shore and into woodland. Steep cliffs and mossy dells, ravines, rounded knolls, cedars and pine and oak woods—all these made Oklahoma varied and fascinating. Particularly the scene had color, from the darker green of the cedars and bayberry bushes to the pas-

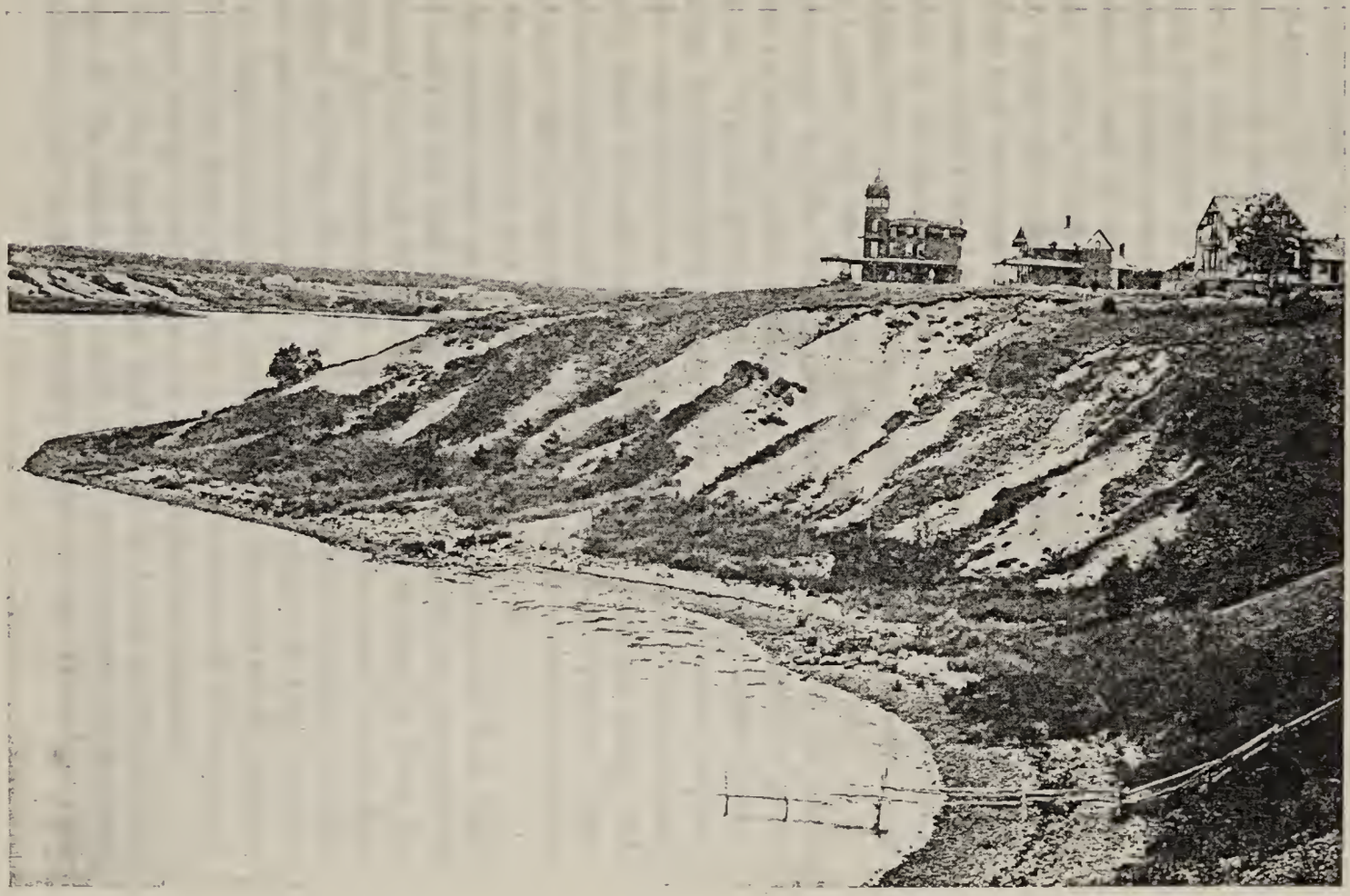
telle shades where white sand, trailing vines, and moss met and overlapped. The pond had depth, and its usual serenity contrasted with the straits beyond the beach where Vineyard Haven harbor and the Sound were in view. The Lagoon opened under the drawbridge of the Beach Road into the harbor; its upper reaches were fed by clear springs among serried glacial kames.

Howes Norris sold a half interest in Oklahoma to Edward Ingraham of Bristol, Conn., in 1872. Progress was slow, but two years later another mainland investor, Wallace Barnes, became interested, and five cottages were built, all of them supplied with pure spring water. The advertisements assured the public that the tract was "tastefully laid out with parks, avenues and walks" and that more than thirty acres out of two hundred and fifty were to be devoted to public uses.

Trouble was experienced from the beginning because of inadequate transportation to and from town. Oklahoma lay in the town of Tisbury, and nearer to Vineyard Haven than to the camp ground. An effort was made to obtain a road from Vineyard Haven, but the outlook for roads was bearish at that time. Taxpayers were grumbling about the cost of the Beach Road, for they had discovered that the first cost was not the last cost. Someone scored heavily by pointing out that Oklahoma taxes were somewhat in arrears, and arguing that the enterprise had no immediate prospect of success. That finished the road possibility, and the best the promoters of Oklahoma could do was to run a steam launch to and from Vineyard Haven, which required periodical opening of the drawbridge in the Beach Road and amounted to a sort of revenge. A singular aspect of the plea for a road was the fact that most of the petitioners for the road were later found to have signed a petition against it.

Howes Norris sold the last of his interest, now reduced to a third, in 1875, the purchaser being W. T. Gilbert, president of a bank in Winsted, Conn. The consideration was $5,000. This placed Oklahoma entirely in the hands of mainland promoters. That same year, J. T. Case of Bristol, Conn., became the backer of a hotel project, and construction was begun and completed in the early summer of 1876.

The new hotel stood near the end of a point of land, about a



Photograph Courtesy of Arthur R. Freedlander

"The abode of peace and rest"—Innisfail

hundred feet above the water level; its front ran up into a tower with a bell-like top, from which extended a flagstaff. Below the covered veranda, the cliff dropped gradually to the grassy shore of the Lagoon. No Island hotel was ever more immediately and intimately in the presence of air and water. From the first it became a resort of singers and musicians. Here Emma Cecilia Thursby, as famous in her time as Patti, spent summer days; and here Professor Frederick Bristol, a teacher of music, offered instruction at the Villa Bristhall. Once or twice a summer his pupils gave concerts at the public hall in Vineyard Haven. Then appeared the two singers with whom the memory of the hotel will be always associated.

Tom Karl was born in Dublin in 1846. He was twenty-five when he came to the United States and began a career in light opera. His partner in the hotel enterprise was Dellon Dewey, like himself a member of the original cast of Robin Hood. The heights overlooking the Lagoon and the remoter harbor reminded Tom Karl of his native soil, and the hotel became Innisfail, which was the name given to Ireland by the Phoenicians, signifying "the abode of peace and rest." Yet this new Innisfail was not so much the home of peace and rest as of fellowship and song. The hotel was constantly en fete, aglow with the conviviality of the hosts. Friends, followers and pupils, many of them prominent on the stage, were the guests, and each new arrival was the occasion for a party or a celebration. There had never been a hotel like Innisfail; everywhere it bore the imprint of the personalities and tastes of the hosts.

An oriental room was adorned with a portiere which Tom Karl had worn in the duel scene in Carmen; elsewhere the summer sun glistened on a cloth of gold which had come to Innisfail from the British Army where it had served as a military scarf for the first husband of Parepa Rosa. The prima donna had presented it to Mr. Karl, and he, after using it as part of his costume in The Daughter of the Regiment, had made it a hanging in the hotel on the Lagoon. Wherever the guests went they felt the imminence of old songs and laughter, the yet living reflection of footlights and romance.

By day the pupils of the hosts could be heard practicing their songs. In the evening the music room was the scene of informal gatherings, and sounds of melodies tender and gay floated over the

pond. The distant sea rumble supplied a response; and down from the cliff floated the glorious notes of Tom Karl's tenor or Lucille Saunders' contralto.

"How different from the busy nights soon to come," wrote Annie Russell in 1897, "of the footlights and the nervous tension. I really believe that of all my vacations spent in America, this will prove the most enjoyable season."

The years of Innisfail were happy years, and they were full of activity. Each summer three or four concerts were prepared by pupils and visiting artists. Sometimes there were playlets, too, and Vineyard Haven, Oak Bluffs and Edgartown had a chance to hear many a worth while voice. Twice the concerts were given far afield at Nantucket.

"We were a self sufficient little crowd," one of the number recalls today, "and did our sailing and swimming in the Lagoon and held our clambakes on its shores as well."

An old program, perhaps a representative one, preserves the record of a "Tom Karl Concert" given at Union Chapel, Cottage City, August 16, 1901. The artists on that occasion, besides Mr. Karl, were Joseph A. Phillips, Arthur Freedlander (then a 'cello soloist, but today a distinguished painter), Madame Greta Risley Casavant, Miss Whitlock, and Miss Ffolliott Paget. Mr. Karl sang Then You'll Remember Me, from the Bohemian Girl.

Among the guests at Innisfail were Joseph Holland, famous actor, who sailed over from his summer home at Quisset at least once each season; Miss Victoria Torrilhon, concert pianist, who later married Clarence C. Buel, editor of the Century Magazine; Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Parsons, pianists and teachers from New Haven; Miss Frances Robinson-Duff, now a prominent teacher of stage and voice technique in New York City; Mrs. Sarah Robinson-Duff, a well known teacher of voice, who was Mary Garden's first instructor; and Richard T. Percy, organist of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City.

Artistically and socially delightful (no one used the epithet Bohemian), Innisfail suffered nevertheless from the best qualities of the hosts. There was little care, which was a fine thing in a resort hotel, but there was not much responsibility, either. If Karl and Dewey

found themselves paying last year's bills with this year's receipts, they were not at all perturbed. But that sort of thing hastens its own end. Eventually Charles S. Norton of Vineyard Haven was called in to straighten things out. He operated the hotel for three seasons, in behalf of Karl and Dewey, and then came a spring forest fire. In May of 1906 the scrub oaks and huckleberry bushes of the plain were kindled, and a blaze swept fiercely toward Vineyard Haven. The men of the town turned out with shovels and fought for two days, until the fire seemed under control; but the third day it rose, scorching and crackling, to race before the wind to the Lagoon.

A barrage of sparks reached Innisfail and kindled the hotel before the onslaught of the red line itself. Nothing was left unburned, and the loss was estimated at $10,000, not entirely covered by insurance. This event led directly to the development of Bayside, a summer hotel colony on the shore of Vineyard Haven harbor, by Charles S. Norton, who had already acquired the land. A long career lay ahead of Bayside, but Innisfail, where Tom Karl had sung, and Annie Russell had listened, was changed into that form of ruin common in New England, no less eloquent but far harder to reconstruct than the ruins of the Old World,—a cellar hole.

XXXV

Red Cedars and Blue Harbor

Closest to the heart of Vineyard Haven of all the land developments was that of West Chop, and it held, as events were to prove, no idle promise. If the unorthodox beauty of Katama was a snare, and the heights of Chunk's Hill on the Lagoon doomed to emptiness, the cedars of West Chop did not mislead. The first West Chop development was announced in the spring of 1872 by Thomas Bradley of Vineyard Haven, who set forth its attractions in these terms:

CEDAR BLUFF; COTTAGE LAND FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale between fifty and sixty acres of the most beautiful Cottage Lands in Dukes County, situated on the West Chop of

Vineyard Haven Harbor
at a point bordering on the Vineyard Sound, called

CEDAR BLUFF

to the Westward of West Chop Lighthouse.

Cedar Bluff is the highest point of land on this shore, and commands the most

PERFECT VIEW OF VINEYARD SOUND

east and west. These lands are mostly covered with FOREST TREES except the land near the edge of the Bluffs, where stands a large number of

RED CEDAR TREES

of peculiar shape, being flat on top so that persons can walk or sit on the top of them.

These trees make a delightful shade so that PICNIC PARTIES resort there in the summer time, it being a

MOST ROMANTIC SPOT.

Cedar Bluff is the most proper and appropriate spot for a signal station, as it commands the best view of Vineyard Sound, and is the nearest point to the mainland. All vessels passing through the Sound pass nearer to this point than any other, the water being bold close in to the Bluff, many of the vessels passing within hailing distance.

Cedar Bluff is also the nearest point on the Island to the terminus of the

VINEYARD SOUND RAILROAD

so near that the cars can be seen from this point, going in and out of the depot at Woods Hole.

Thomas Bradley died the year after he issued this advertisement, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Little, if anything at all, was heard further of Cedar Bluff; but an adjacent tract, laid out in 1872 also, was advertised for some time as West Point Grove. This was the tract purchased by Captains James L. Smith and Shubael Hawes Norton for $400, and sold by them within a few weeks for $10,000.

The promoters of West Point Grove were Smith, Lewis and Carpenter, a real estate firm formed as an offshoot of the Oak Bluffs development, and acting as sales agent for the Oak Bluffs Company.

The partners were Capt. William Lewis, G. A. Carpenter of Foxboro, a son of the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter, and Lewis Smith of Foxboro, a protege of the Carpenters. The inevitable avenues were laid out, a wharf was built, and the tract was plotted for cottages, but although the promoters had chosen their site well, they had taken the wrong time. The boom collapsed, and West Point Grove, far from the camp ground and Oak Bluffs, suffered stagnation.

But in 1887 Captain Lewis, who had come into possession of the entire property, conveyed it to a syndicate of Boston promoters and capitalists. The initiator and leading spirit of the new company, which was called, inclusively enough, the West Chop Land and Water Company, was O. G. Stanley, an engineer who had come to Vineyard Haven to renew an acquaintance with Harry A. Castello of that town with whom he had been associated in installing a water system at Canyon City, Colorado. It seemed to Mr. Stanley that little stood in the way of a successful resort development at West Chop except the lack of a good water supply.

Besides the Boston capitalists, Mr. Stanley associated with him Capt. Leander C. Owen of Vineyard Haven, a successful whaling master, and his son, William Barry Owen, who at that time was a lawyer with an office in Boston. However, of a necessary capital of $30,000 which was raised for the building of a West Chop and Vineyard Haven water system, only $100 was invested by Vineyard Haven. The depression of 1873 had cast a long shadow.

For a time, the water system tended to overshadow the land development at West Chop. Collecting basins were constructed at Tashmoo Springs, at the head of Tashmoo Pond, and a pumping station and stand pipe were built; mains were laid to the town, and beyond to West Chop, and in December, 1887, a grand celebration was held to mark the completion of the first public water supply on the Island of Martha's Vineyard. Streams from a hydrant were thrown far into the air, and a jubilation banquet followed, at which a gold watch and chain were presented to Mr. Stanley. Toasts were proposed, among them "Holmes Hole—though lost to sight, to memory dear," to which Ichabod N. Luce responded, pointing out that no native of Martha's Vineyard had ever been sent to state's prison; and "The Press," to which Samuel Keniston of the Vineyard Gazette

made a response which concluded, "The Press, whether foreign or domestic, metropolitan or provincial, continental or insular, urban or suburban, coatswise or inland, is a big thing, and don't you forget it."

The land syndicate had purchased the former Cedar Bluff, and now held something more than a square mile of shore and woodland, including the red cedars, high bluffs, shelving beaches of sand, oak woods, and tall pines. The West Chop wharf was made a regular landing of the steamboat line, two hotels were built, a bowling alley, a billiard hall and tennis courts. Through the woods a white shell road was built to Vineyard Haven.

The success of West Chop from that time was never in doubt. One by one, large summer homes were built, and between the center of Vineyard Haven and West Chop the gradually increasing summer colony stretched along the water until the whole harborside and the whole point were included.

XXXVI

Makonikey

Not far to the west of West Chop, following along the Vineyard Sound shore, one came to the high point of land and rising ground above the shore known as Makonikey, a name by which the Indians had signified old place, or ancient place. There was nothing in evidence more ancient than the boulders left by the glacier, or more recent than the oak trees, beach plum bushes, blackberry vines, wild roses and beach grass. A group of mainland capitalists who determined to develop Makonikey said of it: "Makonikey Heights, the new property of the Martha's Vineyard Company, stands out bold and fair against the eastern horizon. The southwestern extremity is marked by towering cliffs, one hundred feet high, all aglow in the western light, with lovely gray, dazzling gold, and dark red and blue shadows, at whose base, bold and jagged rocks ever battle for supremacy with the ocean, a picture once seen long to be remembered."

Here there was an effort to borrow from Gay Head. Although the colored shadows of the escarpment of sand could be seen at favorable times, the sand itself was commonplace and yellow; the boulders, too, were polished by the waves instead of jagged, and glistening with sea mosses. Nor was it the ocean at the foot of the cliffs, but Vineyard Sound, which was quite another matter.

The first announcement of the Makonikey project was made in June, 1891, but for two years there was no action. Then construction work began on a large hotel, to have twenty rooms, and a wharf in Vineyard Sound. Eventually, there were to be fifteen or twenty cottages as well. The company launching this enterprise was made up entirely of mainland business men who had not been linked with the Vineyard in more than a casual way. One of the directors was E. H. Capen, president of Tufts College.

As the new hotel took form, an observer wrote: "In appearance it resembles an ocean steamer, only it is more delicate in design and finish." The hotel still stands, but the resemblance, if it ever existed, has been lost with the years. In the center a sort of turret, was elevated above the verandas, and this may have looked vaguely like a smokestack. The building was of three stories, and a piazza ten feet wide ran across the front and lapped over the sides; there were also some curving bay windows. The ceilings of the first floor were of embossed steel, a type of construction which for some reason occasioned considerable pride. An electric plant was installed, and provisions were made for fresh or salt water baths.

As the grounds about the hotel were laid out, they threatened to become a sort of labyrinth. Some of the avenues were named Memphremagog, Aquedockton, Winnecoette, Passamaquoddy, Massabesic and Umbago, indicating the unerring kinship of land developers and engineers. The streets and parks formed loops and curves of a surprising sort. Meantime, a survey was made for a driveway to link Makonikey with West Chop.

As the summer of 1893 came on, work was rushed in order to open the hotel for the season's business. Many Italian laborers were employed, especially on grading and the work of clearing land for streets. These men were still on the ground when the hotel was opened to the public. Apparently the opening was auspicious, and

most of the twenty rooms were occupied, and the prospect seemed to be untroubled. Then one August night, the Italian laborers, remaining unpaid—apparently because of the company's dwindling cash reserves—gathered in the lobby and demanded money. No money was forthcoming, and the men became excited, their voices clamoring against the embossed steel ceiling overhead. As the dispute became hotter, some of the ringleaders threatened to set fire to the hotel.

This news spread quickly among the guests, and they were soon filled with panic. In the still darkness, a file of frightened people emerged from the hotel and took flight toward Vineyard Haven, some of them partly dressed, some dragging suitcases and other belongings, some leaving almost everything behind. Their ankles torn by briars and bushes, the guests cut across fields and through thickets, not pausing to feel out paths or roads. The stragglers reached Vineyard Haven at last and were received and sheltered. But the Makonikey Inn, so recently completed, closed its doors on August 24, 1893, never to be reopened as a summer hotel. In all the history of summer projects on Martha's Vineyard, failure had never struck so swiftly or in so ludicrous a form.

A year later the lumber company which had supplied materials for the hotel attempted to follow out the original plan. Several cottages were built, on the supposition that they would attract tenants or investors. But the situation was not so easily saved, and in July, 1897, Makonikey was sold for $12,500 at auction, hotel, cottages and all. By this sale the holders of $65,000 in bonds were enabled to realize a dividend of about four per cent. The lumber company was the nominal purchaser, and in 1901, through a trustee, the property was again sold, this time to a Boston architect who planned to reopen the hotel. His plan did not materialize, however.

Still later, George A. Matthews, a retired preacher, and his son Roy, took over the tract in order to develop the clay beds which were near the surface. It was announced that a great field of lignite had been found at Makonikey, and that this fuel supply, used in the proportion of one quarter Pocahontas coal and three quarters lignite, would enable a brick plant to operate at small expense. The Kaolin and Clay Products Company was organized with a capitalization of

Photo by Mosher Photo Service

West Chop Vista

Photo by the author

Edgartown under ice and snow.

$200,000 and an elaborate plant was built. Tracks were laid from the kiln to the wharf, and cars drawn by a small engine were purchased to haul bricks for shipment. But it was found, too late, that Vineyard peat—or lignite, as the company liked to call it—would not burn with sufficient heat to fire bricks, even when mixed with coal.

For a time a lonely Armenian potter, Andreas Andreasian, worked the clay and made pitchers, plates and vases, some of them beautifully shaped. And then work ceased altogether. When the World War came, the machinery was dismantled and sold; even the water mains of Makonikey were dug up and shipped away.

The Makonikey Inn, however, was opened in 1913 as a summer camp for the Y. W. C. A. Girls from city offices and factories made the most of facilities which had been intended for fashionable belles, until a five year lease had run its course. Then the property was sold again, this time for $25,000.

Makonikey still waits for its crowds of vacationers, and the hotel, aged in idleness, stands empty, its windows commanding long vistas of blue water and fair islands across the Sound, like spectacles through which no eyes are looking.

XXXVII

Summer People Up-Island

When a wayfarer started from Edgartown, Oak Bluffs or Vineyard Haven in the general direction of Gay Head, he was going up-Island. The summer cottagers of the camp ground went up-Island when they drove forth adventurously to visit Nancy Luce, near the Tisbury Great Pond. Even in those early days, this less accessible countryside was attracting summer visitors. For instance, at Squibnocket—by which the Indians meant "place where the red ground nut grows"—on the ocean extremity of Gay Head, New York sportsmen had built a clubhouse to which they resorted when the striped bass were biting. There were boarding houses at West Tisbury, also, such as the Sea Breeze House in the early seventies.

Visitors might board in a West Tisbury or Chilmark home, and the character of the sea captains and their families, the nautical language, the shipshape houses and farmsteads, were an attraction. Chilmark had its hills and boulders, its walls and pastures. West Tisbury had its mill pond about which it lived in the very image of a fertile, contented, independent town. He who penetrated this far found himself in a new world, different in every inflection of atmosphere from the cities of the main. But visitors who were pleased by the intimate life of the Cottage City were less likely to desire the solitary hills and quiet life of the up-Island region: here was a sort of summer resort development left to pioneers such as Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, who gave a clear enunciation of its principles.

Shaler visited Martha's Vineyard as a boy and never forgot the enchantment of its countryside and shore. When, at last, he was ready to buy a country home, his inclination turned toward the Island, and he made his first purchase in 1888. Then he bought one old farmstead after another, adding to his domain. He wanted "not a half acre lot, but something of the nature of a farm. The love of the country, with its actualities of animals and crops and the local independence, touching the border of exclusiveness, was strong within him; indeed, it was a tradition in his region of the country that the good of life was only to be had away from the crowded centres which hindered men from being wise and happy. What he desired was a 'civil wilderness'—that is, spacious possessions tamed to comfort, but not made artificial, nor yet closely packed with humanity . . . He liked the stateliness of uncrowded fields, the sense of freedom and security from the intrusion of unsought companions while tramping over the land he owned."

"With a bit of land," Shaler himself wrote, "anyone may play the part of a god . . . In this day of experiments, when men see deeper in the world about them, a new field of enjoyment is opened to those who are privileged to possess the earth."

Mrs. Shaler's memoir of her husband dwelt upon his happy relationship with the Island. Its fascination for him, she wrote, "aside from its restorative climate, was in part due to its geological formations. There were the peculiar and brilliant beds of clay at Gay Head; on his own place, a long stretch of seashore where he

could watch the work of the sea; and everywhere traces of glacial action. Unlike most farmers, he coveted the rocks as much as he did the soil; and he bought a special tract of land that he might have, as he said, a moraine of his own . . . Many other stretches of land, for various assigned reasons, but mainly because he had the land hunger of his forebears, were purchased from the widely scattered children of the old folk who, in the intervals of their toiling with the sea, built bowlder walls and scratched the sterile soil for a living. Most of their houses, under stress of weather, had so fallen into decay that in some instances only chimneys and foundations remained to mark the spot where a home had once been; or flowers—these in their season blossoming persistently in the lonely places."

Some of Shaler's observations had a missionary quality and a conviction not always found in the most carefully calculated summer resort advertisements. Thus, a typical promotional appeal reads:

> "If you are looking for a permanent home and a pleasant place to spend your vacation, come to Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard. Located six miles from the mainland and easily reached from New York . . . Miles of seashore. Fresh water lakes. Climate invigorating and healthful . . . Every breeze a sea breeze. Churches, public schools, first class hotels, up-to date moving picture theatres, dancing pavilions and public amusements . . . Excellent bathing beaches, average temperature of water 72 degrees, no undertow, considered the best bathing on the Atlantic Coast. A yachtsman's paradise, yachting, sailing, rowing or canoeing on sea, or lake, absolutely safe . . ."

But Shaler wrote:

> "Besides this, the island is an oasis of salubrity in our New England bad climate . . . The summer climate, at least, is the freest from exasperation, the most calming I have ever felt, without producing lassitude. It brings a physical repose which it is impossible to get in our mountains or northern seashores. If the reader will glance at a map he will perceive that there is no other point on our coast where these insular conditions are possible to the same extent as upon this great salient angle of the continent. The difficulty with our climate

arises from the unbroken mass of land, which becomes the storehouse of heat during summer and of cold during the winter season. Those who seek a change from its conditions should get as far from its influence as they may be able. To do this without perching one's self on some inhospitable rock like the Isles of Shoals, or getting into the remote summer climate of Florida, is impossible except on either Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard. Of these, the latter is very much the better, as it gives a rich soil, beautiful drives, brooks and woods, features denied to its bleaker sister to the east.

"Water in all its phases is at its best on Martha's Vineyard. The Vineyard Sound on the north shore gives the perfection of quiet-water bathing. It is warm enough to tempt and hold the lover of sea bathing; warm enough to require more courage to leave than to enter it. The faint swing it has, for it is not altogether still, is as soothing as a cradle's rocking. If this be too tame for the sturdy bather, he has only to cross the island to the south shore to find another face on the sea. The long shore, straight as if drawn by a rule for fifteen miles or more—stand in the middle and it runs to the horizon as straight as a prairie railway—is beaten by the surges which can roll directly down upon it from six thousand miles of water. . . . The great waves roll with solemn regularity on the shore; they are never still . . . Nowhere is the calm so great as in this half imprisonment by the sea."

A study of summer resort advertisements from 1870 down to 1935 seems to show that, at the first touch of the commercial motive, enthusiasm becomes sugary and suspect. With the strong, intelligently eloquent pages of a great summer visitor before them, promoters have turned aside and from their own creative throes produced effusions about "The Isle of Dreams" or "A Little Bit of Heaven" borrowed for the occasion and coupled incongruously to the usual jerky statements about hotels, boarding places, churches, and baggage and express service.

When Shaler first drove to his summer home, he had to open and close seven gates; thus his Vineyard estate became Seven Gates Farm, and after his death the whole tract which he had accumulated —no mean share of the whole area of the North Shore of the Island— was transformed into a trust, for the purpose of providing summer homes in the manner of his own conception. This was an entirely

new kind of summer resort development, so much so that the word "development" did not seem to apply. The owners of summer homes on Seven Gates became members of a community which controlled and preserved the great estate. The corporate form of ownership made possible a continuation of this sane and beneficent control beyond the limits of an individual lifetime. Here was an answer, successful within its range, to the question of how to enjoy—even to exploit, since exploitation cannot be separated entirely from any summer home in the countryside—the shores and hills of Martha's Vineyard without sooner or later destroying their attractiveness.

In Shaler's own day, he had as a sort of neighbor—some miles intervening on the North Shore between the two homes—his brother-in-law, Col. Albert Seaton Berry of Kentucky. Colonel Berry's place was not far from Indian Hill, close in proximity to the remaining Indians of Christiantown, a community of gray shingled houses in which lived the descendants of the praying Indians of Governor Mayhew's day. To his Vineyard summer home, Colonel Berry carried the warm hospitality and genial dignity of his own state. Sometimes as he stopped at the North Tisbury post office, when the mail stage was soon to arrive, he offered to the group of villagers his own flask of Bourbon. Thus Kentucky custom made strange meeting with the constraint of New England and the latter, though saddened and weakened, held its immemorial lines. Colonel Berry, while he served in Congress, was the tallest member, and he was known as the "Tall Sycamore of the Licking"—the Licking being a river upon which Newport, his Kentucky home, was situated.

Two tall Kentuckians, both of them unforgettable for their gallant carriage, their white hair, their genuine courtesy, brought a new contribution to the summer resort growth of the Island. There was never any awareness that Professor Shaler or Colonel Berry, as summer visitors, were of a race apart; indeed, Shaler was a close friend of Henry L. Whiting, a distinguished geographer and scientist, who happened to be a resident of West Tisbury, and their common interests were cemented by a devotion to the Island.

These up-Island towns were always fruitful in their rewards to visitors. At West Tisbury settled Captain Joshua Slocum, he who

circumnavigated the world in the small sloop Spray, and had the whole world to choose from.

The first conscious beginnings of the town of Chilmark as a summer resort are inextricably entangled with the story of a gold-plated bathroom. "The Sanfords" came to the Island as summer visitors at Edgartown. In the early nineties the Congregational minister, Rev. Caleb L. Rotch, took them for a drive to Gay Head behind a span of horses. On the way, the minister, who knew the Island well, pointed out the houses and told of the owners; but one house in Chilmark seemed strange to him. The sightseers spent the night at Gay Head and drove homeward the next day, stopping at Chilmark to examine the place which had aroused Mr. Rotch's interest. They took down a pair of bars and drove into surroundings which so charmed the Sanfords that they soon bought the house and the land which stretched from the travelled road to the bluffs of Wequobsket, signifying "at the ending rock."

After her husband's death, Mrs. Lucy Sanford and her daughter, also a widow, began a series of lavish and eccentric expenditures which made Windy Gates a name of fascination for more than one generation. They built a new summer home, a low, rambling structure which combined architectural ideas of the Elizabethan, Colonial and Southern European styles. There were inlaid floors of quartered oak, finely finished woodwork, massive brass fittings, enormous doors. A wing was joined to the house by a combined passage and conservatory with tile floors and a liberal use of marble and glass. But the final flourish was in the wing itself: set in a space about twelve by fourteen feet was a bathroom with floor and wainscoting of hand-painted tile, and every metal bathroom fixture, pipes, faucets, hooks, even the hinges of the door, was plated with gleaming gold.

Outside the house, terraces were cut in the great hills, and thousands of tons of earth and rocks were moved in order to make a smooth, grassy lawn. All this fantasy of wealth was under the eye of the swooping gulls, and within close earshot of the surf at the foot of the Wequobsket cliffs. There had been no such combination of elements since the provincial authorities of New York had agreed long before to the establishment of the manorial system on the

Island, and had set up Tisbury Manor and the feudal system in these same glacial hills with a few casual words. The golden bathroom proved more enduring than feudalism among the gusty spaces of Chilmark.

The undoing of Mrs. Sanford and her daughter was a dark foreigner, reputed to be an Italian count or duke, whose interests ran to South American railroads and other remoter speculations. After the Sanfords—now embodied in summer resort tradition in just that phrase—Windy Gates passed into the ownership of William M. Butler, who, as a boy, had sat upon Grant's knee at the camp meeting, and was yet to be United States Senator. So it came down to the present day.

Somewhat later, Mr. Butler, who had been a leading summer resident of Edgartown (where, indeed, he had sold newspapers to the whaling captains as a boy) began to acquire property at Lambert's Cove, on the North Shore, somewhat west of Makonikey. Here he built a summer home and brought into being another large estate of the modern day.

In the annals of up-Island and its summer resort development, the hills were to play a prominent part. Early famous was Indian Hill; but the first Indian Hill, scene of old Indian rites, and site of the dancing field which antedated the missionary days, was difficult to reach by road, and the livery stable drivers fell into the custom of taking their patrons to a different hill, more to the west, which was easily accessible. In the course of time, this became the generally accepted Indian Hill, and no violence was done, since it held on its flank the gray stones of an ancient Indian burying ground.

At the foot of this hill stood a weathered house in which Edwin Luce lived alone for many years. Some called him the hermit of Indian Hill. He welcomed visitors to his land, but he was disturbed when summer people broke into his home during his absence, to pump a glass of water, or to have a look around. He kept a record of the visitors to the hill, and his pencilled notations run as follows: 1899, 526; 1900, 691; 1901, 609; 1902, 586; 1903, 811; 1904, 758; 1905, 600; 1906, 694; 1907, 585; 1908, 711. This was a tally of the days before automobile travel became general, and it reflects almost a full decade of prosperity for livery stable drivers; or, if

not prosperity, active business of the character which made these stables more important in their time than garages are in the inner spirit of summer resort life today. A great many things would have gone differently if it had not been for the livery stable. Vacations were not dynamic, in the modern sense, at their best, but without the livery stable they would have been completely static.

On the summit of Indian Hill is a boulder, and here have perched at least two generations of summer visitors to have their pictures taken: at the foot of the rock, too, an untold number of peanut shells and candy cartons have been tossed, to be removed slowly in winds and rain.

XXXVIII

A Hotel Is Born

The new Edgartown did not grow entirely from the old roots cultivated by the sea captains. Almost twenty years after the launching of the Katama project, the town itself was without a summer hotel. The first bathhouses, a set of three, were built on a sandy crescent of Chappaquiddick beach, across Edgartown harbor, in 1883, but this enterprise suggested only faintly the beach around which summer life in the new century was to center. In five years the number of bathhouses increased to thirty-five, and in 1890 it had mounted to fifty, still a small beginning.

In 1890 the fate of the hotel at Katama was already more or less evident, and the ventures of the seventies were staled and lack lustre. Wherever Edgartown men gathered to talk of the future, conversation came around to the need of a new summer hotel, in the town itself. How else could any ground be gained or held as a watering place? When steps were taken to do something, the leader in the new project was Dr. Thomas J. Walker, a doctor of the old school and leading physician of the town. With him was associated the Rev. Luther T. Townsend of Watertown, a summer visitor himself, and both men pledged subscriptions of ten shares toward a capitalization of $5,000 consisting of fifty shares of $100 par value. In a few decades the ready money in Edgartown had dwindled, and even

wishful thinking was on a smaller scale. Later, however, the capitalization of the new hotel was doubled, Dr. Walker and Dr. Townsend doubling their own subscriptions. The remaining stock was taken by investors in the town.

Public interest in the new hotel ran high, and the venture was almost a community crusade. A site was chosen at Starbuck's Neck, the extremity of North Water Street, where the ranks of the whaling captains' houses came to an end. The place was high and offered a broad view of the harbor and Chappaquiddick; from the rear, one could see Vineyard Sound and Cottage City in the distance.

The name of the new hotel was in doubt until the last. The Vineyard Gazette was authorized to announce a contest for the selection of a name, and Edgartown residents deliberated and produced such nominations as the following:

> Belvedere, Pullman, Cliff House (although there was no cliff), Hotel Edgartown, Harbor View, The Edgartown, Hotel Nunpaug, Ocean Zephyr Resort, Great Harbor House, the Unexpected, The Swasey (after the first owners of the land), Monticello, Vacuna, Emprise, Alpine, Starbuck, Acme, Seabright, Magnolia, Vacation, Martha's Inn, Ocean Spray (the ocean being several miles distant), Hiacoomes, Vineyard Inn, Eureka House, Atlantic House, New Era, Alpha, Orient, Lovely Resort, Buena Ventura, Enterprise, Quenomica, Hygeia, Vista, Montezuma, Old Colony, Pilgrim Hall, Bartholomew.

However, as the voting went on, some of the less effulgent names assumed the lead; in the second month of the voting Harbor View was well ahead, Edgartown was runner-up, and Martha, Mizpah and Emprise followed. The name Harbor View was suggested by Leonard C. Bliss, one time Edgartown storekeeper who became head of the Regal Shoe Company, and contributed to the growth of the watering place both as a resident business man and as a summer resident through later years.

Mr. Bliss was considered a double for Benjamin Harrison. In 1884, being confronted with a problem, he wrote to Lyman Abbott, then editor of the Christian World, inquiring as follows: "A tenant who sells periodicals, confectionery and cigars desires me to build an addition to the store for billiards. Would it be consistent for a

Christian to grant this request? I have no scruples but that billiards in the absence of immoral surroundings, are as innocent as croquet. But as some of the brethren have a prejudice, and I a pecuniary interest, I desire your opinion to help me decide the question."

Dr. Abbott replied: "In regard to yours of March 4, I write to say that experience has demonstrated pretty conclusively that the billiard room as a public resort is morally disadvantageous. It is always a place of smoking and lounging, often of profanity even when drinking is excluded . . . The only way it seems to me in which the billiard room can be kept pure and innocent is by having it in a private home, or possibly in connection with a social club, unless it could be made also practically a ladies' game and really used by ladies . . ."

The new Harbor View Hotel, resembling a roomy, over-grown house, and with little pretense except its size and its broad verandas, was opened to the public in July, 1891. The formal reception and ceremonies were delayed until later in the season when some four hundred invitations were issued, the piazzas were hung with Chinese lanterns, the parlors decorated, and the whole hotel brightly illuminated. An entertainment was provided by Miss Mattie Josephine Atkins, of Denver, a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, and the string quartet of the Fitchburg band supplied music for dancing.

Despite a great deal of motherly anxiety on the part of the town, and an illusion of prosperity, the Harbor View was not, initially, a success. Some of the stockholders were wiped out, but Dr. Walker and Dr. Townsend made sacrifices and held on. When, after two or three years, the building was offered for sale under the terms of the mortgage, these two men bid it in and, still later, Dr. Walker acquired the whole property. From the time the hotel fairly started and the promotion and building expenses written were off, the Harbor View became exactly what it had been intended to be, the nucleus of a new and growing colony of summer visitors. There were two ties between the new and the old, for W. D. Carpenter, son of the Hon. Erastus P., came up from the Mattakeeset Lodge to be manager for a season; and in 1910 Dr. Walker bought the empty relic on the Katama Plain and moved the south wing to Starbuck's Neck as

Photograph courtesy of Mrs. Laura J. Spear

August diversion, 1893: foot races on Main Street, Edgartown. This is the final of the 100 yard dash, won by Marcus Wilson Jernegan, now professor of American History at the University of Chicago. The prize was a $3.00 sweater.

an adjunct to the Harbor View. There it still stands, its Alpine peak of a roof jogging the memories of the few who remember the day of glory.

The place quickly occupied by the new hotel in the summer life of Edgartown is indicated by this list of the events of the gay season of 1893: a cantata, Pillar of Fire; an illustrated lecture, Life and Times of Columbus; patriotic services on July 4; fire balloons on July 14; an illuminated boat parade; a Harbor View tennis tournament on courts built at the hotel; baseball games; a musicale at the Harbor View; Belle Boyd, the Rebel Spy, at the town hall; a summer social; a tub race at the bathing beach; a hop at the Harbor View; excursions to the South Beach; and foot races on Main Street.

In 1893 a summer visitor from New Jersey operated the first naphtha launch in the harbor, and in 1901 the Harbor View became a long distance telephone pay station. The resort was getting on.

This was also the period of incubation of the new Ocean Heights. The first had been at Oak Bluffs, between Farm Pond and Sengekontacket. The modern development of that name is just outside of Edgartown, lying between the county road and Sengekontacket. Robert M. Laidlaw, a native of Scotland, was the leading figure in the company which purchased a part of the former Beetle farm at this place. In the course of years Ocean Heights was to take root and grow.

XXXIX

Chappaquiddick

An interlude of the rise of Edgartown was a flurry of land developments on Chappaquiddick in 1889 and 1890. This was the more curious because Chappaquiddick, despite its rolling terrain and vistas over blue water and land dotted with pines and bayberry bushes, could be reached only by small boat. Katama had been considered difficult of access, but at least there was a road.

Apparently the purchase of Chappaquiddick land by summer residents, among them Horace W. Gridley of New York, set the

ball tolling. Joseph Enos, whose residence happened to be on the Edgartown side (he is remembered running a watering cart in the village, for fees paid by householders), was first in the field. He had fifty acres of Chappaquiddick land surveyed into lots, with many avenues, planning to sell enough lots at $5 each to pay for the survey. There turned out to be about 240 lots of about fifty by a hundred feet. The largest open space, Island Park, was seven hundred by one hundred feet.

On the plan, the Enos lots (they never acquired a fanciful name) are shown beginning a short distance northeast of the old Chappaquiddick schoolhouse. They extend southeast, irregularly, in rectangles, like a cross word puzzle. The avenues were named Samson's, Muskeget, Flag, Grove, Ocean, Meadow, Park, Washque, Pocha, and Enos—among others—and all were thirty feet wide.

A grand selection of the Enos lots was held on July 6, 1889, and clam chowder was served free. Up to that occasion, 127 lots had been sold, many of them to Providence residents.

That same year Richard E. Norton & Co. planned the development of Washqua Farm, "The Region of Perfect Content." The tract consisted of about two hundred acres bordered by Pocha Pond, Katama Bay, and the broad Atlantic. A pier was constructed, and prospective customers were invited to travel to Katama by the railroad and to cross in a boat to Chappaquiddick. The lots, conventionally, were fifty by a hundred feet, and avenues were named Tackanash, Sea View, Surf, Atlantic, Ocean, and Quanamaqua. Bordering Washqua Farm was Howwosswee Park. Four years later, the Norton brothers announced another development, Chappaquiddick Camp.

Not far behind Mr. Enos was Governor William H. Handy of Chappaquiddick. The title was a courtesy title, but it was not without warrant since Mr. Handy was an all year resident and general factotum. One Edgartonian recalls him driving his horse along the road on Chappaquiddick Point, mail bags over his shoulder, reins clutched in the fingers of one hand, as he stood erect in the truck wagon and called commands to his horse. Governor Handy was a colorful figure. His lots were in the Samson's Hill region and they covered about two hundred acres, fifty of which were platted at once.

There was a full fledged boom in progress, and if it was a small boom, one must remember that Chappaquiddick is a small island and was reached by a small ferry. A great impetus was added when it was announced that Capt. Francis C. Smith, veteran of the Oak Bluffs development days, had acquired a home on Chappaquiddick and was to be sales agent of the Handy lots. Benjamin G. Collins surveyed this development, as he did most of the others.

Early in July of 1889—at about the time Mr. Enos was serving free clam chowder—Captain Smith and Governor Handy completed an observation tower on Samson's Hill, southwest of the meeting house. The tower was twenty-two feet high, twelve feet square on the ground, and eight feet square at the top. There were two floors.

"See"? inquired Daniel T. Webquish, an old Chappaquiddick Indian. "See all over God's creation and part of Chatham"!

One of the early purchasers of Handy lots was Mr. Gridley, whose interest had done so much to launch the boom. The Handy avenues were named Chapel, Collins, Pease, Webquish, and Handy. A site was set aside for a Union Chapel, as if the old meeting house were too small.

That same fall, Captain Smith projected a development in his own name, known as Seaview City. Seaview City would be a conspicuous sight from Edgartown, across the harbor if it existed today. The tract ran from Caleb's Pond, bordered for some distance by the county road, toward Samson's Hill. It was long and narrow. An eight acre hotel site was reserved between Hotel and Chappaquiddick Avenues. Other avenues included Massasoit, Huxford, Ripley, Pequot, Eagle, Norton, Bathing, and Ocean.

The greatest force of the boom was soon spent, but in 1890 steps were taken by Lester W. Clark, and Horace Bacon, summer residents, and Samuel Keniston, publisher of the Vineyard Gazette, to incorporate the Chappaquiddick Land Co. They proposed to start with an authorized capital of $40,000 with a right to increase the amount to $150,000; but someone at the State House persuaded them to be content with the more modest limits of $25,000 and $50,000, respectively. The charter rights gave the company the privilege of building piers and bridges, and of operating ferries. R. E. Norton & Co. sold about fifty acres of land to Mr. Clark. There is no indication that the Chappaquiddick Land Co. was ever active.

As recently as 1903 an East Samson's Hill addition was surveyed by Benjamin G. Collins, but the Chappaquiddick developments never kept up with the swift pace of their first enthusiastic year.

Most lovers of Chappaquiddick rejoice that it is still elemental, without communities of cottages and hotels. There were probably twenty-five houses on the island in 1797, with some 190 or 200 inhabitants, as many as 75 of them Indians. There are fewer houses today, fewer inhabitants, and almost no Indians at all. No pilots resort to Samson's Hill to watch for incoming vessels, but any mortal may walk to the hill, a little breathless with the old worldy aspect of the landscape, and see Tuckernuck come up on the horizon like a mirage on a clear day.

XL

Development by Electricity

When Edgartown was threatened with the suspension of the Martha's Vineyard Railroad, a new cry went up: "Electrify"! Science had moved on, and a new force was capturing the imaginations of the land. For Cottage City there was but a small step from the horse railroad to electric cars. At the illumination which marked the end of the season of 1895 there were two symbolic set pieces: one, a fireman with a hose pointed, indicating the superiority of the Cottage City fire department; and the other, an electric car showing plainly on the side the words, "Cottage City Street Railway."

The snort of the iron horse having failed to accomplish miracles for the sea captains, their successors looked to the new elixir. Already, in the fall of 1892, a company had been formed under the name Dukes County Street Railway Company to carry out the dream of an electric railway from Cottage City all the way to Gay Head. The length of track was to be about twenty-five miles, and the capital stock was fixed at $200,000. A provisional board of directors, included Professor Shaler, Henry L. Whiting, and Charles Strahan, editor of the Martha's Vineyard Herald. The new road was to swing near Lambert's Cove on the North Shore, and there to make connections with the New York boats at a hypothetical wharf.

"This is one of the most important localities of the whole coast and will undoubtedly be secured and developed into a second Bar Harbor," said the promoters, alluding to Lambert's Cove. The vision of the future was promulgated on a grand scale; but it never came to fruition. The Dukes County company survives only in musty records, and its route as an imaginative line on the map.

This left the Cottage City electric railway to become the pioneer. The horse car tracks had been extended to the New York wharf in 1892, and cars had run on a thirty minute headway and a five cent fare. The line had also run to the Prospect House at Lagoon Heights, so that passengers could have a three mile ride for a nickel. The electrification took place in 1895, the year of its celebration in fireworks. Non-residents were behind the project, marking the growing influence of mainland capital and enterprise in the life of the resort. This particular syndicate was headed by Josiah Quincy, assistant secretary of state under Cleveland, and one time mayor of Boston, who had become a summer resident of West Chop. The Quincy group purchased the old horse car road and began the erection of a power house at Eastville, near the site of the historic camp meeting landing. Efforts were made to obtain a franchise to enter Vineyard Haven, but there were complications and the Vineyard Haven route was taken by a new company, the Martha's Vineyard Street Railway Company, chartered in May, 1896.

The Martha's Vineyard company, in 1897, operated a line from the head of the Vineyard Haven wharf to the Lagoon Bridge. Since the bridge was not strong enough to support a street car, there had to be a stop, and passengers were required to walk across and board a car on the farther side. Whatever else electricity had done, it had brought to the Vineyard, at the very beginning, a taste of the corporate confusion which came in on the wings of the new century.

The earnings and expenses of the two companies are a record in the modern language. The report of the Cottage City company, following the season of 1895, showed net income from operations of $5,430.84. Assets were listed at $73,490.85; the capital stock was $25,000 and the funded debt an equal amount. Loans and bills payable came to $13,658.78, against which the company had a

surplus of $8,832. 07. There were twenty-six stockholders, and they received an encouraging dividend of four per cent.

In the year 1900, the Cottage City company reported a deficit of $964.06. Assets were listed at $70,723.45, and gross liabilities at $70,279.59. The Martha's Vineyard company showed a net income of $633.88; gross assets were $13,602.05, and gross liabilities $12,432.35.

Thus, after a few years of operation, the lines were a cause of concern rather than of comfort to the stockholders. For a time there was warfare between the two companies. The Josiah Quincy syndicate withdrew, and the Cottage City line was operated in conjunction with the lighting company. But it obtained power from the station at Eastville, now controlled by the opposition, and in the busy days of the 1901 season the Martha's Vineyard company cut off the current from its rival, halting the cars and requiring summer crowds to walk.

Eventually the two companies merged. The last new spirit was injected into the electric railway in 1908 when a reorganization was directed by Eugene Carpenter, an electrical engineer of considerable experience. But now the automobiles were purring over the tar road which ran along the tracks, and passing the cars with no effort at all. In 1916 and 1917 an increasing number of these automobiles carried on their windshields this strange device: "Jitney." So came the end of electric transportation on Martha's Vineyard.

Edgartown never succeeded in winning its electric line, although committees were appointed, mass meetings were held, and promoters added columns of figures for years. The old question of alternative routes, shore or inland, came up and was thrashed out time and again. Once the Martha's Vineyard company was ready to build a line from Cottage City to Edgartown if Edgartown capital would contribute $15,000 of an estimated investment of $35,000. But the sea captains of the old whaling port were not now so numerous or so flush, and although it was urged that no single electric line in the state had failed to earn handsome dividends from the start, the lesson of the snort of the iron horse was not easily ignored.

Although the new marvel of electricity did not fulfill the fine promise of the late nineties, the Vineyard would have been poorer

if the electric railways had never been built. They contributed color, novelty and not a little pleasure to summer life, and furnished an impetus which quickened the prosperity of the resort. Contemporary civilization has devised many motions, swift and sure, such as that of the streamlined train, the modern automobile, the airplane, and the speedboat, but there has never been a motion so peculiarly thrilling as the rocking of a small streetcar in its swift course over a clear stretch of track, say the down grade between Cottage City and Eastville. Or is it memory that makes it so?

The rush of cool air against the face, the changing views, the children holding fast to ribboned hats, the conductor passing himself along the running board hand over hand (a feat as engrossing as that of the captains making steamboat landings at Oak Bluffs wharf), the motorman in front turning his mysterious brass handles, the smell of iron wheels and track, the impatient wait on the switchouts, the finesse of switching, the click of the wheels running free, the flashes of blue and purple lightning from the overhead trolley after dark.

Sometimes a car came to a halt at some random spot between towns. The belt had slipped off the engine at the power house, and the conductor must get off and walk to the station to jog the engineer. It might happen that the engineer would chance to discover the mishap and replace the belt while the conductor was off on his mission, and the car would race to overtake the conductor, bells clanging.

The street railways gave these experiences, and now these memories, to Martha's Vineyard.

XLI

Irrepressible Conflict

Long after the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company made its exit, the Vineyard Grove Company, its rival, lingered on; and it became, under successive managements, involved in litigation and controversy with the cottagers of Oak Bluffs and with the town. The various stages of conflict ran through several eras, and more

than once the state supreme court was called upon to decide questions of rights, some abstract and some immediately tangible.

The Vineyard Grove Company, founded on moral and semi-religious grounds to guard against the worldliness of the Oak Bluffs Company, had been partly lured and partly pushed into the opportunism of speculative business. The land acquired on the Highlands for a retreat for the camp meeting was never needed for that purpose, and therefore something had to be done with it. The Baptists provided one solution, and another had to be the continuance of a land business in outright commercial style.

Ownership of the beach and waterfront on the Oak Bluffs side, which had gone with the Sea View property, was eventually acquired by the Vineyard Grove interests which thus inherited not only their own but their earlier rivals' difficulties. The original Oak Bluffs beach was to be the first scene of strife. In 1895 the company applied to the Harbor and Land commissioners of the state for a license to build a pavilion over tidewater. This was opposed vigorously by owners of some of the largest and most costly cottages of Oak Bluffs who feared that an amusement enterprise under their windows would be a nuisance. The cottagers won an initial victory, for the commissioners rejected the petition on the ground that it went beyond the original charter rights of the company.

By this time the bathing tower erected by the Oak Bluffs Company was in bad condition, and the present owners decided to tear it down. Now the old tower had been accepted as a landmark; but the Vineyard Grove Company erected a pavilion between the beach and the street which seemed to cottagers a new encroachment. The structure rose above the level of the bluff and interfered with the view. A number of cottagers arrived in June or July, became indignant, and retained counsel. A committee waited upon the selectmen, but the selectmen did not see what they could do, since the Vineyard Grove Company owned the property upon which the pavilion stood. For some seasons the matter drifted.

Then the committee obtained further advice, and a suit was entered in the name of the attorney general. William M. Butler was retained to represent the plaintiffs, and the first case of Attorney General vs. Vineyard Grove Company went on its way to the supreme court

Photograph by Augustus Bradford Merry

All sorts of boats in all sorts of poses dominate the scene at Menemsha

of the state. The plaintiffs contended that under the conditions of sale by the Oak Bluffs Company, covenants had been entered into with the cottagers requiring that no structure be built on the beach; the beach had, in short, been dedicated as an open space, and the view from the bluff was embraced in the dedication. The word "dedication" was on everyone's tongue again; here the case grew directly from the Cottage City park case, and relied hopefully on that decision. But the defendant argued that there could be no dedication for the purpose of a view, which, after all, was a form of emptiness; and pointed out also that there had always been bathhouses, a pagoda, a wharf, and a railroad running under the bluff—enough, surely, to show that the Oak Bluffs Company and its successors in title had every right to build what they pleased.

The case was not decided by the supreme court until 1902, and then came a decision written by Oliver Wendell Holmes—now chief justice, and no longer with a "Jr." after his name. In a temperate, clearly phrased summary of the whole situation he upheld the plaintiffs. Not only was the open space dedicated to the public, but the view of the sea from the bluff was a valid part of the dedication. As to the earlier structures which had been built on the beach, the court held that they had been contemplated in the original dedication, that they were for the most part incidental to public use, and could not be construed to establish a right more extensive than over the ground they actually occupied.

For some years there was peace; then something happened at another spot in the resort, the shore of Lake Anthony bordering the original Vineyard Grove Company tract. Just at the turn of the century, the pond had been opened to the sea, between two jetties of stone, and thus turned into a harbor for yachts and small vessels. Dredging was carried on at intervals for several years, and in 1902 the material brought up from the bottom was used to cover the flats on the harborside. Along these flats, partly over the water, had run the famous plank walk of the old days, linking the Highlands area with the camp ground; in fact there had been no other walk by which one might reach the Highland wharf. In summer the plank thoroughfare had been crowded with pedestrians, and along its course had stood the Rev. John D. King's museum, the barn of the horse railroad, shell and souvenir stores, and other structures.

The plank walk had disappeared long ago, and eventually the Vineyard Grove Company decided the land could be sold for cottage lots. In 1908 three of the lots were sold to a Philadelphia dentist who erected a house and a garage. This closed forever the route of the famous plank walk which the resort at large had considered a public way. The question was raised whether the whole area between the water and the street—which ran parallel a short distance inland—had not been dedicated to the public by the company. Another suit was brought, and again a case of Attorney General vs. Vineyard Grove Company occupied the attention of the state supreme court.

This case was roughly parallel to the first suit of the same name, but it rested upon less concrete assumptions of fact. The original projectors of the Vineyard Grove Company were not available to testify as to their intentions. Had they meant to reserve or to dedicate the then useless strip of marshy land to the public? Probably they could not have answered, in any event; it seemed more likely that they might never have thought about the issue at all. The three confusing plans of the company were no help, although the first did indicate the disputed strip with the name "Lakeview" as if it might have been a park. As for the old plank walk, it had been closed at times at the company's order, but these times had been in winter when there was little or no public use of the walk. Moreover, the town surveyor of highways had once ordered the walk closed, and he would have had no concern with it unless it had been a public way. There was, as in the other cases, no doubt that lots had been sold at higher prices because of park frontage or views, but was this particular view or outlook involved as a definite contractual relationship?

This time the decision went to the company. All the specific items which had swung the balance in previous cases were here lacking; time had erased the blackboard.

After this case there was, again, a lapse of years during which the memory of the early days became an even dimmer thing; how and why the Vineyard Grove Company had been formed was largely forgotten. The newer generation knew the corporation principally because it operated the Oak Bluffs bathing beach. The sale of lots, by former standards, was in the doldrums, partly because

the most desirable land had been taken up. The Baptists continued to meet on the Highlands, but their annual sessions were soon to cease and their temple to slip into decay. The Martha's Vineyard Institute was closed, and its buildings neglected. Agassiz Hall preserved no sign of its old pride and dignity, for its steps were sunken, the piazza floors trembled underfoot, the canvas covering of the roof waved and flapped in the wind, and even the concrete foundation walls had crumbled to pebbles. At last, in 1920, the Vineyard Grove Company was sold to new interests, for the first time becoming entirely a mainland concern.

The more energetic management of the Oak Bluffs bathing beach came as a sharp reminder to summer patrons that the old days of shiftlessness were over. Cottagers were expected to pay for what use they made of the beach, and the company intended to control its property as it saw fit. Summer visitors and others who objected to rates or rules had little recourse, since the company controlled all the accessible beach except two short strips owned by the town. Of these, only one was open as a bathing place.

Between the Oak Bluffs bathing beach and the steamboat wharf was a strip of the company's shorefront which was unimproved save for barriers placed by the state Department of Public Works to prevent erosion. The bluff ended in a ragged tangle of long grass and weeds; here and there it broke away into yellow sand which made up the face of the cliff; and there was more or less litter of paper bags, boxes, peanut shells and the like. Ocean Park was maintained by the town at considerable expense, but directly across the street, in the direction of the water view, lay this waste bluff, weedy and sagging. The prospect was one of shiftlessness and decay. Not unnaturally, when summer residents gathered and discussed the beach, they said it would be a good thing for the town to take over this strip for public purposes, improving it like a park; and when business men of the resort talked of development and better summer business, as they did constantly, they thought of the beach as the place to begin a program of advancement.

In 1925 the subject began to be considered at town meetings, and in December of that year a proposal to take the beach between the wharf and the bathhouses was put before the voters. The plan was

opposed by pessimistic counsellors. For instance, the town counsel, Judge Frank Vera, said that there would be a land damage case, to be tried before a Bristol County jury, and that the jury would undoubtedly find damages of from $150,000 to $200,000 in favor of the Vineyard Grove Company. This prophesy was remembered later.

The following spring the matter was brought up again at a special town meeting and this time, despite the opposition of the company, the town decided to take the strip of beach by right of eminent domain. The vote stood eighty to forty; but the whole number of registered voters in the town was 573. The company made its last stand at a hearing before the park board on the proceeding of taking the beach, but the result was a foregone conclusion. The town went ahead as rapidly as possible, and lost no time in building concrete retaining walls, grading the bluffs, applying topsoil, and cultivating green turf to greet the arriving visitor.

A year later, in May, 1927, the issue of land damages, on the company's suit, did come before a Bristol County jury in New Bedford. The jurors embarked on a steamer on a sunny day and viewed the new waterfront park. Apparently it seemed to them attractive. In the courtroom they listened to a variety of conflicting testimony. The president maintained that the beach was worth $110,000, based upon its possibilities of development. The company's 638 bathhouses had resulted in a profit of $24.22 apiece during the previous season, he testified, and the jury was apparently to draw the conclusion that a multiplication of bathhouses on the strip of beach in question would result in a multiplication of this profit.

A Cape Cod real estate developer came to the witness stand to say that he believed the Vineyard ought to attract 100,000 visitors. He described a possible development of the waterfront, showing on an elaborate drawing how a row of stores and amusement places would look along the bluff. He had included a radio shop, a hot dog and lunch room, a woman's wear shop, a children's store, a haberdashery, a beauty shop and a photograph studio, not to mention another carrousel. This development, he said, would cost, perhaps, $82,040, and would prove a good investment. The jury, unacquainted with the history of the resort, could not compare this proposal with

the enterprises of other years, nor could it understand why no major project had been launched by private capital at Oak Bluffs since the days of the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company. Indeed, the jurors were nothing taken aback that this developer from the mainland should, in his artistic drawing, put almost as much business on the bluff as the whole town had been able to accumulate since its beginning.

For the town, Island real estate experts gave their opinions of the value of the land at from $7,500 to $18,000. For the company, another expert mentioned $150,000 and was willing to go even higher. The psychology of the occasion was with him, for there is a human tendency to see all abstract opportunities as large, and the very nature of a summer resort encourages every possible embellishment of the future—until it comes to the point of spending one's own money. The assessed valuation of the strip of beach was $18,100, and an assessor of the town testified that the maximum overnight population of the resort was about 16,000 a figure to be compared with the conjectural 100,000 of the Cape Cod expert.

The case ran its course and in due time the jury returned a verdict of $77,250 which the town would have to pay for beach on which the commonwealth of Massachusetts had spent some $20,000 for control of erosion; beach which the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company had carried at no value whatever; and bluff which, until the town's intervention, had run to weeds, grass and rubbish. Exceptions were taken to the state supreme court, but they were not sustained, and the bill fell due. The Vineyard Grove Company had discovered gold in one of the most unlikely of all places.

However, the full meaning of the verdict of the sanguine Bristol County jury did not become manifest until the town of Oak Bluffs discovered, some time later, that the price of $77,250, plus steadily accumulating interest, included the beach only to the high water mark. There had been an error by someone, and the public still did not have a right to enter the water except at extreme high tide; and if the tide receded, there was no right to come out of the water until the next flood. Under new management, the company proceeded to station a policeman on the beach to prevent all persons from crossing. The upshot was that the town made the most of the two

parcels of shore which were all its own, and sought by band concerts and other means to invite the public.

This particular difficulty was eventually compromised. But in the years that followed there was a more active interest on the part of the company in its general holdings. The public had lost sight of the restrictions in the original deeds, but it was now reminded, for instance, that buildings must be used exclusively for domestic purposes, that gaming and lewdness were prohibited, that no intoxicating liquors could be made, sold or kept for sale on the premises, and that cottagers were subject to "such rules, by-laws and regulations as may, from time to time, be adopted" by the company or its successors "for the due and orderly government of the grounds, and for police and sanitary purposes"; and that the penalty for violation was outright forfeiture.

The different plans of the development were brought to the front again, and cottagers found that odd corners and open spaces were still claimed by the company. Sometimes it was necessary for a summer resident to negotiate for land which he believed to be his own, or part of a park, or of a street. As the company carried on its own exploration of land titles, the boundaries of streets and parks became unsettled and disputed.

Sometimes cottagers were willing to purchase a release of the restriction in the old deeds, and the company was usually ready to grant such releases at the rate of $100 a lot. But there were several decisions of the state supreme court which seemed to make it clear that such releases were of no value whatever. For instance, in the case of Rose F. Goulding vs. Lydia E. Phinney—which was, as it happened, an Oak Bluffs case—the court had held that such restrictions were not for the benefit of the developing corporation alone, but for the benefit of purchasers in general and their grantees, and a deed from the company purporting to release its rights, where no other owners of lots on the tract joined, was of no effect. At least two other cases went back to the Oak Bluffs Land and Wharf Company restrictions, Hopkins vs. Smith and Sayles vs. Hall, reminding the inquirer what an amazing amount of law had been brought into existence by the development of this summer resort.

Another phase of the increased activity of the Vineyard Grove

Company related to old rights of way. A landowner on the Highlands, for instance, found his direct access to the beach, which lay across the company's land, disputed. He had acquired rights of the old Highland House, and the hotel had enjoyed two easements, one the right to go to and from the beach "in the way now used," and, the other to use the beach in front of the hotel property. The company contended that the first easement had lapsed (indeed, no one knew where "the way now used" might have been—presumably it had eroded into the sea), and the second easement was argued to give no right of passage over company land. The land court found against the company. Exceptions were taken to the state supreme court, but the full bench upheld the decision.

Soon the property owners of the Highlands began to form a protective association, and their joint action resulted in the setting up of a new corporation, the Highlands Property Trust, which acquired by purchase all the holdings of the Vineyard Grove Company, including the original Oak Bluffs bathing beach which Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton had started so many years before. The purchase was completed in the late winter of 1933, and as a result of the transfer the Oak Bluffs Beach was sold to the town of Oak Bluffs for $35,000.

The leaders in this renaissance of the Highlands were George B. Dowley, Ernest H. Cook, A. E. Vondermuhll, and Andrew A. Highlands, all summer residents. A year earlier, somewhat in anticipation of the purchase, the same group had taken over the Highland bathing beach (the old wharf had long since disappeared) and replaced the old structures with an attractive beach clubhouse and bathhouses, a new venture in the resort life of the Island.

These, then, were the far-off events toward which the course of the Vineyard Grove Company had led since the boom of the late sixties of the preceding century; and the errors of commission and omission which so liberally sprinkled the trail were expiated in the interest of the summer resident in slow time.

XLII

Endings

Late in the month of June, 1889, the locomotive of the Martha's Vineyard Railroad was hung with streamers of black crepe; deep in mourning, the Active steamed from Edgartown to Cottage City with a puffing which seemed measured and solemn. Capt. Nathaniel M. Jernegan was dead, and his body was being brought from Boston where he had ended his days as inspector in the custom house. But after Captain Jernegan's funeral the mourning black remained on the engine to serve a further purpose. Capt. Grafton N. Collins had died at Edgartown, a day later than his old associate; the two captains had begun and ended their careers together, and their mourning was united.

This was the beginning of a period of conclusion which in some of its phases has been described already. The outstanding figures in the summer resort development of Martha's Vineyard passed from the scene, and their era ended with a sharpness of definition which is often lacking in human affairs.

Hebron Vincent, last survivor of the small group of Edgartown Methodists who founded the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting, died in 1890. In the words of scripture, "His eye was not dim." It would be a serious mistake to think of Hebron Vincent as a ranter and shouter of those naive early days when emotional religion was taking the town by storm. He was one of eleven children, the son of a farmer, and by some surpassing diligence he educated himself, won admission to the ministry, and but for ill health would have become a college graduate. As it was, Wesleyan University bestowed upon him an honorary degree of M.A. in 1869. For twelve years he was a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture; he wrote on the Mental Faculties of Domestic Animals, and on Green Manuring; and he was the first to suggest the holding of farmers' institutes. For many years he was a member of the Edgartown school committee, president of the Dukes County Educational Society, and prolific in ideas as to education. He became Register of Probate of the county, and a friend and counsellor of younger generations.

Photograph by the author

Summer morning detail, Edgartown waterfront, 1935

In years when the cause of anti-slavery was unpopular, he was a vigorous champion of abolition, with no slight intention of giving quarter. Old photographs show his lean face, a furze of white hair under the chin, at the cheeks and temples, and thinning somewhat above the forehead. A high white collar sheaves the throat, and a black tie is knotted in broad and painstaking decorum. The eyebrows are white and inclined to be bushy, and the eyes under them are deep and bright. The deepest lines are about the thin, firm mouth. All in all the expression seems to preserve for all time a quizzical dignity, an alertness, a spirit gleaming within. He was eighty-five when he died.

Hebron Vincent wrote two volumes of history of the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting, the first covering the period from 1835 to 1858, and the second devoted principally to the decade from 1858 to 1869. The tone of the two volumes is marked by a noticeable change: the first records with a literalness now amusing some of the extravagances of the early meetings; the second is broader, milder, and more content.

Joel H. Hills, whose promotional instincts had been brought among the sea captains of Martha's Vineyard by some ill star, died in 1892, at his Oak Bluffs cottage. Among his pallbearers were Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton and Dr. Harrison A. Tucker; and the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter of Foxboro accompanied the body on the journey to the mainland. What of Joel Hills? His business interests tell something: among them were the Kankakee, Ill., Slack Water Navigation Company, and the Eyelet and Buttonhole Attachment Company. He was also concerned in the Shelter Island development. His personal interests, too, are informative: he was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, the Newton Jersey Stock Club, the Boston Corn Exchange; and he was one of the original trustees of the Newton Public Library, and a thirty-second degree Mason.

Ichabod Norton Luce died in 1894 at the age of seventy-five. "And who is a radical"? asked the Rev. John D. King, one time agent of the Vineyard Grove Company, at his funeral. "The radical is one who is not controlled by the beggarly motives of party expediency, and who comprehends the future as well as the present, or

he is the man whose better humanity inspires ideals far in advance of the wornout traditions of the past." Ichabod N. Luce was a tall figure standing apart: abolitionist, boat builder, mariner, forty-niner, senator, keeper of the Gay Head Light, denouncer of speculative enterprises, divider of a town.

In 1895 William Bradley and Samuel Osborn died: the former not a captain but a captain's son, merchant, and director of the great Oak Bluffs Company, one time postmaster at Edgartown and a director of the Martha's Vineyard National Bank; the latter agent, owner and outfitter of whaleships, ruthless and forbidding of countenance, a strong, hard, substantial man who "took his thousands from the savings bank to be lost in Katama and the Martha's Vineyard Railroad stocks." He believed these enterprises would mean the up-building of Edgartown.

Following the disaster of 1871, Mr. Osborn went to Congress in an attempt to obtain from the federal government compensation for the loss of whaling vessels, and the lost season of the Europa. It took him two seasons as a Congressman before he was successful; and later he said that the quality of the debates in the House of Representatives in Washington was nothing compared to those of the Edgartown town meetings. It is told of Samuel Osborn that he said to green young men from inland, who were contemplating shipping for whaling voyages, "There's just this about life on a whaleship—you have to take your mince pie cold."

It has been recorded already that Holder Milk Brownell died in 1893, and Dr. Harrison A. Tucker in 1894. Capt. Shubael Lyman Norton lived until 1901, to the age of seventy-six, and then the venerable East Indiaman and father of all Oak Bluffs went from the scene in which he had played a role second to none. Just a year later, the Hon. Erastus P. Carpenter, Captain Norton's principal associate, his friend and enemy, died also. In 1901 Mr. Carpenter had built the Sea Cliff Inn on Nantucket, and his son, Will Carpenter, former manager of the Mattakeeset Lodge, went to manage it.

Who was left as the new century gathered its first momentum? Not one of the actors in the comedy drama of railroad financing, real estate development and resort building in miniature. And what

of their work, their infinite pains, their hopes, their costly ventures, remained for the rising generations to see and to enjoy?

The Sea View was gone, with its old rival the Highland House. The Martha's Vineyard Railroad ran for the last time in 1896, the Old Colony at last taking its loss after years of defaulted interest payments and foreclosure proceedings. There was nothing soon but a right of way and a streak of rust; the trestlework along the beach whitened and splintered in the storms and suns of many seasons, until passersby of a new generation had forgotten why it was ever built. The right of way proved most enduring of all, for instead of an intangible grant to operate over certain land, it had conveyed actual title of the land itself, and thus a series of law suits, real estate transactions and surprising anachronisms was projected into the new century.

On its voyage to the Island, the old Active, pride of the railroad, had undergone an adventure. Now it saw adventure again. Its name had been changed in later years to South Beach, and contractors in Boston purchased the South Beach for dull but useful labor. James E. Chadwick of Edgartown, for one period a director of the old railroad, was now charged with the duty of shipping the locomotive. Track was laid in Main Street, and the South Beach, once the Active, made one final, glorious progress through the heart of the town to the water. A length of track was laid ahead, and then picked up behind. There was a tight squeeze when the time came to turn at the foot of Main Street, and the buildings on either side were rubbed a little; but the turn was made, and the engine steamed to the coal wharf where she was loaded on a schooner.

While rounding Cape Cod, the schooner ran into thick weather and was approached dangerously near by a steamer. The captain ordered a man into the locomotive cab where he pulled the rope and set the bell clanging for all the sound it could give. The captain later told Mr. Chadwick that he believed the engine bell alone saved the schooner. There is little wonder that the steamer sheered off sharply on hearing a locomotive bell ringing in a storm off Cape Cod.

The Mattakeeset Lodge closed for the last time in 1905. Then for years it stood as full of emptiness as only a deserted hotel can be. Robert S. Hillyer, visiting Edgartown as a boy, joined the num-

ber who visited the place, found their way inside, and marveled at the ruined piano, the expectant rooms, and the combined sense of old occupancy and desertion. In after years Mr. Hillyer wrote: "It was a rather comely building in the manner of a chateau, an octagonal tower at one end, a high mansard gable at the other, and between the two a low roof looking down on the lawn . . . It was one of the most romantic retreats of my boyhood, and is connected in my mind with boats, for one had to sail down Katama Bay to reach it; with jeopardy, for the roofs always tempted one to risk one's neck; and with comrades, for it was too vast and terrifying to explore alone. First, one came to the broken spiles of the wharf, then, disembarking, to a cinder bed that had once been the railroad. Tennis courts could still be traced in the sand, and signs of an old road recalled the legendary trotters of our grandfathers. Inside the hotel everything was in place, though mutilated by jahoos . . . the floors were still carpeted, chairs stood about waiting the chatterers and in the rooms upstairs the beds and bedroom crockery were intact. From the second story one looked out over endless miles, the distant town, the scrub oaks, the bays beyond. And even to the boy's mind, as he listened to the wind whimpering down the long corridors, occurred the importance of all this."

What, then, was left of the life and works of the sea captains and the promoters? After 1910 even the Katama hotel was gone, one of its towers moved to Edgartown for an annex to the Harbor View. The plains lay open and deserted once more. For those who can remember, or for those who have listened to old tales, there remains a sense of haunting romance, a certain wistfulness not unmixed with envy. But for the vast majority of those who have lived and live in the present century, nothing remains whatever. Indeed, strangers stand at favored spots on Martha's Vineyard and say surprising things.

"Here," for instance, a solid mainland citizen in tweeds declares, "there ought to be a hotel. What couldn't these people do with the attractions of the Island if they only realized their possibilities"?

Various human emotions and moods are attributed to nature, but irony is not one of them; and for that reason the question of the visitor remains unanswered. Katama is still Katama, as disinterested

as the sun and the sea wind, and so, too, it is with the other shores, the hills, the bluffs.

"They have everything here—everything. Why, it's a real paradise. All it needs is developing," says the practically minded vacationer, toying with the idea of doing something himself.

And in general the impression of strangers on Martha's Vineyard is that common to visitors in a great many seaport towns of the East: the sleepy villages, the quaint wharves and houses, the antiquated captains sitting like sphinxes on rotting caplogs. Some newcomers want to see the abundant natural resources developed at once, and some want to see the quaint communities preserved with all their appurtenances, even with all their inconveniences, for there are still some left. But none knows the truth until long after he has ceased to be a stranger, the truth that the sea captains of Martha's Vineyard met the rising tide of opportunity at the foreshore, and planned to utilize it with the same practical turn of mind and the same courage which they were used to employing on whaling voyages.

Summer resort life did not come upon a retiring Island unawares. Nor is the modern conception of sea captains as weathered, taciturn characters of the seashore within a gunshot of the truth. The captains of the Vineyard, for example, were not "characters" at all. They did not exploit themselves, nor were they exploited, as picturesque attractions of the resort. That role was taken by a colored bell ringer at the camp meeting, a sailor crippled in a shipwreck, a somewhat mad woman with her hens; and later by Blind Nathan Athearn from North Tisbury who went about with a green market basket calling, "Bananas—rousers"! and by Harry Collins, the popcorn man, able to repeat reams of scripture and the multiplication tables backward, full of exact information about past dates and personages.

The captains who dominated the summer resort development of the past century had much in common, although they were as different as the planets. They were individualists, accustomed to command, and with a strong passion for persons and things which they regarded as their own. To them there was no sharp dividing line between adventure and business. What they might have made of

their affairs if it had not been for the chance appearance of the promoters—Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Hills—is an interesting speculation. Probably they would have been as seriously misled in the great boom, for conservatism was not prominent in their makeup; it does not, as a rule, go with adventure.

It is certain, however, that the promoters did not improve their chances of success, and on the whole the failure of the promoters was greater than that of the captains. Captains were not supposed to be financiers. In point of fact, one business enterprise had failed at Edgartown just before the resort boom, a shoe factory of which Capt. Nathaniel M. Jernegan was president. One survivor of the period recalls distinctly how a caller at his house said, with feeling, "I'd as soon have your boy president of that company as Nathan'l Jernegan." The shoe company made shoes and sold them, but collecting payment was another matter. Sea captains were too prone to trust; they had no experience in their natural line of work with the commoner dishonesty of the human race. The mainland business men should have contributed shrewd promotional experience and management: instead they pooled a romanticism of their own with the venturesome spirit of the captains.

There is a feeling on Martha's Vineyard, among those old enough to have had their sympathies engaged, that Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Hills played Insull to unsuspecting investors. Although it is true that the Vineyard developments were financed with whaling capital and credit, it is true, also, that the promoters went to ruin as rapidly as their associates. Joel Hills wrote to Captain Collins during the progress of the Cottage City park case:

> ". . . but I have persevered and I believe before three years I shall get a large income from it, but honestly Capt. I have had to borrow money to *live*, or I could not have got along. Carpenter is poor, too, but remember what I say, he will pull out and pay his paper & so will I. Now allow me to say this, don't take too much stock in what Abbott says. I don't propose to say anything now, but our time will come and you will have a chance to see which are your *true* friends. I acknowledge I have made predictions that have not come to pass, but I can *swear* I never made one to *you* but I *believed* it would come to

pass. You, Carpenter and myself have lost lots of money, but we are not alone. I know hundreds of men that were once wealthy, *now* have hard work to get along . . ."

Under the circumstances, perhaps, this communication is not distinguished by any special mark of sincerity, but at all events the developers were in the same boat together.

Bearing upon this issue, too, is the fact that the captains were not ascetics, blind to the good things of life. They wore beaver hats with an air and good clothes with a becoming manner, they liked to provide refinements and luxuries for their wives and daughters, they even educated their sons, although they themselves had gone to sea in their teens; and their homes were cherished, many of them, in an opulence of taste and spirit which was uniquely characteristic. Into some of these homes the generality of summer residents have never penetrated. Since the captains knew so well the advantages of money and what use to make of it, they did not need to be tempted into speculation. They were not led astray; they went of their own volition, for their own reasons.

When they lost, a great many investors, for the most part their friends, lost also. Katama and the railroad took the savings of ship chandlers, pilots, carpenters, farmers, merchants and fishermen. But what these smaller investors lost may have been made up in the increased prosperity of the community at large. As the immediate aims crumbled, the remoter aims were accomplished: Martha's Vineyard became a flourishing watering place, its revenues swollen by an undreamed of accession of summer visitors. Boarding houses were patronized as never before, boats rented readily, houses were built, and tradesmen everywhere found new custom.

Yet it is impossible to imagine what the course of events on the Island would have been if it had not been for the captains and the promoters. The most interesting speculation is that the result might have been precisely the same: that summer boarders might have increased in numbers, that a steady invasion of visitors might have gathered volume from year to year; and that the destiny of Martha's Vineyard as a summer resort was, perhaps, already written. On the other hand, the commercial decay of Edgartown might have pro-

gressed, Vineyard Haven might have suffered also with the passing of sail, the camp meeting might have waned without leaving a resort or even a fledgling town at its site; and a new generation might have discovered the Island in the new century as that sort of place which strangers like to think it, a virgin field, a community, venerable as American communities go, still unaware of the opportunities of summer resort promotion.

If the Island was marked for any other course than that which it followed, the work of the captains stood between their community and that other fulfillment, whatever it might have been, made the Vineyard immediately and for decades in the future a summer resort, bestowed upon it a general prosperity even while small fortunes were lost, and took from it—a nameless sacrifice—more independence than any community save a New England island could afford to lose.

XLIII

Country Club Decades

There is now an anticlimax. How little the new period of the Vineyard as a summer resort suggests the old! After the turn of the century there came a freshening of different winds, a new spirit, a different dominance. The summer community was all at once aware of itself, began to act as a separate social force, broke with the drifting of the past and directed its own affairs. The naivete of the old age had gone beyond recall, and in place of the regime of sea captains projecting railroads and hotels to develop a watering place, there was a new regime in which summer residents formed clubs and associations to lay out golf courses and provide for their own entertainment.

In this new period there was a slighter overlapping, a narrower contact between the summer community and the all year residents of the island. The early summer visitors had mingled with the islanders; in the early clubs, the two worlds had met on something like equal terms. Indeed, Edgartown sea captains and their families

had been among the pioneer summer residents of Oak Bluffs. Now the summer visitors were apt to be strangers who remained strangers, except to themselves.

The new order showed itself in many ways. Yachting was the most important of the recreations, and after 1900 yachtsmen came with a new point of view. In a sense, they still visited the island, although they were no longer amateur discoverers and adventurers like their predecessors of 1858; but in a sense they did not so much visit the island as an outpost of their own world. They used their own piers or those of their friends, visited summer homes or summer hotels provided for their needs. They sailed away when the time came without having looked through the barriers at that different place, that other community which had come down from old times; although, observing the physical characteristics of its exterior, many of them thought they had understood everything.

In the earlier period of yachting, General Ben Butler in the cup yacht America, James Gordon Bennett, and General Tom Thumb were often at the Vineyard. Ben Butler liked to stay at the Sea View. James Gordon Bennett was attracted by the bluefishing at Edgartown, and some diversions ashore gave him unfailing entertainment, such as promenading the lighthouse bridge and flashing his torch into the eyes of young couples who made tryst there. Tom Thumb cruised and raced in the Maggie B. and employed Capt. Lott Norton, a famous Edgartown skipper, as sailing master.

For years the New York Yacht Club maintained its base at Eastville, and in its time the Oak Bluffs Club was host to yachtsmen. When the fleet lay at anchor in Vineyard Haven harbor, the riding lights gleamed and twinkled through the darkness, and the electric cars ran on short headway between the Eastville wharf and Oak Bluffs. Sometimes it was said that the cars were full of yachtsmen, and the yachtsmen were full also.

The first yacht club on the island did not come into existence until 1903. It grew out of the Home Club, an older institution of Edgartown in which whaling captains and town residents had met on friendly terms with summer visitors. Elmer J. Bliss, grandson of Captain Jared Fisher, and himself a half-way summer visitor of the new era, suggested a floating clubhouse, an old whaler or a square

rigger, with such a name as Quarter Deck Club. But such poignantly appropriate ideas often fail to win adherents, and when the yacht club organized it was as a conventional department of the Home Club, with headquarters ashore. In 1905 the yachting section split off as a separate club, and on its first anniversary was able to count a squadron of forty-eight sailing and racing craft. For a time the club was carried along by a swift tide of interest, but then it lapsed and dropped from sight.

In 1927 Mr. Bliss purchased the principal wharf of the town, a decaying, broken relic at the foot of Main Street, where whalers had fitted out and fortunes had come in over the caplog. Here was erected a modern yacht club in an old style, its glistening dance floor concealed in a structure covered with rough gray shingles. The newly reorganized Edgartown Yacht Club took over this property, and a period of unprecedented yachting activity began.

A yacht club was formed at Vineyard Haven, also, the formal opening taking place in 1928, although without a permanent clubhouse. The two clubs were soon racing against one another, and a new one-design class of knock-about, known as the Vineyard Sound Interclub, was placed in commission, with annual races between the two Vineyard clubs and the Nantucket Yacht Club.

In the light of this new supremacy of yachting, it is natural to ask why this most spectacular of summer activities waited so long for fulfillment. The reason is, beyond a doubt, that this specialized development was distinctly a phase of the new era of a self-sufficient summer colony and investment by summer residents in their own good times. It waited its evolutionary turn.

Golf came to Martha's Vineyard first in the early nineties. It was probably about 1893 when several West Chop summer residents laid out six holes near the lighthouse. The hazards were natural and abundant, and this course did not last long. Later some of the boys of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute families laid out a nine hole course among the pines and sand hills of the Highlands, and this course led directly to the East Chop Tennis Club which was built in 1910 on land given by Hamilton J. Green of the Vineyard Grove Company. But the building of the clubhouse saw the abandonment of golf, which was considered too expensive to maintain.

Another early course was laid out on a farm near Oak Bluffs by a group of enthusiasts, most of them summer residents. After several years of rough going, a promoter named Edward Mulligan evolved the idea of turning golf into a major attraction of the Island. He believed the course could be made ready for play the first of May, because of the favorable climate, and that professionals who had finished in Florida could be drawn to the Vineyard before the northern season started. Mr. Mulligan's plan might have succeeded, but he was the driver of one of the first automobiles on the Island, and this machine one day caused a runaway in which a farmer was killed. Beset with difficulties, the promoter sold out to an Oak Bluffs summer resident, Lyman W. Besse, who not only developed the golf course but was largely responsible for building the Oak Bluffs Country Club in 1910.

Edgartown played golf first about the year 1897, the players using outlying farms, and facing the hazards of cows and pine trees. Later a club was organized, in which both summer and winter residents participated, and the Pine Side Golf Links were hailed as an "excellent reproduction of the original Scotch links." Golf was played on Chappaquiddick also, but these early ventures lapsed. In 1926 the modern Edgartown Golf Club was founded on a broad and permanent scale; like the other summer clubs it was an enterprise of seasonal residents.

Golf at Vineyard Haven had its beginnings at Tashmoo where an old bull was one of the hazards. This pasture course, first laid out in 1898, was later improved and became established as the Vineyard Haven Golf Club course. The rise of golf was coincident with the decline of agriculture, and as cows lost a pasture, golfers gained sole possession of a course.

All the modern provisions for country life are vastly more substantial than those of the last century; one compares, for instance, the golf, tennis and country clubs, and the yacht clubs of the newer generation, with the croquet, promenading and fireworks which entertained the old. The new age has not only entertainment, but a distinct community and social organization through which the entertainment, be it golf, yachting or bridge, is maintained and conveniently administered. It is not by chance that this superstruc-

ture of summer has been erected by the summer people themselves; had the same facilities come into existence under the sponsorship of a promoter, they might have been scantly patronized. It is an inseparable part of the new outlook that social control shall vest in the members of the special summer order; the line is drawn against the world in general. Doubtless this change in the summer of the year is an extension of the larger change which has taken place in the cities in the winter of the year, for the upward swing of population and industrialization has greatly changed the recreational customs of those who have money enough to make their own choices, and culture to suggest the manner of its spending.

The application of present day civilization to country life by articulate group interest has made a difference in underlying enthusiasms as well as in outward forms. Vacations and games, like almost everything else, are organized and specialized. In their practical execution they reflect the efficiency of the American business environment, and also the new standard of comfort, convenience and luxury. Not to have a pleasantly appointed place to play bridge, to drink tea or cocktails, to bask in the sun, to watch the races and to go swimming, would be as unreasonable and as incredible as not to have a bath tub. But individualism has softened and slackened by the way.

Notwithstanding the flowering of the new period out of the culture of the times, the basic attractions of Martha's Vineyard as a summer resort have remained, oddly enough, exactly what they were a hundred years ago: Gay Head Cliffs and the Gay Head light, the Indian town, the surf on the South Beach, bluefishing, the land and the water, the sky, the hills and the plain.

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